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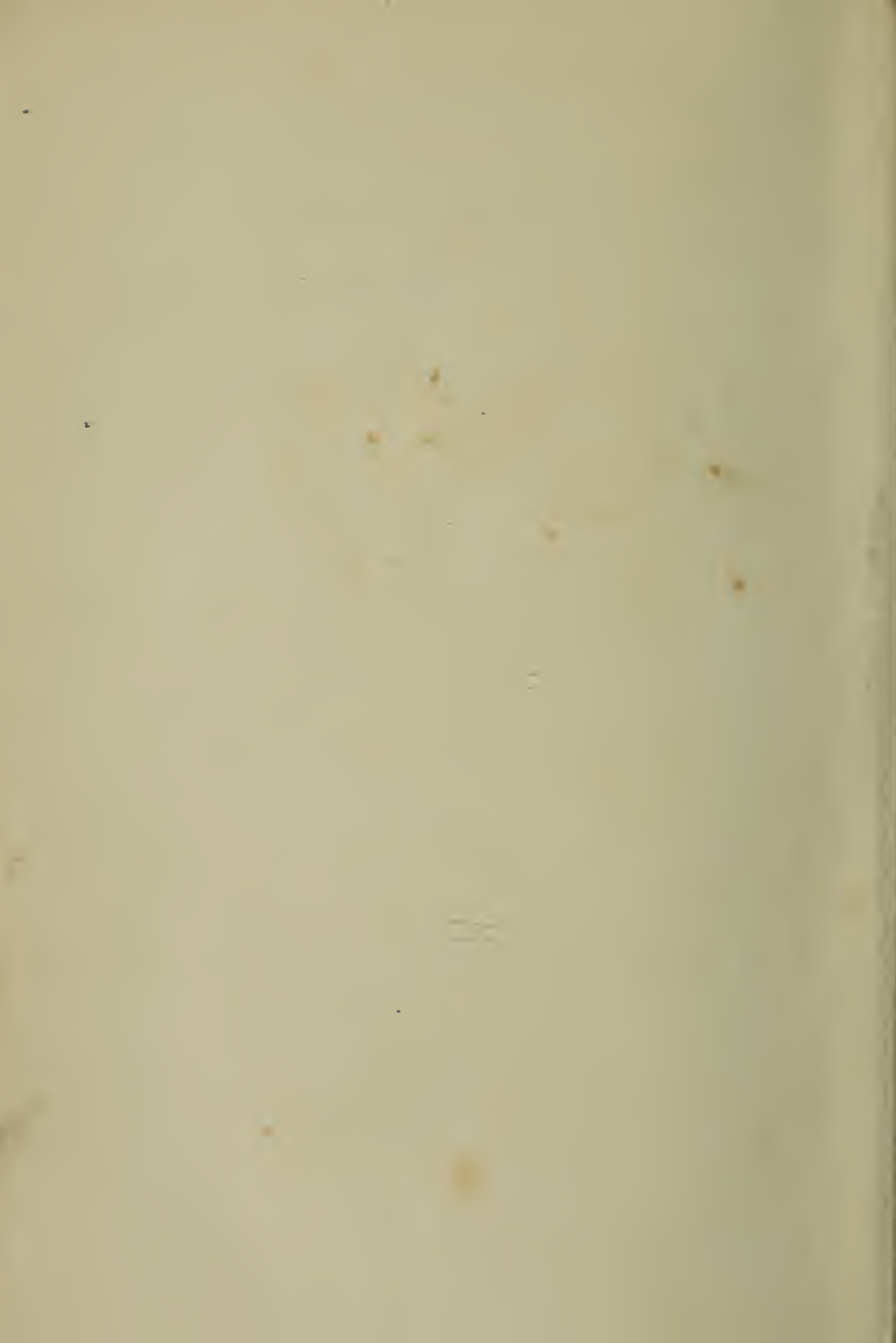

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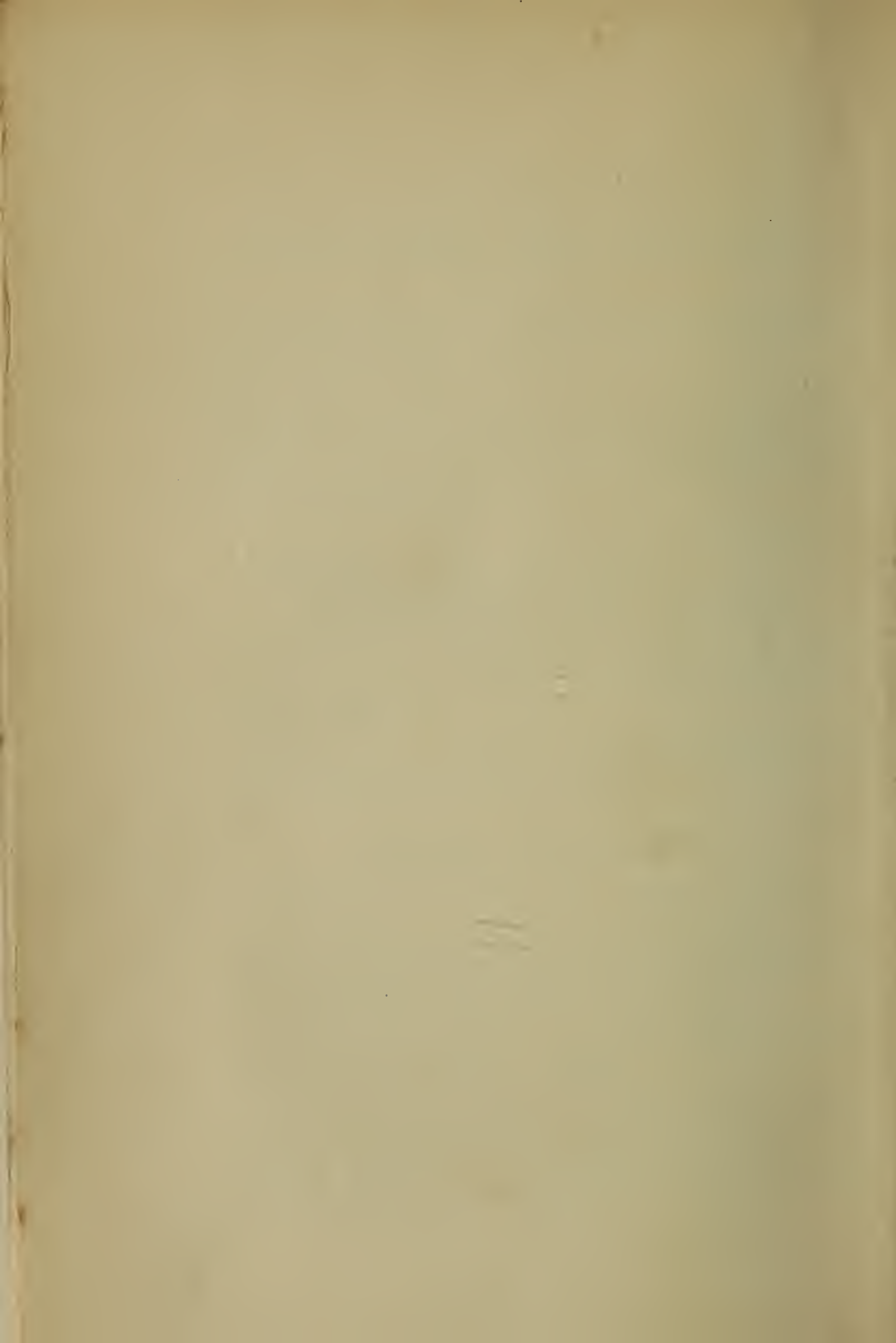

PAPER AND PARCHMENT

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

BY

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF THE 'LIFE AND TIMES OF PRINCE
CHARLES STUART,' ETC.

LONDON
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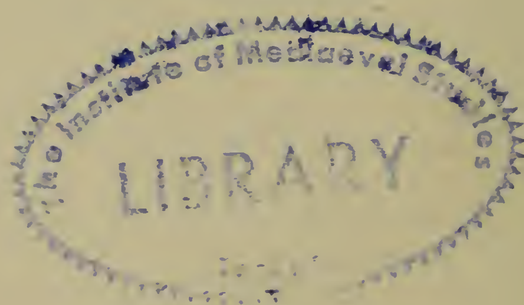
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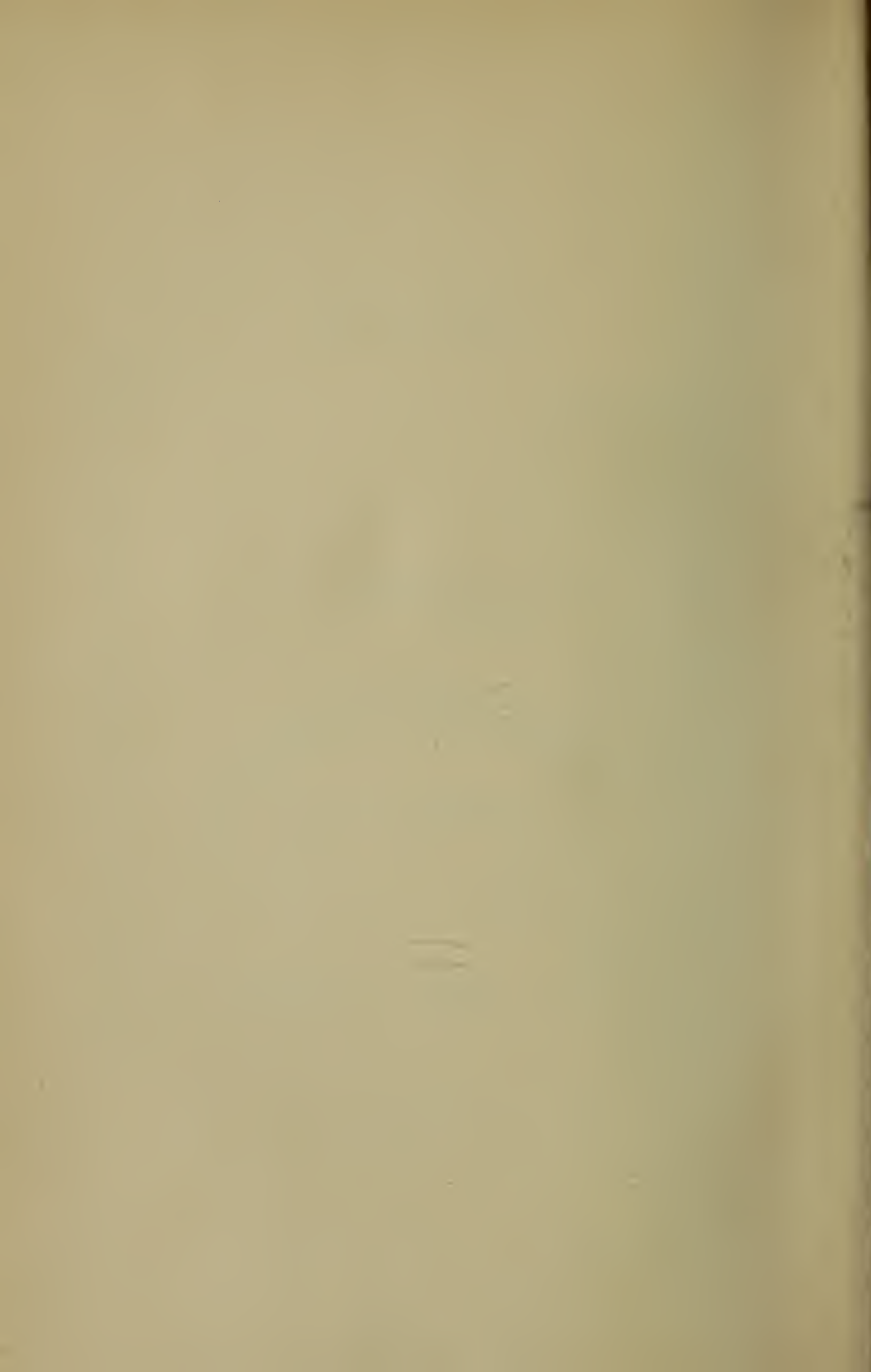

DOMESDAY BOOK.

IN the room of the Curator of the Record Office there repose beneath iron-bound glass cases two massive volumes, often talked about, seldom seen, and the contents of which are known only to the curious. Of the thousands walking down Fleet Street, who cares one jot that within a few yards of their peregrinations is the original copy of one of the oldest books in the world, a gem such as the archives of no other country can boast, the far-famed Domesday Book? Within the last few months this priceless record, whose pages are in a state of better preservation than many a parchment of this century, has emerged out of its retirement and been called upon to celebrate its commemoration and make its bow before the scholar, the antiquary, and those who always take an interest in the excitement of the moment. Quite an array of literature has presented itself upon the subject. Old chroniclers who were said to have lied like alpenstocks have had their veracity restored them; new facts have been brought forward, old facts have been summarily dismissed; suggestions have been as freely advanced as contradicted; whilst hobbies have been so rashly exercised

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that they have scarcely a leg to stand on. If in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, the student of Domesday ought now to be the most sapient of mortals.

As one not wholly ignorant of my theme, let me cull from this literature that has recently sprung up a few facts which cannot be denied, and a few statements which, in the absence of others less worthy of credit, need not be completely ignored. At the present day Domesday Book—as the Survey *par excellence* of the country at the time of William the Conqueror is called—is carefully housed, as we have said, within the gloomy but fireproof precincts of the Public Record Office, nor can the most sensitive and irritable antiquary find any fault with the manner in which the work is now guarded and preserved. Massive covers protect its pages, glass cases exclude the dust, and on the occasions when it is exhibited to the stranger no one save the official in charge is permitted to touch or turn over its sacred leaves. Before its transfer to the Record Office it was kept by the side of the Tally Court in the Receipt of the Exchequer under three locks and keys, and placed in the custody of the Auditor, the Chamberlains, and the Deputy Chamberlains of the Exchequer. In 1696 it was deposited with the other documents in the Chapter House at Westminster, where it remained until the erection of the Record Office, when it migrated to Fetter Lane as its permanent home.

And now to describe the physical aspect of this famous Survey. Domesday Book consists of two volumes, the one large and the other smaller; still, the more diminutive of the two is, in size and appearance, as like its fellow as a little elephant is to its bigger brother. The first volume, which is the greater of the two, contains 382 leaves of parchment, with five old fly-leaves at the commencement and four at the end of the book. The leaves measure close upon fifteen inches by ten inches, and are for the most part arranged in quaternions of four double or eight leaves, though this arrangement is not invariably adopted throughout the book. Occasionally bits of parchment have been added to complete an entry which it was impossible to insert in the place allowed for it. The pages of the manuscript are divided into two columns, whilst perpendicular lines have been ruled to mark the margins and central space between the columns. The parchment is in excellent preservation,—dirty and worn, it is true, by constant reference, but still smooth, flexible without being thin, and entirely free from the ravages of worms. The handwriting is clear and distinct, each letter sharp and carefully formed, and were it not for the numerous and cramped abbreviations, the book could be easily read by the uninitiated. At the head of each page the name of the county under survey is penned in red ink, whilst a stroke of the same coloured ink is used to distinguish capital letters in the text. It will also be noticed that a red line runs through the names of

places, as if they had been cancelled; instead of cancelling it is, however, but an early form of italicising entries.

The second volume, which contains full reports of the three counties Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk, consists of 450 pages, of a somewhat lesser size than its larger companion. In this work the vellum is coarser, the handwriting larger and less uniform in character, and the use of red ink but sparingly availed of; also the double column has been abandoned for the single. In the colophon to this volume the date of the completion of the Survey is thus given: "*Anno millesimo octogesimo sexto ab Incarnatione Domini vicesimo vero regni Willelmi facta est ista descriptio non solum per hos tres comitatus sed etiam per alios*"—In the one thousand and eighty-sixth year from the Incarnation of our Lord, but the twentieth of the reign of King William, this description was made not only throughout these three counties, but also throughout the others. The following curious entry among the Exchequer documents of Edward III. (1340) relates to the binding of this tome: "To William, the bookbinder of London, for binding and newly repairing the Book of Domesday, in which is contained the counties of Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk, and for his stipend, costs and labour, received the money the fifth day of December by his own hands—three shillings and fourpence." This second volume, together with the Exon Domesday, which contains the fuller reports of the western

counties, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, and the *Inquisitio Eliensis*, a survey of the lands of the Abbey of Ely, seems to be the original record of the Survey itself, which appears in the first volume of the Exchequer Domesday in an abridged form. It was a strange oversight upon the part of Sir Henry Ellis, that he omitted to include in his great work the remarkable manuscript relating to Cambridgeshire, known as the *Inquisitio Cantabrigiensis*, to which special attention was drawn by Mr. Webb, a distinguished Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, so early as the year 1756.

In the first volume of Domesday a survey of the following counties is contained: Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Southampton, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, Middlesex, Hertford, Bucks, Oxford, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Bedford, Northampton, Leicester, Warwick, Stafford, Salop, Cheshire, Derby, Notts, York, and Lincoln, together with the anomalous districts of Rutland and the land "inter Ripam et Mersham." As will be seen, the northern shires are not described in the Survey. Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham are conspicuous by their absence. Lancashire does not appear under its proper name; but Furness and the northern part of the county, as well as the south of Westmoreland, with a part of Cumberland, are included within the West Riding of Yorkshire. That part of Lancashire which lies between the rivers

Ribble and Mersey is subjoined to Cheshire; and part of Rutland is described in the counties of Northampton and Lincoln.

Why was this? Various erudite and far-fetched reasons have been advanced for this arrangement; but, without enveloping ourselves in any antiquarian fog, we may easily account for the omission of the northern counties from Domesday. The merciless hand of conquest in the first place had devastated the bleak districts of Durham and Northumberland. The devastations of William the Conqueror himself in the winter of 1069-1070, the various inroads of Malcolm, and the vengeance taken by Odo, the brother of our first William, after the murder of Bishop Walcher, must have left very little in those parts worth the inspection. Is it not thus written in William of Malmesbury: "*Occasionem dedit Regi ut provintiœ illius reliquias, quœ aliquantulum respiraverant, funditus exterminaret*"? Lancashire did not then exist as a separate county. Cumberland and Westmoreland had at that date no being as English shires; their southern portions formed part of Yorkshire, and they are so surveyed in Domesday; whilst their northern portions did not become part of the kingdom of England until the reign of William Rufus, having been held by the Scottish kings as a fief ever since the grant by Edmund the Magnificent, on the final overthrow of the old kingdom of Strathclyde. The notion that the northern portions of Cumberland and Westmoreland

were subdued in 1072 by William the First is derived from a careless blunder in the work of Matthew of Westminster, who has confounded William Rufus with the Conqueror.

The Survey was no hasty inspection, but was most carefully and minutely made. For its execution certain commissioners, called the king's justiciaries, were sent into every shire, and juries summoned in each hundred out of all orders of freemen, from barons down to the lowest farmer. These commissioners were to be informed by the inhabitants upon oath of the name of each manor, and that of its owner; also, by whom its was held in the time of Edward the Confessor—the T.R.E. so familiar to the student of Domesday; the number of hides, or such a space as might be ploughed with one plough; the quantity of wood, of pasture, and of meadow land; how many ploughs were in the demesne, and how many mills and fishponds belonged to it; the value of the whole in the time of the Confessor, as well as when granted by the Conqueror, and at the time of the Survey; and also whether it was capable of improvement, or of being advanced in value. These justiciaries were likewise directed to return the tenants in every degree, the quantity of lands then and formerly held by each of them, what was the number of villeins and slaves, and also the number and kinds of their cattle and livestock. These inquisitions being first methodised in the county were afterwards sent up to the Exchequer.

So microscopic was the Survey that the writer of the contemporary portion of the Saxon Chronicle records: "So very narrowly he caused it to be traced out, that there was not a single hide or yard land, not an ox, cow, or hog that was not set down."

The object of the Survey was that every man should know the extent and nature of his rightful possessions, and not usurp with impunity the property of others. To the king it was most useful. Thanks to the inquisition held by his commissioners he knew exactly what were the land revenues of the crown, the names and means of his tenants, who were capable of military service, who were powerful or who were not, and upon whom the burden of taxation could be profitably imposed. The examination of every shire is always conducted on the same system. First ranks the king as the chief landed proprietor, then the bishops and heads of religious houses, then the local gentry, and then the squireens, followed by the king's serjeants, the king's thegns, and the king's almsmen. Lastly, in several shires come the "Clamores," the records of lands which were said to be held unjustly, and to which other men laid claim. Then follows the Survey itself. The lands of the king or other landowner are arranged under the hundreds in which they were placed, and the necessary particulars of which the Survey was to be a record are put down under each manor or other holding.

The date when the Survey contained in Domesday was begun has always been a disputed point, and is

variously stated. Some antiquaries have quoted the Red Book of the Exchequer as fixing the date at 1080; but the Red Book merely confines itself to the statement that the Survey was undertaken at a time subsequent to the total reduction of the island to the authority of the Conqueror. Matthew Paris, Robert of Gloucester, the Annals of Waverley, and the Chronicle of Bermondsey give 1083 as the date of the record; Henry of Huntingdon places it in 1084; the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in 1085; Simeon of Durham, Florence of Worcester, Roger de Hoveden, and Hemingford in 1086; whilst the Ypodigma Neustriæ and Ralph de Diceto, the Dean of St. Paul's, state 1087 as the year. We, however, shall not be far wrong in arriving at the conclusion that it was during the years 1085-6 that Domesday was begun and ended. It is said by some recent critics that on the completion of the Survey it was preserved in the Winchester treasury—Winchester then being the capital of the West Saxon kingdom and official seat of the Court—for a century before it was housed in Westminster. The chief authority for this assertion is the chronicle of Ingulph. Shades of Palgrave and Freeman, that Ingulph should be quoted as an authority!

Various local Domesday Books exist, as those of York, Norwich, Ipswich, Chester, Evesham, and the Boldon Book of Survey of the Palatinate of the Bishops of Durham. The most notable among them is the Domesday of St. Paul's made in 1181 by Ralph de

Diceto, the Dean of St. Paul's, and edited by the late Archdeacon Hale.

Within the last few years the contents of the two volumes of Domesday have been issued in parts, each part comprising a county, and printed by the process of photozincography.

UNDER KING JOHN.

IN the history of crime each age has its special characteristics. We have the age of violence and ferocity, when civilisation is at a low ebb and education confined to the few; the age of robbery and rapine, when everything is sacrificed to deeds of military prowess and the law of might is that of right; the age of maritime adventure, when piracy flourishes as a great commercial industry; the age of speculation and buoyant trade, when criminal activity is busy with its introduction of fraudulent companies, its clever forgeries, and its thousand and one schemes to decoy the innocent into the meshes of the knave. Crime in the nineteenth century is just as low, cruel, and calculating as in the thirteenth, only it has changed its character, and glosses its nefarious offences with a veneer of civilisation and intelligence which in the earlier periods of our history it was necessarily unable to acquire. A work lies before us which reveals, as only contemporary evidence can reveal, the criminal condition of our country in the reign of King John.[1] From its pages a light is shed on the social history of

[1] *Select Pleas of the Crown*, vol. i. : Selden Society.

England not to be obtained from any other source. Before information culled from judicial proceedings of the period, engrossed on parchments at the very date the decisions were given, all matter drawn from printed authorities and subsequent chronicles must pale its ineffectual fires, like artificial light before the rays of the noonday sun.

Here, in this interesting volume, we have life under King John as written by those who lived with him and interpreted his rule. Among the latest associations the object of which is to unearth the memorials of the past the Selden Society takes the very front rank. Indeed it is second to no antiquarian body in the useful work it aims at producing. Started under distinguished patronage, and assisted by a staff of accomplished scholars, the one main object it has in view is to encourage the study and advance the knowledge of the history of English law. To effect this end it delves amid the early muniments stored among the public archives, or explores the mass of uncalendared matter neglected in our public and private libraries, and hunts up any classes of manuscripts calculated to illustrate the purport of its quest—the growth and the principles of mediæval common law. Selections from this treasure-trove the Society proposes to publish from time to time, and thus throw a light upon our early history which it is impossible for printed books to reflect. The work before us is the first attempt of this praise-worthy body at introducing the public to its skilled

labours. No happier choice could be made for an initial effort than the publication of these selections from the Pleas of the Crown. Of all classes among our archives, the Plea Rolls of the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, which run from the reign of Richard I. to the commencement of the eighteenth century, are the most precious to the historian and legal student. Their pleadings and judgments constitute invaluable materials for English legal history, since they furnish us with information not to be obtained elsewhere as to the state of the law and the social condition of the people at the very time their entries were recorded. From the well-preserved parchments of these Rolls we learn the crimes that were perpetrated, the punishments inflicted, the fines imposed, and the quaint customs by which offences were purged.

A perusal of this volume leads us to the conclusion that crime during the reign of King John was somewhat of a monotonous character. The deeds recorded simply ring the changes upon murder, robbery with violence, mutilation, burglary, rape, petty thefts, exactions of unjust tolls, the use of false weights and measures, the ignoring by a villein of his obligations to his lord, and the like. The criminal received punishment according to the enormity of his offence. He was hanged, or drawn and hanged, or burned, or fined, or dismembered, or sentenced to engage his opponent in a duel. Two modes of detecting guilt were at this

date of frequent adoption—the ordeal by fire or water, and the ordeal of battle. The water ordeal had to be gone through either with cold or boiling water. In cold water the suspected offender was considered innocent if his body was not borne up by the water contrary to the course of nature; in hot water the criminal had to immerse his arms or legs naked in the scalding fluid, and, after a lapse of three days, if his limbs were found to be unscathed he was adjudged innocent. He was generally found innocent; in the cases before us there is but one instance of a failure at this ordeal. The ordeal by fire was a severer test. The criminal was blindfolded, and made to walk with his bare feet over nine glowing-hot ploughshares; or else he had to carry heated irons in his hands, usually of one pound weight, which was called the simple ordeal; or of two pounds weight, which was called *duplex*; or of three pounds weight, which was *triplex ordalium.* If he came out of this trial unhurt he was pronounced innocent, and acquitted. As a rule, the ordeal by fire was reserved for freemen and persons of better condition; the water ordeal for villeins and rustics.

The ordeal by battle, or trial by combat, was at this date another favourite form of deciding a judicial issue. The defendant, if of sound health and not a minor, declared that he was innocent of the crime—generally murder—laid to his charge, and, flinging his glove upon the ground, swore that he was ready to defend himself by his body, and determine the question in dispute by

a duel. The challenge accepted, a day was appointed by the court for the conflict to take place, and until that time arrived both plaintiff and defendant were kept in the custody of the marshal. On the eve of the ordeal both parties were arraigned by the marshal, and brought into the field before the justices of the court, who addressed the combatants, and restated the nature of the accusation. Then, the next morning, at the rising of the sun, the two foes met, bareheaded and barelegged from the knee downwards, and with their arms bared to the elbows. They were armed with staves an ell long, and each sheltered himself behind a four-cornered target. Before entering into action both men made oath that he "had neither ate nor drunk, nor done anything else by which the law of God may be depressed and the law of the devil exalted." Silence was then proclaimed, and the engagement commenced. If the defendant was vanquished, or was unable to continue the fight, he was considered to be guilty, and was hanged forthwith; but if he could maintain the conflict all the day until the stars appeared, judgment was given in his favour, and he was quit of the appeal. When the plaintiff was weak or maimed, he was allowed to avoid the wager of battle, and could compel the defendant to put himself upon his country. The trial took place before the constable and marshal.

Punishment then, as now, for minor offences was condoned by the imposition of fines. *Ideo in misericordia* are words constantly to be found in our records

at the end of a charge made against an offender. "Misericordia" was a legal term used for an arbitrary or discretionary amerciament imposed upon any person for an offence; it was so called because "the fine to be paid should be small, and rather less than the offence, according to the provisions of Magna Charta." In those good old times the catalogue of offences which could be committed by the people was a heavy one; the law of the land showed them scant mercy when they erred, yet the law of the lord of the manor was the severer of the two. On all sides the peasant was oppressed and overworked. If he had a few sheaves of corn, he could not grind them himself, but had to bring them to the mill of his lord, and there, on payment of a toll, have them ground. If the wife of his lord had a child, or the daughter of his lord married, or the son of his lord came home from the wars, the happy event had to be commemorated by compulsory gifts from the delighted peasantry. At harvest-time the unhappy son of the soil was compelled to devote several days to reaping his lord's corn, getting in the hay, and the like, without the slightest remuneration. If he snared a rabbit or a hare, or killed a deer with his bow and arrow, and was caught in the act, he was strung up on the nearest tree. If his daughter married, the lord, if he so chose, could anticipate the rights of the husband (*les droits de seigneur*). No horse or cart could pass over the lands of the lord without payment of a tax; no bridge could be crossed, no market held, no cattle bred

or bought, no firewood collected, no walls built, no sheds erected, no pigs fed on open spaces—in short, nothing was permitted without the payment of a toll either in money or in kind. His industry taxed, his cattle seized, his family rights ignored, mulcted at every turn, the lot of the peasant, like that of the policeman in the burlesque, was not a happy one. One advantage he however possessed. In spite of irritating and incessant exactions he was well fed; beef and mutton and fat bacon were cheap and plentiful, and could be washed down by sound, nourishing ale at a penny a gallon. Hence the peasant, though oppressed and hard-worked, was strong and healthy, and able to endure the burdens heaped upon him.

From the proceedings before us let us see into what channel the current of crime at this date flowed, and select a few specimens from its turbid waters. One Lefchild was accused of stealing a pair of boots; he denied the theft, swearing that he bought the boots at Bodmin for twopence halfpenny; convicted, and sentenced to purge himself by water. A man was charged with rape, but pardoned on condition of his marrying his victim. Eadmer of Penwithen appeals Martin, Robert, and Thomas of Penwithen, for that Robert wounded him in the head, so that twenty-eight pieces of bone were extracted, and meanwhile Martin and Thomas held him; Robert sentenced to purge himself by iron. Save for two offences a woman was powerless to institute proceedings. Hawise,

daughter of Thurstan, appeals Walter of Croxby and Wm. Miller of the death of her father and of a wound given to herself. But her husband refuses to prosecute. Therefore it is considered that the appeal is null, for a woman has no appeal against any one except for the death of her husband or for rape. One Cardun was charged with taking from every cart crossing his land with eels one stick of eels, and from a cart with greenfish, one greenfish, and from a cart with salmon, half a salmon, and from a cart with herrings, five herrings, whereas he ought to take no custom for anything save for salt; he was fined twenty shillings. Maud, wife of Hugh, was taken with a false gallon, with which she sold beer; fined two marks. A woman, Lemis, was suspected of being present when Renild of Hemchurch was slain, and of having been a party to his death. She defends herself. Sentenced to purge herself by the ordeal of iron, but as she is ill the ordeal is respited until her recovery. Another woman was accused of compassing the death of her neighbour; she was sentenced to be hanged, but, as a favour, was pardoned after having her eyes torn out.

Numerous cases of mutilation occur; the fines ranging from two to twenty marks. When a man was wounded, if he failed at once to show his wounds to the coroner in the County Court he was unable to prosecute. One Herbert of Pattesley, suspected of murder, was sentenced to go to the Holy Land, and remain there in the service of God for the soul of the

slain for seven years; should he return before that time he was to be hanged. Wille Brown, who was charged with killing a man, and who purged himself by water and abjured the realm, offers the king one mark that he may be suffered to return. Gilbert, son of Hodwin, was found slain in the forest of Malvern; it is not known who slew him; he was found in the highway between Little and Great Malvern, and because he was found in the covert of Malvern forest there is no murder fine, and this by an ancient custom. That part of Gloucestershire which lies west of the Severn enjoyed at this date a similar immunity from murder fines. William Trenchebof is suspected of having handed the knife wherewith Foliot was killed. Let him purge himself by the water that he was not consenting to the death; he has failed, and is to be hanged. Mabel, daughter of Derwin, was playing with a stone at Yeovil, and the stone fell on the head of Walter Critele; but he had no harm from the blow, and a month after this he died of an infirmity, and she fled to church for fear; but the jurors say positively that he did not die of the blow; therefore, let her be in custody until the king be consulted. At this date the sovereign was not only consulted, but often sat on the bench with his justices and delivered sentence.

We have here also frequent instances of culprits flying to the sanctuary of the church to obtain protection; also of men who, after a crime, shaved their heads and put on monkish robes to obtain the more

lenient punishment given to those who could claim benefit of clergy. Sefrid, son of Reginald Cote, was arrested because it was said of him that he tallaged ships which came through the marsh; he was replevied, and, after his replevin, he shaved his crown and made him a tonsure like a clerk's; then his pledges came and confessed that, while he was in their plevin, he had his crown shaved, and they put themselves in mercy. Alice, wife of Wm. Black, confesses that she was present, along with her husband, at the slaying of three men at Barnet; therefore, let her be burned. Here is a curious form of theft. The sheriffs of London testified that one Wainer was found in possession of a cape, a tunic, and a towel, which were extracted from the house of Fulk Woader, through the window, by means of a long stick with a crook at the end; he was hanged.

Of the numerous cases of murder, maiming, robbery, selling by false weight, encroaching upon the lands of the crown, and the like, we make no mention, since they are destitute of particular features; the punishment accorded to these offences was hanging, burning, tearing both eyes out, or occasionally, if the interest was sufficiently powerful, the infliction of a heavy fine. In one of the entries we have something like a very early trace of the privy councillor's oath. Two men, Ranulf and Gilbert, were accused in their appeal of making mention of the king's death. Thereupon Henry de Pomeroy and Alan de Dunstanville said that "they

belonged to the king's private household, and were sworn that in case they heard anything that was against the king, they would report it to the King." Consequently they took the two men into their custody, and handed them over to the royal presence for further investigation.

Let one more entry, and this shall be our last, illustrate the ostracised and defenceless condition of the outlaw. One Hugh,. outlawed for murder, had been summoned to put in an appearance at the County Court, but had declined to obey the mandate. The sentence of outlawry, which was about to be reversed, was therefore confirmed. "Wherefore the County said that, as Hugh would not appear to the king's peace, he must bear the wolf's head (*lupinum caput*), as he had done before." This phrase, as the editor notes, is indeed "picturesque," but it would perhaps have not been a work of supererogation had he explained what it signified. How many of those who pique themselves upon their antiquarian lore know the meaning of the "wolf's head"? And yet the interpretation is very simple. The outlaw who declined to obey the law was to seek in vain for the protection of the law. He was the sport and butt of aggressive humanity. He could be hunted by any one, and, if not captured alive, his victor could make short work of his quarry, for it was a meritorious act to kill him and cut off his head as a gift to the king; the outlaw being looked upon in the same light as *the head of a wolf*—"that beast so hurtful

to man." Like the wolf, the outlaw made his home in the dense forests, which were then one of the chief features in the landscape of England; and sportsmen when out on the war-path with their bows and arrows as often brought down one as the other. In either case the "bag" was a welcome one.

As is to be expected in a rough and untutored age, the chief crimes in the list before us consist of murder, mutilation, and robberies with violence. Hinds keeping guard over farms were slain in order that the sheep and calves might be the more easily seized; men wandering along the highway were killed for the clothes they wore; vengeance or pure mischief accounted for numerous mutilations; churls returning from the ales, drunk and quarrelsome, indulged in frequent fights, which often resulted fatally; at harvest-time peasants were attacked by marauders and the standing sheaves of the corn and barley of their lords stolen; the breaking into houses was a crime of frequent occurrence—yet in the whole catalogue there is not an offence of any marked ingenuity; savage brutality seems to have been the dominant thought and mode of action. Of those heathenish vices which a depraved luxury generally has to record we do not find a single instance. There is one horrible case of mutilation, too horrible even to be given in the original Latin, yet it is but a mild case of dissection compared with the atrocities of a Whitechapel murder. For criminal ingenuity as well as for demoniacal

brutality the nineteenth century seems complacently to hold its own.

We cannot part with this volume without a word of praise for its editor, Mr. F. W. Maitland, University Reader of Law at Cambridge. In our splendid collection of archives the Coram Rege Rolls of John, from which the chief portion of the entries before us is taken, are perhaps the most difficult of all our muniments to decipher. Their parchments, it is true, are sound and well preserved, but the handwriting which covers their membranes is so small, and the contractions are so numerous and *far fetched*, that perusal becomes a work of labour to even the most trained palæographer. Mr. Maitland is to be congratulated upon the care and accuracy with which he has performed his task. We have in several instances collated his reading with the Rolls themselves, and can therefore bear personal tribute to his skill as an archivist and a scholar. We do not say he is faultless—no decipherer of old handwriting, from Rymer downwards, ever was or will be. Occasionally we have found him tripping, as, for instance, when he reads in various entries *appellaverat* for *appellavit*, *et* for *que*, *quod* for *unde*, *fuerunt* for *sunt*, *illum* for *eum*, *idem* for *ibi*, and now and then when he omits an interpolation. The worst errors of which we have found him guilty are in reading *jocantem*, translating it disporting, when it is as plain as "way to parish church" *potantem*, drinking (entry 45), and in the omission of a whole line at the end of entry 115. But it

is always easy to discover mistakes, no matter who is the author or what his work. Few know better than he who is accustomed to the blinding handwriting of the records of our earlier reigns how soon the eyes get tired, the brain confused, and the *pattes de mouche* of the monkish scribes fail to keep within their proper limits; at the end of a few hours' study lines, though parallel, hopelessly meet, letters run one into the other, and contractions, which when the brain is fresh are easily deciphered, end in being misread or are pronounced unintelligible. Mr. Maitland has every reason to be proud of his book. The Selden Society is not only to be congratulated upon its work but upon its workman.

THE MAID OF NORWAY.

DURING the last lustrum of the reign of Alexander the Third of Scotland misfortune had marked that monarch for her own. Domestic bereavement after bereavement followed in quick succession, as if it would appear that the gods had determined to crowd within the brief period of five years everything of grief and sorrow from which hitherto his Scottish Majesty had been spared. The son of Alexander the Second and of Mary de Couci, he had succeeded to the throne when a child of eight, and his reign of over forty years had been tranquil and uneventful. He had married Margaret, the daughter of Henry the Third of England, and the union had been blessed with three children—Alexander, David, and Margaret. The most prominent feature in his rule was the part he played in resisting the claims of the English king to pose as the feudal superior of the districts north of the Tweed—claims always in dispute, occasionally admitted, and ever rejected when opportunity offered. Homage for Scotland Alexander declined to pay either to Henry the Third or Edward the First; homage for the lands which

he held in England he would gladly render, as was his due; but as for his own realm never, by St. Luke's face, he swore, would he bend the knee in craven submission.

Upon the coronation of Edward the First he attended at Westminster and was called upon to swear fealty to the English king as his over-lord. For the lands he owned in Northumberland and Cumberland Alexander tendered homage, but he was careful to except his own kingdom from the act. The Bishop of Norwich hereupon interposed, suggesting that fealty should also be sworn to Edward for the realm of Scotland. Alexander refused. "To that," he said, "none has a right save God alone, for of him only do I hold my crown." Nor on this occasion does his repudiation appear to have been contested. Upon this question of homage the late Sir Francis Palgrave, in a work as rare as it is valuable, makes some weighty remarks.[1] "The Scottish writers," he says, "upon Scottish history, warmed by the courage and heroism of Bruce and Wallace, as represented in the poetry and popular legends and traditions of their country, have characterised the repeated submissions to the English king as acts of disgrace and stains upon the national honour. But the justice of the cause must be judged according to the conscience of the parties; and if the prelates, the peers, the knights, the freeholders and the burgesses of Scotland believed that Edward was their over-lord, it is not their obedience

[1] Documents and Records, illustrating the History of Scotland, preserved in the Treasury of Her Majesty's Exchequer. Introduction. By Sir Francis Palgrave.

but their withdrawing of it which should be censured by posterity. Outward acts must be always received as the testimony of inward sentiments; and if men, without compulsion, continue and persevere in a series of consistent acts testifying sentiments which they inwardly repudiate, the whole basis of the law of nations is destroyed. There is not, however, any reason for believing that until the era of Wallace there was any insincerity on the part of the noble Normans, the stalwart Flemings, the sturdy Northumbrian Angles, and the aboriginal Britons of Strathclyde and Reged, whom we erroneously designate as Scots, in admitting the legal supremacy of the English crown, until the attempts made by Edward the First to extend the incidents of that supremacy beyond their legal bounds provoked a resistance not undeservedly earned and deserved by such abuse. Then flaws were found in his title, and the Under-King of the Scots, as the Anglo-Saxons styled him, and his subjects were induced to deny the supremacy hitherto felt and owned by them, and which Bruce and Balliol began by acknowledging with equal alacrity."

Whilst staying at Windsor with her father, Margaret, the wife of Alexander, gave birth (Feb. 1261) to a daughter, Margaret, who was afterwards married to Eric, King of Norway, and thus became mother of the child called the Maid of Norway, who by a series of unforeseen circumstances was to be summoned to fill the throne of Scotland. For death was now busy in the midst of the household of the Scottish monarch. In

1273 Alexander lost his wife; seven years later died David, his youngest son; in 1283 his daughter, who had been united to the King of Norway, was committed to the dust; whilst the same year saw the death of his eldest son, Alexander, who had married Margaret, daughter of the Earl of Flanders, but without leaving issue. Thus for the moment the daughter of Eric of Norway was the only direct successor of Alexander of Scotland. The Estates now assembled at Scone, Feb. 5, 1284, and there pledged themselves, failing any legitimate children their king might still have, to acknowledge the Maid of Norway as the sole and absolute heiress to the realm. To invalidate this decision, Alexander a few months afterwards married Joleta, the daughter of the Count de Dreux, at Jedburgh. It was said that on this occasion, among the figures of a masque performed in honour of the ceremony, was seen a mysterious form which none could distinguish whether 'twas man or ghost. The apparition was, however, looked upon by the assembled guests as boding no good, and as a sure presage of immediate death. The prediction was fulfilled. Early in the March of the following year Alexander, whilst riding in the dark between Burntisland and Kinghorn, fell over a cliff and was killed on the spot.

Scotland mourned hym than full sare,
For under hym all his leges ware
In honoure, quiete, and in pes ;
Forthi cald pessybill king he wes,
He honoured God and holy kirk,
And medfull dedys he oysed to werk.

So sang an old chronicler, and thus the Maid of Norway had now developed into Margaret, Queen of Scotland.

There is little doubt that when the news of the death of this good and great king travelled south of the Tweed it caused genuine sorrow to the English court. Between our first Edward and Alexander the Third the most cordial relations had existed. We have only to study the pages of Rymer to see that when the Scottish monarch made any complaint to his brother of England—as when, for instance, he remonstrated at the conduct of the English bailiffs upon the East Marches, or begged that the liberties of his kingdom, of which Edward was the over-lord, should not be violated; or as when he recommended certain of his subjects journeying to London to be taken specially into the English king's favour—we have only, I say, to read the correspondence that passed between the two sovereigns on those occasions to note how kindly and fraternal each was to the other. When Alexander made a point of going to London to attend the coronation of Edward, an allowance of one hundred shillings a day, equivalent to sixty pounds of our money, was granted him out of the royal exchequer at Westminster; nor was this, we find, by any means an isolated case of his being a recipient of English bounty. Aware of the greed of tradesmen when royal personages appear upon the scene, Edward, by a special mandate, decreed that the arrival of the King of Scotland with his suite should not be made the

pretext for raising the price of provisions and other goods on his line of march through England. Upon another occasion Alexander having begged that certain lawsuits, which promised to disturb the *entente cordiale* between the two kingdoms, should be referred to an arbitration, according to the laws and customs of the Marches, Edward readily assented. Indeed, throughout the correspondence that passed at this time betwixt Edinburgh and London, whether petition for loans on one side or the feudal claims of supremacy from the openly ignored but tacitly admitted over-lord on the other, there never appears to have been a hitch or the semblance of antagonism.

The death of the Scottish king, and the consequences that would ensue from such demise, were not lost upon so astute a monarch as King Edward. The crown of Scotland had now devolved upon an infant, and that infant a female; for, as with England, so then with Scotland, the distinction of sex was no obstacle to the possession of the throne. The child princess was therefore Margaret, Queen of Scotland, with as full claim and right to the sway of the sceptre as had ever been demanded by her predecessors. Why, then, should he not avail himself of his opportunity? was the one great thought which inspired the English king as he cast his eager gaze upon the vacant throne across the Tweed. Edward had a son, called after his own name, who in the ordinary course of nature would succeed him, and transmit it was hoped to another generation

the proud Plantagenet line. Did it not, therefore, seem pointed out by the hand of Heaven that a union of the two realms should be effected through the marriage of his eldest son, the Prince of Wales—that wild country which had been so recently conquered—with this young Queen of Scotland? Across the border the same idea had curiously enough been entertained by the Scottish Guardians, who, in the absence of the child sovereign then in Norway, were intrusted with the regency of the kingdom. We learn from documents now made public and still preserved among our archives that, a few days after the death of Alexander, the bishops of St. Andrews and Glasgow, "in their own name and in the name of the clergy, of the earls and barons, and of all others of the realm of Scotland who had been present at the burial of the Lord Alexander of good memory, the late King of Scotland," had sent from Dunfermline, John St. Germain, prior of the Dominicans at Perth, in company with another friar, one Brother Arnald, to the English Court, intrusted with the delivery of a very important message. What the nature of this important message was the papers before us do not reveal, but, taken in connection with what subsequently occurred, there is no rashness in assuming that it related to the settlement of the Scottish succession. This much, however, is beyond dispute—so confident did Edward feel as to the result of his negotiations with the governors and people of Scotland, that he embarked for France shortly after-

wards, and spent more than three years upon the Continent.[1]

At the same time, as so often happens when a regency assumes the sway of affairs owing to the absence or minority of the sovereign, a division of opinion upon the question of the succession burst forth north of the Tweed. The claims of Robert Bruce were now advanced by his partisans. This rival was the son of Isabel, the second daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of that William, King of Scotland, who had been taken prisoner by Henry the Second of England, and already he had a large following among the more powerful of the Scottish nobles and clergy. A meeting of these was now summoned at Turnberry Castle in order to arrive at some definite line of action. There, in the courtyard of the Castle, assembled Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, with his three sons, the Earl of Mar with his two sons, Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, James Stewart, Malcolm of Lennox, and others. A bond of mutual defence was drawn up, which pledged each member of the confederacy to act in accordance with the verdict of the majority—in other words, to support the pretensions of Robert Bruce. Should any one give his word to this course of action and then withdraw from it, he

[1] March 29, 1286. Documents illustrative of the History of Scotland. Selected by the Rev. J. Stevenson. Two volumes. The Scotch documents preserved in the Record Office (Exchequer and Treasury of the Receipt) are among the most interesting of the national archives.

was to lay himself open to attack, and to the spoliation of all his goods. No mention was made of the name or title of the Maid of Norway, though it was assumed on that occasion that the throne of Scotland would be occupied by one of the royal blood, who should obtain it "*Secundum antiquas consuetudines hactenus in regno Scotiæ approbatas et usitatas*"—according to the ancient customs hitherto approved and observed in the realm of Scotland.[1]

Either the proceedings of this confederacy never came to the knowledge of Edward, or, if they did, he calmly ignored them. He was "over-lord" of Scotland, and not to be deterred from his purpose by any opposition, whether slight or rancorous. From the documents before us it is evident that he was still occupying himself with all the necessary preliminaries for the betrothal of his son with the little Queen of Scotland. Two messengers—Otho de Grandison, a gallant knight, and William de Hothuln, a Dominican friar—had been despatched by him to Rome to communicate certain weighty information, and to solicit from Pope Nicholas the favour of a bull of dispensation for the union of Prince Edward with Margaret, the heiress of Scotland, since the young couple, being cousins, were within the prohibited degrees. This request was granted, and a bull, permitting in general terms a contract of marriage, was issued from the Papal chancery. Of this bull, three original copies

[1] September 20, 1286 (Stevenson).

are preserved among our archives in the Record Office; to each is appended a leaden seal by a cord of yellow and crimson silk. The words of the document are brief. The Pope expresses himself as most desirous of settling the feuds and animosities which had so long existed between the two kingdoms, and, therefore, any step which had for its object to link the two countries together was to be encouraged, and met with his full approval. He was of opinion that the marriage of Prince Edward of England with Margaret, Queen of Scotland, would lead to so desirable a consummation; but as the two who were now anxious to become one flesh were within the forbidden degrees of affinity, their union could not be blessed by Mother Church without Papal sanction. That permission His Holiness was now graciously pleased to accord, since it would conduce to the suppression of past jealousies, and to the alliance of the two realms under one crown. "Let no one, therefore," warned Nicholas, "infringe the clauses of this dispensation, or seek to hinder them. Should any, after this admonition, dare to thwart our will, let him know that he shall incur the anger of Almighty God, and of His blessed apostles, Peter and Paul."[1]

The next move in the negotiations was made by the father of the future bride. Eric of Norway was no opponent to the scheme. He had been beholden to the King of England for various favours—one of which,

[1] November 16, 1289 (Stevenson).

as I see from a little bill before me, was for a loan of £1333, 6s. 8d.—and accordingly, with the diplomacy of the suppliant, had no intention of gainsaying the wishes of his royal patron. On the contrary, he furthered them to the best of his ability. He despatched three of his most trusted agents to France, where Edward still lingered, to discuss the terms of the marriage and to give his consent to the bestowal of the hand of his daughter.[1]

These preliminaries arranged, nothing now remained but to obtain the consent and approbation of the nobles of the three realms of England, Scotland, and Norway to such details as should be considered necessary for the happiness of the engaging parties and the welfare of the United Kingdom. A meeting was held at Salisbury, by the English, Scotch, and Norwegian representatives, to draw up the clauses of the marriage settlement and to deliberate upon the terms of the union. The result of the conference was as follows:—The young Queen was to quit Norway a perfectly free agent, and to arrive in England or Scotland under no obligations whatever as to marriage. Should her proposed union meet with the approval of the Guardians of Scotland, then, but not till then, was the betrothal to take place. Before her Majesty passed through England into Scotland it should be the duty of King Edward to see that the latter kingdom was free from all tumult and disturbance, so that the Queen on

[1] September 17, 1289 (Stevenson).

coming into her realm could live there in all security as "*verreye dame e roync e heritere.*" If among the Guardians of Scotland there should be found any calculated to work her mischief or to do her cause hurt, the same were to be removed and others substituted, the selection being made by the united powers of England, Scotland, and Norway. In case of any disagreement between these three countries, the voice of England was to be paramount, and from her casting vote there was to be no appeal. As to all such decisions the King of Norway was, however, to be fully informed. Such was the nature of the convention known in history as the Treaty of Salisbury.[1] A few weeks after the framing of its clauses they were confirmed by a Parliament held at Brigham. In the summer of the next year a council assembled at Northampton, where Edward again ratified the treaty, and pledged his royal word that if Queen Margaret became the wife of his son, the Prince of Wales, the independence of Scotland should in no wise be tampered with.[2]

The young Queen was now to be shown that, whatever might be the upshot of these negotiations, neither England, nor her husband who wished to be, was indifferent to her infantine charms. Presents of a valuable character were intrusted by Prince Edward to the hands of one Walter de Langton for the use of Margaret when she should be domiciled in Scotland.

[1] November 6, 1289 (Stevenson). [2] July 18, 1290 (*Ibid.*).

The list is before me, and from its catalogue the following may be specified. First, there was a silver-gilt pitcher, with the arms of England and Castile chased on the outside, and which had been, in the first instance, given to King Edward by the Bishop of London. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury sent a couple of gold shell-shaped cups; whilst his brother of York was content to present only one, but with the arms of France and Navarre cut on an enamelled shield. The Abbey of Reading gave also a silver-gilt cup, for there seems to have been in those days the same lack of originality in the bestowal of wedding gifts as exists in the present. From the Bishop of Ely came a two-handled gold vase with a cover on an enamelled stand, with the arms of France chased on the outside. The abbey of St. Augustine sent also a small gold vase with a lid of exquisite workmanship. Various other presents of plate—chiefly gold cups and silver basins—at the same time were despatched north, to be housed in the Edinburgh regalia until they were required for the use of the child sovereign.

The arrival of these treasures only increased the desire and curiosity of her future subjects to see the little Maid of Norway and do her homage. It was not yet decided by the English council whether Margaret was to land at Edinburgh or to proceed further south and enter the Thames. One part of the programme had, however, been definitely settled. The heiress of the Scottish crown was to quit Bergen as soon as the necessary

means of transit were provided, and then subsequent events were to determine as to the establishment of her residence. Upon King Edward now devolved all the arrangements for the passage from Norway. An embassy, consisting of the Abbot of Welbec, Henry de Rye, and others, was despatched to the Scandinavian realm to settle the preliminaries for the departure of Margaret. It was expected that the King of Norway would accompany his daughter, and thus every thought which care and consideration could inspire was taken that during the voyage the royal party should be in the enjoyment of every comfort. With this object Edward caused a large ship to be arrested at Great Yarmouth—the roads of Yarmouth were in the Middle Ages the favourite haven around our coasts for vessels of heavy tonnage—the fitting up and victualling of which he intrusted to one Matthew de Columbariis [Columbers], the chief butler of his household, who has kept a curious statement as to his expenditure on this occasion. Let us examine a few of its items. The original account is among the treasures of the Record Office; it consists of a single membrane fairly written, with the marginal remarks of the surveyor of Yarmouth, and is slightly stained with damp.[1]

The supplies were provided with a liberal hand. Neither the royal party nor the crew were as yet under the influence of the temperance movement, for among the entries we notice thirty-one hogsheads and

[1] September 1290 (Stevenson).

one pipe of wine, in addition to ten barrels of beer. It was in the days of heavy feeding, when indigestion appears to have been one of the frailties of the flesh then unknown. For there, stored in the hold of the Yarmouth barque during this brief voyage—it had at last been decided that Edinburgh was to be the destination—were fifteen carcasses of salted oxen, seventy-two hams, four hundred dried fish, two hundred stock-fish (at that time we drove a roaring trade with Iceland in stock-fish), one barrel of sturgeon, five dozen of the lampreys so beloved by our first Henry—who, it is said, never smiled again after the shipwreck of his son, though he was still able to enjoy his dinner,—and fifty pounds of a fish entered as "whale." To give a zest to this Gargantuan *menu* there were the necessary condiments of twenty-two gallons of mustard, with salt, pepper, vinegar, and onions, and garlic in proportion. Nor did the attentive Matthew de Columbariis forget that there was a young lady on board, to whom "sweets" would be more attractive than the stronger diet supplied to the sterner sex. If it were to pander to the delicate palate of Margaret that we come across the liberal entries in this account of the pounds of gingerbread, the jars of figs, the masses of raisins, the loaves of sugar, the ginger, citron and mace, not to speak of the trifling dessert of five thousand walnuts, her Majesty had certainly little cause for complaint. We have made no mention as to the cheese, gruel, beans and peas,

tallow candles, wax, and plate and linen provided on this occasion. Enough has been said to show that, during a month's voyage, the commissariat supplied on that occasion would not have broken down. The vessel was gaily painted, and banners and pennants bearing the English arms fluttered at the head of each mast.

It is sad to relate that all the care and anxiety lavished upon these preparations and negotiations were in vain. Was it not Lord Beaconsfield who said "the unforeseen is sure to occur to upset our calculations, and mar all the plans that prescience can suggest"? The proverb "Man proposes, but God disposes" is written upon almost every page of history. We draw up our careful treaties with all the subtlety of diplomacy so as to make alliance doubly sure; we plot our little combinations to cause rival dynasties to coalesce; we enter upon great wars to strengthen national stability; we plan, and scheme, and quarrel—then, when we fondly hope that our aim is to be attained, some complication occurs which we never expected, some cabal, which we had never anticipated, and therefore had never provided against, is sprung upon us, and lo and behold! all our trickery and forethought have been expended in vain. We have proposed, but have been disposed of. To this list of schemes that have fallen through, history has to add the meditated marriage of the Maid of Norway. At the appointed date the vessel, with its elaborate provisions and crew

of forty hands, sailed from Yarmouth to fetch the young Queen from her Norwegian home. She reached Bergen in safety, the royal party were taken on board, the bows of the ship were turned south, and in due time it was known that the arrival of Margaret might daily be expected in Scotland. Yet it was to be ordained otherwise. "The child," writes Mr. Stevenson in the careful and scholarly preface to his work, "on whose frail life were centred so many hopes, was not permitted to see them realised. It would appear that she died just before reaching the Orkney Islands (possibly in a bay in South Ronaldshay), leaving her hereditary kingdom, in which her personal claims were scarcely recognised, to all the dangers and miseries of a disputed succession."

A KNIGHT'S TALE.

AMONG the flower of English chivalry which swelled the retinue of Henry the Second, few could compare in prowess of arms and in skill and grace at game or tournament with Fulk Fitz Warine, son of the redoubtable Fulk the Brown, who had waged such bitter war across the Marches with Jervard, Prince of Wales. So keen had been the hate and terror inspired by Fulk the Brown, that, on the conclusion of peace with Wales, the Prince, though he restored to the barons of the March all the lands he had taken from them, swore by St. Luke's face that for all his hopes of eternity never would he render to Fulk the Brown the manors of White Town and Maelor, which he, the Prince, had seized. That vow was kept, and the estates of the Fulk family thus passed into the hands of a stranger, Roger de Powis. Upon the accession of King John, young Sir Fulk crossed over from Normandy to England to petition the Crown to restore him the paternal lands, now his by the death of his father. White Town and Maelor were at this time held by the son of de Powis; but Fulk craved that justice might be done to the lawful heir, and he

receive the manors of which his family had been unjustly deprived.

Unhappily, between the young knight and his new sovereign there had in days gone by been ill blood, and the memory of John was tenacious of such matters. It happened in this wise. Young Fulk had been brought up with the four sons of King Henry, and, skilled in all martial exercises, the lad had become their constant friend and playmate, and was beloved by them all, save John. With John—cowardly, spiteful, and ill-tempered—he was always, however, quarrelling, and many were the hard words and harder blows that passed between the two. In all disputes the royal brothers sided with young Fulk, and when the future sovereign went sneaking to his father, scant was the sympathy he ever received. One day John and Fulk were sitting all alone in a chamber playing chess. Suddenly, and without any provocation, John upset the men, took hold of the chess-board, and gave Fulk a great whack with it upon his head. Fulk, indignant and in considerable pain, rose up from his seat, faced his foe, and, we regret to say, on this occasion fought like the youthful Gaul, for "he raised his foot and struck John in the middle of the stomach so that his head flew against the wall and he became all weak and fainted" (*leva le piée, si fery Johan en my le pys, qe sa teste vola contre la pareye, qu'il devynt tut mat e se palmea*). Terrified at this act, and ignorant of the consequences that might ensue, Fulk knelt down,

lifted up his adversary, and rubbed his head until the fainting prince recovered. Then, as was his custom, John went straightway to his father and made a great complaint. "Hold your tongue, wretch!" said King Henry; "you are always quarrelling. If Fulk did anything but good to you, it must have been from your own fault." Then the King ended his lecture by having his son well beaten by the family tutor. John therefore was much angered against Fulk, and during the days they were brought up together always feared and disliked him.

But now the whirligig of events had made the sovereign master and his pugnacious subject a suppliant. In vain Fulk did homage and begged that the lands of his ancestors might be restored to him. His prayer was supported by his three brothers, who were with him in the presence-chamber. John replied that the lands had been granted by him to Sir Moris, and little he recked who might be offended or who not. Then spoke Moris, son of Roger de Powis: "Sir Fulk, you are a great fool to challenge my lands. If you say that you have a right to White Town, you lie; and if we were not in the King's presence I would prove it on your body." Scarcely had these words been uttered than William, Fulk's brother, sprang forward and struck Moris in the face with his fist, so that the blood flowed freely. The knights around the throne now interfered and separated the combatants. Fulk thus addressed the King: "Sir King, you are my liege

lord, and to you was I bound by fealty as long as I was in your service, and as long as I held lands of you; and you ought to uphold me in my right, but you fail me in right and common law. And never was he good king who denied his frank tenants law in his courts, wherefore I render you your homages." So saying he turned upon his heel, followed by his brothers, and quitted the court. He had barely gone half a league, when a body of knights, well mounted and armed, rode up to him and bade him and his brothers surrender, as they had promised the King their heads. "Fair sirs," cried Fulk, "you were great fools to promise what you cannot have," and without more parley he turned upon his foes, killing some outright, and causing the rest to seek safety in flight. When these last returned to John, some with their noses slit, and others with their chins hacked, the King swore a great oath that he would be revenged of them and all their lineage. Meanwhile he seized into his hand all the lands Fulk held in England, and did great damage to all his friends (*e fist grant damage à touz les suens*).

The outlawed knight now waged open war upon his sovereign and his retainers. He attacked Sir Moris within the very precincts of his castle, and wounded him severely; he liberated prisoners from the county gaols; he levied tolls upon merchants, burghers, and the like who crossed his path and vowed fealty to the King: so fierce was the havoc he made and the terror he inspired, that John appointed a hundred knights

to seek out and take Fulk, and bring him to the King alive or dead, promising them, for the same, lands and rich fees. But the knights, whenever they heard of the whereabouts of Sir Fulk, declined to attempt the capture of the outlaw for any king; "for they feared him excessively, some for love they had for him, others for fear of his strength and of his noble knighthood, lest damage or death might happen to them, by his strength and boldness." Every hostile act that Fulk committed, the rebel knight took care should reach the ears of his sovereign.

One morning, whilst encamping with his followers in the forest of Bradene, Fulk espied a body of men attended by a guard, evidently protecting treasure. These proved to be ten burgher merchants, who had bought with the money of John rich cloths, furs, spices, and gloves for the use of the King and Queen of England, and were carrying them through the forest, protected by thirty-four sergeants, to the court. Fulk, followed by his retinue, rode up to them and bade them halt and surrender. They refused, and a struggle ensued in which the sergeants were beaten and the merchants compelled to yield themselves prisoners. Fulk led them into the thickets of the forest, asked who they were, and heard that they were merchants of the King. Said he, "Sirs merchants, tell me the truth—if you should lose these goods, on whom will the loss turn?" "Sir," they replied, "if we should lose them by our cowardice or by our own bad keeping, the loss would fall upon us; but if we lose

them from no fault of our own, the loss will turn upon the King." Upon hearing this, Fulk caused the cloths and furs to be measured with his spear and distributed them among his followers, each one having a goodly portion (*mesure avoit chescun à volenté*). Then he bade the merchants farewell, and begged them to salute the King from Fulk Fitz Warine, who thanked his sovereign much for such good robes. On the arrival of the merchants at court with their goods stolen and their guard wounded and maimed, John was beside himself with rage. "And he caused it to be cried through the kingdom, that whoever would bring him Fulk alive or dead, he would give him a thousand pounds of silver, and, besides that, he would give him all the lands which were Fulk's in England" (*e fist fere une criée par mi le realme, que cely qe ly amerreit Fulk, vyf ou mort, yl ly dorreit myl lyvres d'argent, e estre ce yl ly dorreit totes le terres qe à Fulk furent en Engleterre*). Yet never a man was tempted by this offer.

Fulk now wandered through the Weald of Kent, and encamped in the forest close to Canterbury. To him there came a messenger from Hubert le Botiler, the archbishop, praying the outlaw's attendance at the palace on important business. Fulk acceded to the request, and he and his brother William, dressed as merchants, rode their palfreys into Canterbury. "Fair sons," said Hubert, "you are very welcome to me. You know well that my brother is departed to God and had espoused dame Maude de Caus, a very

rich lady and the fairest in all England, and King John desires after her so much for her beauty that she can with difficulty be kept from him. I have her here within, and you shall see her. And I beseech you, dear friend Fulk, and command you on my benison, that you take her to wife." Fulk saw her, and knew well that she was fair and of good name; also that in Ireland she had castles, cities, lands, and great homages. So, with the consent of his brother William, and by the counsel of the Archbishop Hubert, he made the lady Maude his wife. His honeymoon was, however, of the briefest. After two days he took his leave, left his bride with the archbishop, and returned to his companions in the forest. There "they joked at him and laughed and called him *husband*; asking him where he should take the fair lady, whether to castle or to wood, and made merry together. Still they did everywhere great damage to the King; yet to no other but to those who were openly their enemies."

One remorseless foe Fulk had now the less. Marching across the country he halted under the very walls of White Town, and bade Moris sally forth and do battle. The challenge was accepted. Moris and his knights were very courageous; they boldly attacked Fulk and his companions, calling them thieves and rebels, and vowing that before eventide their heads should be placed on the high tower of Shrewsbury. Fulk, however, with his retainers, defended themselves vigorously; and "there were Moris and his fifteen knights, and the

four sons of Guy Fitz Candelou of Porkingtone slain; and by so many had Fulk the fewer enemies."

As is so often the case when a mediæval chronicler, inflamed by the study of chivalry, records the deeds of a brave and venturesome knight, the true and the false are so woven into the texture of the story as to become a little mixed. The exploits of the gallant outlaw are no exception to this confusion. And so we read of Fulk bearding monsters in their caves and tearing out their entrails with his sword, of his rescuing modest damosels clad in the lightest of attire from the rude hands of their oppressors, of his storming hall and castle to release ravished prisoners, of the punishment he inflicted upon impostors and recreant knights, of his terrible combats with giants and dragons, and how all men feared him, and all fair ladies loved him. Indeed, we are told, Fulk had such favour that he came never to any place where courage, knighthood, prowess, or goodness shone forth as bright and famous, that he was not held the best and without equal. On one occasion in the course of his wanderings he ascends a lofty mountain, the summit of which was strewn with hauberks, helms, and swords, and dead men's bones whitening on the turf. 'Twas the haunt of a terrible flying dragon, who carried off and ate whatever his horny claws could seize upon. Crouched amid these remains of slaughter and destruction was a fair young damsel, weeping and making great lamentation. "Whence come you?" asked Fulk. "Sir," she replied, "I am daughter of

the Duke of Cartage, and I have been here seven years; and never saw I a Christian here, unless he came against his will. So if you have the power, for God's sake, go away, for if the dragon come you will never escape." "Nay," cried Fulk, "never will I go hence till I hear and see more. Damsel, what does the dragon do with you?" "Sir," she answered, "the dragon is fierce and strong; and he would carry an armed knight to these mountains, and many a one has he eaten, for he likes human flesh better than any other. And when his hideous face and beard are covered with blood, then he comes to me and makes me wash him with clear water. He sleeps on a couch which is all of fine gold, for such is his nature that he is very hot in the extreme, and gold is very cold by nature, so, to cool himself, he lies on gold. Fearful he is of me that I should kill him when asleep, but in the end I know full well that he will slay me." "*Par Deu!*" said Fulk, "*si Deu plest, noun fra.*"

At that moment the dragon came flying towards them, casting forth from its mouth smoke and flame very horrible. It was a very foul beast, with a great head, teeth squared, sharp claws, and a long, lashing tail. Fulk raised his sword and struck the dragon with all his might on the head. Yet it did the monster no hurt at all, so hard was he of bone and skin. Fulk then perceiving that no harm could befall the dragon in front, wheels deftly round, deals the beast a puissant blow upon the tail, and cuts it in twain. Maimed in so sensitive a portion of his frame, the dragon stood

erect and essayed to jump upon his foe, but Fulk, all prepared, struck the monster through the middle of the mouth with his sword, and by that slew him. Taking the captive beauty in his galley he now steered towards Cartage, and restored her to her father. The duke fell down at the feet of Fulk, thanking him with many earnest words; and prayed him if he pleased that he would dwell in the country and he would give him all Cartage with his daughter in marriage. The outlaw thanked him finely and heartily for his fair offer, and said that he would willingly take his daughter if his Christianity would suffer it, but he had already married a wife. This said, Fulk took leave of the duke, who was very sorrowful for the departure of so true and brave a knight.

On his return to England from Iberie, Fulk went to Canterbury to see his wife. It was high time, for that neglected dame sorely needed his protection, as his sovereign had evil designs upon her. King John, we learn, was a man without conscience, wicked, quarrelsome, and hated by all good people, and lecherous; and if he could hear of any handsome lady or damsel, wife or daughter of earl or baron, or other, he would have her at his will; either seducing her by promise or gift, or ravishing her by force. And, therefore, he was the more hated, and for this reason many of the great lords of England had thrown up their homages to the King, for which the King was less feared. When John, who was seized with so fierce a passion for the dame Maude,

knew of a truth that she was married to Sir Fulk, his enemy, he did great damage to the Archbishop Hubert and to the lady; for he wanted to have her carried off by force. To escape the royal importunities dame Maude took refuge in the church, and on the arrival of her husband was borne by him for safety into Wales.

Now Fulk vowed to be revenged once for all upon the King, who had not only robbed him of his lands, but had assailed his honour. Crossing over to Normandy, he enlisted several followers under his banner, and then took boat from Boulogne to Dover. The weather was stormy, and the waves in the Channel ran high—scant doubt there was but the passage across would be perilous. And here we come across an old, old story, yet few are aware that it is so old as the beginning of the thirteenth century. Fulk spoke to the mariner who was to command the ship that had been chartered to bear him to England. "Do you know well this business, and to carry people by sea into divers regions?" Replied the salt, "Truly, sir, there is not a land of any renown in Christendom whither I could not conduct a ship well and safely." Then said Fulk, "Truly thou hast a very perilous occupation; tell me fair, sweet brother, of what death died thy father?" "He was drowned at sea." "How thy grandfather?" "The same." "How thy great-grandfather?" "In like manner, and all my relations that I wot of to the fourth degree." "Truly," said Fulk, "you are very foolhardy that you dare go to sea." "Sir," said the

mariner, "wherefore? Every creature will have the death destined for him. And now, if you please, fair sir, tell me where did thy father die?" "Truly, in his bed." "Where thy grandfather?" "The same." "Where thy great-grandfather?" "Truly, all of my lineage that I know died in their beds." "Then, in very truth, since all your lineage died in beds, I marvel greatly that you have dared to go into any bed." And so, moralises the chronicler, Fulk perceived that the sailor had told him the truth, that every man shall have such death as is destined for him, and he knows not which, on land or in water (*e donqe entendy Fulk qe ly mariner ly out verité dit, qe chescun home avera mort ticle come destinée ly est, e ne siet le quel en terre ou en ewe*).

On landing at Dover with his companions, Fulk marched north to the Thames, for the people who passed him told him that the King was at Windsor and a-hunting in the forest. At this the knight was right glad, for well he knew that part of England. By day they slept and reposed, and by night they wandered until they came to the forest; here they halted and lodged in a hollow Fulk knew of. A few mornings after their arrival they heard huntsmen and men with hounds blow the horn, and by that they knew the King was going to hunt. Then Fulk and his retinue armed themselves very richly. The outlaw swore a great oath that never from fear of death would he abstain from avenging himself upon the King, who

had forcibly and wrongfully deprived him of his own. So, bidding his companions stay behind, he said he would himself explore the forest and see what was to be done. On his way he met a collier, who was garbed all in black as a collier ought to be. For a gift of ten besants the collier exchanged clothes with Fulk, and then left him crouching by the charcoal fire with a great iron fork in his hand. At length the King, attended by three knights, all on foot, came up to him. "Sir villain," said John to the pretended collier, "have you seen no stag or doe pass this way?" "Yes, my lord, awhile ago." "Where is it?" "Sir, my lord, I know very well how to lead you to where I saw it." "Onward then, sir villain, and we will follow you." Fulk conducted the King to the place where his companions lay hid. "Sir, my lord," said the outlaw, "will you please to wait and I will go into the thicket and make the stag pass by here." Fulk quickly sprang into the glades of the wood and commanded his followers hastily to seize upon King John. "For I have brought him," he cried, "only with three knights, and all his company is on the other side of the forest." Then they leaped out of the thicket, called upon the King, and seized him at once. "Sir King," said Fulk, "now I have you in my power; such judgment will I execute on you as you would on me if you had taken me." The King, craven as he was, trembled with fear and implored mercy for the love of God. He vowed to restore to the outlaw entirely all his heritage and what-

ever he had taken from him and from all his people, promising to grant him his love and peace for ever, provided his life were spared. Fulk assented on condition that the sovereign gave him in presence of his knights his faith to keep this covenant. John pledged his oath, and right glad was he to escape.

But a promise so forcibly extorted was not to be kept. On his return to the palace, John caused his knights and courtiers to assemble, and told them how Sir Fulk had deceived him; then he said that he had made that oath through force, and therefore would not hold to it, and commanded that they should all arm in haste, and take those felons in the park. The royal summons was obeyed. At the head of his earls and barons, the King pressed into the woods in pursuit of his audacious foe; but Fulk now saw that prudence was the better part of valour, and so beat a retreat, content with slaying here and there a knight as opportunity offered, until after various adventures he reached the coast, when he and his companions hired a vessel and escaped into Britain the Less. There he dwelt for half a year and more with his kinsmen and cousins, until the old desire came back upon him that he must see his country once again and obtain his rights. At length he thought that nothing should hinder him from going into England. So when he came into England in the New Forest, which he used in former days to haunt, he fell in with the King, who was pursuing a boar. Fulk and his companions took him and six

knights with him and carried him into their galley. The King and all his were much abashed (*furent molt esbays*). There were many words, but at last the King pardoned the outlaw and his followers all his spite, and restored them all their inheritance, and promised them in good faith that he would cause their peace to be proclaimed through all England; and for the doing of this he left his six knights with them as hostages, until the peace was proclaimed. Then John went straight to Westminster and caused the earls, barons, and clergy to assemble, and told them openly that he had of his own free will granted his peace to Fulk Fitz Warine, his brothers and adherents, and commanded that they should be honourably received through all the kingdom, and granted them entirely all their heritage. So Fulk and his brothers apparelled themselves as richly as they knew how, and came through London, and knelt before the King at Westminster, and rendered themselves to him. The King received them, and restored to them all that was theirs in England, and commanded them to remain with him—which they did, a whole month. Thus came to an end the long and deadly feud between lord and vassal.

His lands restored, Fulk came to White Town, the home of his fathers, and there he found his wife and children, who were very glad of his coming; and they made great joy between them (*e grant joye entrefirent*). Then Fulk caused his treasures and riches to be brought, gave lands and horses to his sergeants and

friends very largely, and maintained his land in great honour. And now Fulk bethought him that he had greatly sinned against God by his slaying of people and other offences. So, in remission of his sins, he founded a priory on the banks of the river Severn, in honour of Our Lady, and which is now called the New Abbey. Shortly afterwards his wife died, and was buried in this priory. A good while after this dame was dead, Fulk married a very gentle lady, the dame Clarice de Auberville, and begat fair children and very valiant. It chanced one night while Fulk and his wife were sleeping together in their chamber, the lady was asleep and Fulk was awake, and thought of his youth and repented much in his heart of his past trespasses. At length he saw in the chamber so great a light that it was wonderful, and he thought, "What could it be?" Then he heard a voice as it were of thunder in the air, and it said, "Vassal, God has granted thee thy penance, which is better here than elsewhere." At that word the lady woke, and saw a great light, and covered her face for fear. And now the light vanished. But after this light Fulk could never see more, and so was blind all his days. Seven years remained he blind and suffered well his penance. Lady Clarice died, and was buried at the New Abbey; after whose death Fulk lived but a year, and died at White Town. In great honour was he interred at the New Abbey: on his soul may God have mercy! Near the altar lies the body. God have mercy upon us all

alive and dead (*Deus cit merci de tous, vifs et mortz! Amen*).

Such is the brief history of this gallant outlaw, written in the quaint Norman French of the thirteenth century, by one who was, it is needless to say, a devoted retainer of the house of Fitz Warine. The manuscript, evidently a copy of the original, is among the priceless treasures of the British Museum, and was first made public many years ago by that careful and scholarly antiquary the late Mr. Thomas Wright. It was published by one of those societies which springs up at intervals, and then dies out for want of funds, the object of which is to edit curious documents for a limited circle of readers; such works after a few years are, however, almost as rare as the records they discover and give to the world; therefore, in the hope that the leading features of the Fitz Warine chronicle may still be of interest, it has again been taken out of oblivion and presented anew.

EARLY PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

AMONG those publications which are known only to a limited class is the treatise entitled *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum*, edited from the original manuscript by that accomplished antiquary the late Sir Thomas Hardy, and which occupies a conspicuous place in the list of works issued by the Record Commission.[1] Many and various have been the opinions expressed with regard to the age and authenticity of this document, which purports to give an account of the mode in which Parliament was held in England during the earlier periods of our history. According to Lord Chief-Justice Coke, it "was rehearsed and declared before the Conqueror at the time of his Conquest, and by him approved for England"—a statement which Sir Thomas Hardy considers too absurd to comment upon. Selden, on the other hand, says that the manuscript "was written some ages, at least, after the coming of the Normans," and believes that it is no ancienter than about the time of Edward the Third. Prynne, a great authority in Parliamentary history,

[1] *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum*, an ancient treatise, on the mode of holding the Parliament in England. Edited by Thomas Duffus Hardy.

roundly declares that the document is of no antiquity at all, being compiled either in the reign of Henry the Sixth or that of Henry the Eighth.

From the verdict of these three doctors of palæography our editor dissents. Basing his evidence on the contents of the record itself, Sir Thomas Hardy gives his reasons for the date he assigns to it. The word *Parliamentum*, he says, constantly occurs in the treatise; it must therefore have been written after the year 1244, as that word "was never applied to a legislative assembly in England by any contemporary writer, or used in any record before that year, but there is no doubt that from the latter end of the reign of King Henry the Third the legislative assembly was termed Parliament, or in Latin Parliamentum." In the *Modus* mention is also made of *procurators*. "There would be no difficulty in proving, if it were necessary, that until the year 1279 the inferior clergy were not permitted to send two procurators to the parliamentary convocation as their representatives." So much, therefore, for the statement of the Lord Chief-Justice Coke that the treatise was written before the Conquest. The animadversions of Prynne, continues our editor, "are founded upon passages which can be clearly proved to be interpolations, and they are therefore, to that extent at least, undeserving of any serious attention." Again, the fact of there being still extant two or three copies of the *Modus* as early as the reign of Richard the Second, proves that Prynne was clearly incorrect

in referring the treatise either to the reign of our Sixth or Eighth Henry. It must also have been written before the reign of Edward the Third. Mention is made in the *Modus* of payments to Knights of the Shires for parliamentary attendance. Now it is a well-ascertained fact that the payments of county members were not settled before 1327; hence the treatise must have been written before that year. "And this inference receives support from the absence throughout the treatise of all mention of any higher grade of nobility than an Earl, the first creation of a Duke having been made by Edward the Third in the eleventh year of his reign."[1]

Having thus disposed of the statements and strictures of his opponents, our erudite editor proceeds very modestly to ascribe his own date to the document. "Having premised that nothing can with certainty be relied upon as to the precise age of this treatise, yet as an opinion may be expected from the editor, he, with great deference, ventures to suggest that it was probably written some time between the years 1294 and 1327, but it may be repeated that there is not at present known to be extant any copy of it in the exact form in which it originally appeared." The text of this *Modus* is taken from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, and collated by Sir Thomas Hardy with several of its fellows in the British Museum.

The treatise opens with an account of such persons as constituted the National Assembly. First, as the

[1] *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum.* Preface.

head and front of Parliament, by his birth and authority, is the King, the fountain of honour and source of all jurisdiction. Next rank the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, and Priors, holding by barony. After them come the Procurators of the Clergy. The fourth degree is composed of the Earls, Barons, and other magnates and nobles who have lands and rents to the value of a county or entire barony; also of the two fit and experienced Barons elected from each port of the Cinque Ports. Then appear the Knights of the Shires, who belonged socially to the same class as the Barons, and last of all the citizens and burgesses. "And so Parliament is composed of six degrees. But it must be known that although any of the said degrees, below the King, be absent, if they have been summoned by reasonable summonses of Parliament, the Parliament shall nevertheless be considered complete."

At this period there seems to have been no fear of the prestige and position of the Crown interfering with the freedom of debate. Not only was the King required to attend the proceedings in Parliament, but he could not absent himself without grave reason. Should he be obliged by sickness to keep his chamber, "he ought to send for twelve of the greater and better persons who are summoned to Parliament, to wit, two Bishops, two Earls, two Barons, two Knights of the Shires, two citizens, and two burgesses to visit his person and testify of his state, and in their presence he ought to commission the Archbishop of the province,

the Steward and Chief-Justice, jointly and severally, to begin and continue the Parliament in his name, express mention being made in that commission of the cause of his then absence." We are told that the reason for this vigilance and medical investigation was "that clamour and murmurs used to be in Parliament on account of the King's absence, because it is a hurtful and dangerous thing for the whole commonalty of Parliament, and also for the realm, when the King is absent from the Parliament, nor ought he nor can he absent himself unless only in the case above said."

Forty days notice was to be given to each member of the meeting of Parliament. On the assembling of the chamber—for until the reign of Edward the Third [1] the Lords and Commons sat together in one hall, the Commons at first contenting themselves with the humble task of accepting without criticism the decision of their superiors—the roll of the members was called over. On the first day the burgesses and citizens had to answer to their names; if a burgess was absent his borough was fined a hundred marks, the mark being thirteen shillings and fourpence: if a citizen, his city was fined a hundred pounds. On the second day the Knights of the Shires were summoned, when, if they failed to appear, their county was fined a hundred pounds. "On the third day of the Parliament the Barons of the Cinque Ports shall be called, and afterwards the Barons, and afterwards

[1] The first mention in the Rolls of Parliament of a separate Session occurs in 1332.

the Earls, when, if the Barons of the Cinque Ports do not come, the barony whence they were sent shall be amerced in a hundred marks; in the same manner a Baron by himself shall be amerced in a hundred marks and an Earl in a hundred pounds; in like manner shall be done with those who are peers of Earls and Barons, namely, who have lands and rents to the value of a county or barony." The value of a county was four hundred pounds, the value of a barony four hundred marks. The Procurators of the Clergy were called over on the fourth day, when if absent, their Bishops were fined a hundred marks for every Archdeaconry making default. On the fifth day the Deans, Priors, Abbots, Bishops, and lastly the two Archbishops, had to answer to their names; if they failed to put in an appearance the Archbishops were each fined a hundred pounds, a Bishop who held an entire barony a hundred marks, and in like manner with respect to the Abbot, Priors, and others. "On the first day proclamation ought to be made first in the hall or monastery or other public place where the Parliament is holden, and afterwards publicly in the town or village, that all who wish to deliver petitions and complaints to the Parliament may deliver them from the first day of the Parliament to the five next following days."

With the exception of Sundays and the three festivals of All Saints, All Souls, and the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, Parliament could sit on any day in the year and at any spot chosen by the King, pro-

vided the place selected was neither private nor obscure. Its deliberations were to be undertaken at an early hour. "It ought to begin at mid prime on each day (*et debit singulis diebus inchoari horâ mediâ primâ*), at which hour the King is bound to be present and all the peers of the realm." On festivals, owing to Divine service, Parliament was to sit at prime hour. On one of the first five days, when the roll was being called, an Archbishop or Bishop, or some eminent clerk, discreet and eloquent, was to deliver a sermon in full Parliament and in presence of the King; "and in his discourse he ought in due order to enjoin the Parliament that they with him should humbly beseech God and implore Him for the peace and tranquillity of the King and Kingdom." At the conclusion of the sermon the Lord Chancellor or the Lord Chief-Justice should rise in his place and declare the reasons why it has been thought fit to convene the Chamber—a kind of speech from the throne. "And it is to be observed that all in Parliament, whoever they be, while they speak shall stand, except the King, so that all in Parliament may be able to hear him who speaks, and if he speaks obscurely or low he shall speak over again and louder, or another shall speak for him." As there were no reporters in those days, and members were unable to address the country through the means of the press, it was absolutely necessary that the Chamber should hear distinctly the speeches addressed to it, and know exactly the nature of the topics under

discussion. Hansard and the newspapers have rendered parliamentary individuality no longer necessary.

After the delivery of the declaration by the Lord Chancellor or Lord Chief-Justice, the King was himself to stand forward and address the House; entreating the clergy and laity, naming all their degrees from the Archbishop to the burgess, "that they diligently, studiously, and cordially will labour to treat and deliberate on the affairs of Parliament as they shall think and perceive how this may be mostly and chiefly done for the honour of God in the first place and afterwards for his and their honour and welfare." The arrangements of the Chamber were intrusted to the Steward of England (*Senescallus Angliæ*) who was specially called upon to see that no one sat except among his peers. The place in the middle of a great bench was the seat specially occupied by the King. The Archbishop of Canterbury sat on his right hand; His Grace of York on the left. Immediately behind them in rows, according to their order of precedence, were ranged the Bishops, Abbots and Priors. At the right foot of the King sat the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief-Justice; at his left foot the Treasurer, Chamberlain, Barons of the Exchequer and Justices of the Bench. Close to them were the Clerks of Parliament. Then came the nobles, the Knights of the Shires, and last of all, at the extreme end of the Chamber, with a wide interval separating them from the rest, the citizens and burgesses. Then, as now, all access to the

House was forbidden except to members and to those engaged in parliamentary business. "The chief usher (*hostiarius principalis*) of Parliament shall stand within the great door of the monastery, hall, or other place where the Parliament is holden, and shall keep the door so that no one may enter the Parliament except him who owes suit and appearance at the Parliament, or shall be called on account of the business which he is prosecuting in the Parliament; and it is necessary that the doorkeeper have knowledge of the persons who ought to enter, so that entrance be denied to none who ought to be present at the Parliament." In front of the door of the Chamber—members were admitted at this date by only one entrance—stood the sergeants at arms to keep order, "so that none should make assaults or tumults about the door, by which the Parliament might be disturbed, under pain of the taking of their bodies, because by right the door of Parliament ought not to be shut but guarded by the doorkeepers and King's sergeants at arms."

The chief reason for the meeting of Parliament was the despatch of public and private business. "In the calendar of Parliament all business of the Parliament ought to be regarded in the following order: first, concerning war, if there be war, and other affairs touching the persons of the King and Queen and their children; secondly, concerning the common affairs of the kingdom, such as making laws against the defect of original laws, judicial and executorial after judgments rendered which

are chiefly common affairs; thirdly, private business ought to be regarded, and this according to the order of petitions delivered and filed, without respect of persons but who first proposes shall first act." Upon the discussion of any difficult case, it seems to have been the custom of the house to select a special Committee to examine into the question and furnish a report upon it to the King and his Council. To facilitate business, and to afford special help, each of the five degrees in Parliament had allotted to it a clerk whose duty it was to give advice, to draw up questions and answers, and to prepare bills and petitions which members of their own knowledge were unable to introduce. These five clerks were appointed in addition to the two principal clerks of Parliament who sat at the table, and the pay to each was two shillings a day "unless he be at the board of the lord the King, then he shall receive twelvepence a day." The chief duty of the two principal clerks was to enrol all the pleas and transactions of the Parliament. "These two clerks, unless they be in some other office under the King, and take fees from him wherewith they can live creditably, shall receive of the King one mark a day for their expenses by equal portions, unless they be at the board of the lord the King, then they shall take beside their table half a mark per day by equal portions during the whole Parliament."

Until the business for which the house had been summoned was fully despatched and every petition had been answered, Parliament was not to dissolve, "and if

the King permit the contrary he is perjured." No member should retire from Parliament unless he have obtained the permission of the King and all his peers. Any peer absenting himself from Parliament on account of sickness was to obtain two peers to testify to his sickness, and if it was found that his illness was feigned, "he shall be amerced as for default." If his sickness was genuine, then he was to appoint some sufficient person to act as his representative. Under no pretext was any one to absent himself without special permission. All officials connected with the Parliament were to attend from the first day to the last, "unless they have reasonable excuses that they cannot be present, and then they ought to send good excuses."

From this interesting tract we learn the fees that certain members received for their parliamentary attendance. No regular tariff seems to have been adopted, for we find the remuneration returned after a very capricious fashion. To the Barons of the Cinque Ports ten shillings a day were given; a sum which in 1296 each of the members of the city of London also received.[1] Payment to a Knight of a Shire fluctuated between ten shillings and eighteenpence, though the modern lawyer's fee of six and eightpence appears to have been the amount at which the services of county members were often rated. In 1311 the knights for Dorsetshire received five shillings a day, whilst during the next year they could only command a beggarly eighteenpence, "though they claimed

[1] Parliamentary Writs. Palgrave. See *Modus*. Notes.

five shillings, exclusive of their expenses in going to and returning from Parliament." In 1313 and 1314 the sum of four shillings a day was paid to each county member. Between 1318 and 1322 four to five shillings seem to have been the usual payment; from 1323 to 1325 remuneration fluctuated between half a crown and three and fourpence. After 1327 the allowance to county members was four shillings a day, and to burgesses two shillings, and this sum appears to have been paid as long as members received payment for their attendance at Parliament. Of the payments tendered to burgesses no mention is made in the pages of the *Modus.*

To all interested in the early history of our Parliaments this treatise, whether a forgery as stated by Sir Francis Palgrave, or a genuine document as vouched for by Sir Thomas Hardy, contains matter of much value and curiosity, and most certainly "affords instruction with regard to prevailing opinion respecting the antiquity of the House of Commons."

A COMPANION TO DOMESDAY.

ON the severance of the Church of England from the control and interference of the Church of Rome, consequent upon the causes which ushered in the Reformation, the taxes which had greatly helped to swell the funds of the Papacy were either suppressed or diverted into another channel. During the two centuries which preceded the overthrow of papal authority in England, this taxation had become most burdensome, and in spite of occasional resistance and enactments that were seldom enforced, was claimed on every pretext. Nothing ecclesiastical could be undertaken without fees being first paid, according to a regular scale, into the exacting treasury of the Vatican. Not an archbishop could receive the pall, not a bishop could obtain his bull of investment, not an abbot could become the head of a monastery, not a dean or prebendary could be installed, neither college nor hospital could be endowed, not a chantry be founded, in fact few benefices, offices or promotions spiritual within the realm could be conferred upon recipients without a solid deduction from their profits having first been transmitted to Rome. These usurpations on the

ancient freedom and property of the Anglican Church were, however, finally abolished by our Eighth Henry, and the Pope was not only forbidden to levy contributions in this country, but all obeying his behests were to be punished with the severest penalties the laws could inflict.

Of all the exactions which filled the coffers of His Holiness, none were more easily collected, or yielded a richer revenue, than the Annates, a tax which the Parliament of Henry the Fourth had branded as "a horrible mischief and damnable custom." These Annates were the firstfruits of all benefices and dignities in this country claimed by Rome, and often amounted in a short time, owing to the frequent deaths of elderly archbishops and bishops, to vast sums. It was the object of the Vatican to have only aged men appointed to the different sees in order that vacancies might frequently arise. Between the years 1487 and 1532 the sums received by Rome under the denomination of Annates are said to have been not less than £160,000. Henry, however, though he deprived the Pope of the revenue His Holiness had been accustomed to derive from England, had no intention of conferring a benefit upon the Anglican Church. The tax was to be changed, not abolished. Instead of the much-wanted bullion crossing the seas to minister to the luxury and extravagance of the Vatican, it was to remain at home and help to replenish the treasury of the Crown. Accordingly side by side with the Act constituting Henry the

Head of the Church was another Act restraining the payment of Annates to the See of Rome, under the severe penalty of the forfeiture of all his temporalities by any offender, and directing that the Church should render to the King, and to him alone, the firstfruits of all benefices and dignities, and the tenth of their annual revenues. The firstfruits are declared to be the clear revenue and profits for one entire year; and the tenths the tenth part of such clear annual revenue. They were to be taken of all "archbishoprics, bishoprics, abbeys, monasteries, priories, colleges, hospitals, archdeaconries, deaneries, provostships, prebends, parsonages, vicarages, chantries, free chapels, and every other dignity, benefice, office, or promotion spiritual within the realm or elsewhere within any of the King's dominions, of what name, nature, or quality soever they be, or to whose foundation, patronage, or gift soever they belong."

This exchange from the tiara to the crown having thus been effected by the sanction of Parliament, Henry proceeded to investigate after the most business-like fashion the resources of the new Bank upon which he was permitted to draw. Touching his own receipts and revenues, our Defender of the Faith was as grasping and avaricious as his father had been before him. He accordingly resolved to ascertain, by inspectors specially appointed by him, the nature and number of the ecclesiastical foundations in the country affected by the provisions of this recent Act, and the

sums from each to which he was in the future to be entitled. What the survey of Domesday Book had done for the feudal distributions of England, the survey the King now intended to create was to do for her ecclesiastical distributions. The royal idea was not absolutely novel. In the days of our First Edward, under the sanction of Pope Nicholas the Fourth, a survey of the ecclesiastical property of our country had been drawn up, and the result of its labours lodged in the Exchequer of the King. The two volumes are among the parchments of the Exchequer, Queen's Remembrancer, and can be seen by the curious at our palatial repository for the custody of the national archives. This survey was now however obsolete; a great change had taken place in the value, as estimated in money, of many of the dignities and benefices; in the interval between 1291 and 1535 the revenues of the greater portion of our county parishes had well-nigh doubled themselves, whilst in addition, numerous chantries had been founded from which large sums were about to be derived. "Hence a new survey was necessary;" writes that learned antiquary and topographer, the late Rev. Joseph Hunter,[1] "a survey which should extend to all foundations spiritual whatsoever; a survey which should supersede the old survey as matter of record, and be from henceforth the standard to which reference was to be made in all points touch-

[1] An Introduction to the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* of King Henry VIII. Record Commission.

ing the revenue of the Church, and the contributions it should make to the State; and to which the King and clergy might at any time have recourse for the determination of any question that might arise touching the just extent of the demand and render of first-fruits and tenths."

To carry out this design commissioners were now appointed to travel throughout the length and breadth of England and Wales, and to return an exact account of all the temporalities and spiritualities of every dignity and benefice in the kingdom. The investigation was to be as minute and complete as that instituted by the Conqueror—nothing was to be taken for granted, nothing was to be hushed by the pressure of favouritism, not the most insignificant parish was to be exempt from the inquiry. Read the clause of the Act appointing the Commission, and see how searching was to be the investigation. "It is ordained and enacted that the Chancellor of England, for the time being, shall have power and authority to direct into every diocese in this realm and in Wales several Commissioners in the King's name under his Great Seal, as well to the Archbishop or Bishop of every such diocese as to such other person or persons as the King's Highness shall name and appoint, commanding and authorising the said Commissioners so to be named in every such Commission, or three of them, at the least, to examine, search, and inquire by all the ways and means that they can by their discretions, of and for the true and just, whole

and entire yearly values of all the manors, lands, tenements, hereditaments, rents, tithes, offerings, emoluments, and all other profits as well spiritual as temporal appertaining or belonging to any archbishopric, etc., within the limits of their Commission." From the lists of these specially-elected inspectors recorded on the parchments and pages of this memorable survey, we find that all inserted in the Commission were among the leading persons in their respective district, below the dignity of a baron. Upon this point it has been observed[1] that "the names of these Commissioners serve to show what families were remaining of the ancient gentry of England at the time of the rise of the new race of gentry who were enriched by the Abbey lands."

Each Commissioner on his acceptance of office had to take the following oath before the Lord Chancellor: "Ye shall swear that diligently and truly, without favour, affection, fraud, covyn, meed, dread, or corruption, ye shall do, fulfil, and execute, the whole effects and contents expressed in the King's Commission with instructions thereunto annexed to you and others directed for search, and inquiry to be made of the whole and entire values of all spiritual possessions within the limits of the same Commission, and instructions expressed according to the Act of Parliament in that case ordained and provided and according to the said Commission and instructions to you made and given in that part

[1] An Introduction to the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* of King Henry VIII. Record Commission. Note F.

as near as ye can or may, to your cunning, wit, and utmost of your power. So help you God and the Holy Evangelists."[1] The course to be adopted by the Commission was clearly defined in a set of instructions to be furnished to each individual engaged in the scrutiny and signed by the King. On arriving at their district the Commissioners were to hold a Court, and to send for any scribes or officers of the bishops or archdeacons who could give them information, and to ascertain from them the rural deaneries in existence in those parts, to what diocese such deaneries belonged, and the monasteries, benefices, and other promotions spiritual within the limits of the Commission. This intelligence obtained, the Commissioners were now to divide themselves into parties of three, and then proceed to examine the value of such spiritual promotions as were within the district. To facilitate their scrutiny all incumbents were to be examined upon oath; all register books of account, Easter books and other documents, were to be brought to the light and diligently perused, whilst, like the incumbents, all auditors and receivers were to appear before the Court and be questioned upon oath. When the value of a see became the subject of examination, the archbishop or bishop was himself to form one of the Commissioners. The information thus amassed was to be entered into a book of account. "The several parties are then to assemble and compare their several books, which are to be certi-

[1] *Valor Ecclesiasticus*, vol. ii. p. 1.

fied together into the King's Exchequer within the time limited in the Commission."

The extent of the survey was most comprehensive; "from the archbishop and the wealthiest abbot down to the meanest vicarage or the most poorly endowed chantry, all were brought within the scope of the Act." The investigation was to be conducted in the following order of precedence. First, the sees of the archbishops and the bishops, then the endowments attached to cathedrals; next, the archdeaconries and deaneries rural with their claims, and after these each rural deanery in order, with, first, the monasteries or colleges within it, and then the various parsonages, vicarages, chantries, and free chapels.[1]

From the reign of Henry the First to that of Henry the Eighth, the changes made in the ecclesiastical distribution of England had been but few and immaterial. William the Conqueror found the two archbishoprics and the bishoprics of Durham, London, Winchester, Rochester, Chichester, Salisbury, Exeter, Wells, Worcester, Hereford, Coventry, Lincoln, Thetford, in existence on his landing. In 1088 the seat of the Bishop of Thetford was removed to Norwich. The See of Ely was founded by Henry the First in 1109, and that of Carlisle in 1133. In 1541 Henry the Eighth founded the Sees of Bristol, Gloucester, Oxford, Peterborough, and Chester. Nothing is known of the time when the sees were distributed into archdeaconries, and into the

[1] Hunter, Introduction, p. 23.

next subdivision, the rural deaneries. "This was probably done upon plan and with design; but the parochial distribution seems to have obtained the form in which we now see it, and as it existed in the time of the *Valor*, in the time of Pope Nicholas IV., and, as there is every reason to believe, at the close of the reign of King Henry I.—by accident; that is, as the lords of manors were rich enough and devout enough to erect a church for the convenient enjoyment of the Christian ordinances by themselves, their families, and the population on their manor generally. Since the time of Selden it has been the received opinion that in this gradual manner parishes became formed, the bishops, for the encouragement of such acts of piety, allowing the lords to subtract their tithe from the mother church, and to settle it upon the priest in their own newly-founded church, nor has any more plausible account ever been proposed."[1]

By the words parsonages and vicarages in the instructions benefices not impropriate and churches possessing a vicar with an ordained income are intended. "It is indeed," remarks Mr. Hunter, "a just subject of wonder that in the first century after the Conquest so many thousands of parish churches should have been erected, as if by simultaneous effort, in every part of the land, while, at the same time, spacious and magnificent edifices were arising in every diocese to be the seats of the bishops and archbishops, or the scenes

[1] Hunter, Introduction, Note H.

of the perpetual services of the inhabitants of the cloister. Saxon piety had done much, perhaps more than we can collect from the pages of Domesday; but it is rather to the Normans than to the Saxons that we are to attribute the great multitude of parish churches existing at so remote an era." Chantries were private foundations for the commemoration of the dead, and were generally attached to the parish churches. Every reign saw them springing up throughout the counties of England. In the single deanery of Doncaster there were fifty-two chantries in the parish churches, besides many others founded in the various chapels in that deanery. The cathedral churches were crowded with them. A few possessed splendid endowments, but of the rural chantries five pounds may be taken as the average annual value. The notices of the chantries in the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* serve "as the best guide we have to the purpose, and the era of those chapels which we find attached to so many of the parish churches of England, injuring their symmetry and obscuring the original design, but often presenting features of great architectural beauty, and of which, by aid of this record, the age may not unfrequently be determined."[1] To the genealogist the foundation charters of these chantries are invaluable. A free chapel was a chapel founded within a parish by the devotion of parishioners living remote from their parish church, and which had no endow-

[1] Hunter, Introduction, p. 33.

ment but what was the gift of the founder or other benefactor.

From the reports drawn up by the Commissioners we see the nature of the investigation. Every benefice or dignity had all its fixed property returned—its manors, lands, rents, and tenements; its tithe property, and its customary oblations. The survey of the monasteries shows us the annual value of the precincts, the value of the lands which were situated in the county in which the house stood, the lands in other counties, and the impropriate rectories. Certain deductions were, however, allowed to be made by the Commissioners before the gross total was arrived at and sent to the King. So gigantic and minute a task as this survey embraced would, it may be supposed, have occupied many busy months, yet between the January and June of 1535 the whole work was finished and the returns forwarded to London. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the Commissioners were disloyal to the duties intrusted to them and scamped their labours. "I have not met," says Mr. Hunter,[1] "with any complaints of remissness or of oppression; and the great complaint in after times, when the system, of which this book is the basis, was in full operation, was that the oblations were rated somewhat too highly: the oblations being in some measure voluntary payments, and being greatly reduced in amount after the Reformation."

[1] Hunter, Introduction, p. 26.

Owing to the various changes from time to time in our ecclesiastical administration, the actual practical value of this survey has much diminished. It was originally undertaken to determine the firstfruits and tenths, but these payments are now no longer made to the Crown, as Queen Anne, in the second year of her reign, relinquished of her own free will this source of revenue, empowering trustees for the future to administer it for the benefit of the poorer clergy. Thus, as Mr. Hunter remarks, the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* is no longer a record between the King and the Church, but between one portion of the Church and another. Other causes have also tended to lessen its importance. When, on the dissolution of the monasteries, the whole revenues were seized by the Crown, "there was no longer any room for the claim of fractional portions of them." By the Act of Edward the Sixth which suppressed all the chantries and several of the free chapels, the revenues supporting them were given to the King. During the first year of the reign of Elizabeth, all parsonages under the value of ten marks, and all vicarages under the value of ten pounds, were discharged for ever from the payment of firstfruits. Again, in the sixth year of the reign of Queen Anne an Act was passed discharging all livings then under the annual value of fifty pounds from the payment of both firstfruits and tenths. "So that the utility of the record, in respect of that which was the primary object for which it was formed, is greatly diminished:

those portions of it being in this point of view only of use which relate to the wealthier rectories and vicarages, and to such dignities and high promotions spiritual as survived in the new modelling of the Church at the time of the Reformation."[1]

Yet in spite of these diminutions the value of this most interesting survey must not be underrated. If we wish to ascertain the standard value of any dignity or benefice, what churches were of ancient foundation, what chapels existed before the Reformation having fixed endowments, what was the condition of the country when the survey was prepared, how our sees and rectories and vicarages were endowed, how our population was distributed in those times over the island, the charities and expenditure, the physical features of the country, the names of the Tudor celebrities who held ecclesiastical offices and the like, reference must be made to the pages of this *Valor.* "In questions respecting the profits of benefices, it is often the best resort which the parties have; and in all cases where the ordination of a vicarage is not to be found in the depository which ought to have it in custody, the want of it is best supplied by the matter of this record: and being matter of record it may be pleaded in evidence in all questions such as these." Thus to the divine, the historian, the genealogist, the topographer and the litigant, informa-

[1] Hunter, Introduction, p. 28.

tion is to be obtained from the reports of this survey not to be met with elsewhere.

The various documents constituting the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* are among the treasures of our archives. The accounts are drawn up after a uniform fashion, but the manner in which each Commissioner rendered his accounts seems to have been left to his own discretion. Some of the returns are entered on rolls, some in books, some on paper, others on parchment. "A record thus irregular in its form, and various in its material, is more exposed to injury and loss than when it consists of a series of rolls or volumes of the same form and material." The *Valor* has not escaped the consequences of this arrangement. The paper rolls have sustained some injury, though, thanks to the consideration of the Record Commissioners at the beginning of this century, they are now bound in volumes, and consequently protected from further harm. The parchments, like all the earlier parchments in our splendid collection of documents, are in an excellent state of preservation. Unfortunately, the *Valor* has not proved itself an exception to the fate which pursued so many of our muniments in the old days when they were indifferently housed and contemptuously ignored. Mr. Hunter tells us "some portions of the record are lost. Among these is the whole diocese of Ely, a great part of the diocese of London, the counties of Berks, Rutland, and Northumberland, much of the returns for the diocese

of York, including the whole deaneries of Rydal and Craven."[1] These omissions have, however, been supplied from another source, the *Liber Valorum.*

On the establishment of the Commission on the Public Records of the Realm, to examine and arrange the archives, the importance of such a survey, furnishing as it did an estimate of the whole ecclesiastical property of England and Wales at the eve of the Reformation, at once arrested attention. It was resolved to transcribe and then to print the whole of the *Valor Ecclesiasticus.* The editing of the work was intrusted to Mr. Caley, the secretary of the Commission, and on the death of that distinguished antiquary and scholar, Mr. Hunter, then a sub-commissioner, and afterwards an Assistant Keeper of Records, was called upon to furnish an Introduction. The first volume, which contains the dioceses of Canterbury, Rochester, Bath and Wells, Bristol, Chichester, and London, appeared in 1816. The second volume, which contains the dioceses of Winchester, Salisbury, Oxford, Exeter, and Gloucester, appeared in 1814. The third volume, which contains the dioceses of Hereford, Coventry and Lichfield, Worcester, Norwich, and Ely, appeared in 1817. The fourth volume, which contains the dioceses of Lincoln, Peterborough, Llandaff, St. Davids, Bangor, and Asaph, appeared in 1821. And the fifth volume, which contains the dioceses of York, Chester, Carlisle, and

[1] Hunter, Introduction, p. 35.

Durham, appeared in 1825. A sixth volume, appeared in 1834, containing matter touching the *Valor,* which had been discovered among the documents in the Augmentation Office and the Chapter House.

No one who has had occasion to study the entries upon the membranes and pages of this survey will dispute the definition once given it by a writer in the *Quarterly Review,* as "a kind of Domesday of Church property."

HENRY MACHYN.

THE world, we are told in an aphorism which copy-books love to quote, knows nothing of its greatest men; and upon the same principle it may be said that contemporary history often knows nothing of those who are afterwards to serve as its greatest benefactors. Posterity has often been illumined by lamps filled with very indifferent oil, to the exclusion of many a shining light which has blazed away to little purpose. Grave authors write their weighty essays upon passing topics, learned chroniclers touch upon what they consider momentous events, church dignitaries deal with matters they imagine must be imperishable; the politician, the lawyer, the general, the man of science, each looks out upon life from his own point of view, confident that all he notes must be of service to the future. What interests him must, he thinks, interest others, and hence he feels that in the materials he has been collecting he has raised up to himself a monument more lasting than brass. Yet it is often that research ignores his erudite pages to busy itself with some lowly rival. Side by side with the elaborate details collected by the superior mind, there may have been hidden away some little chronicle, written without pretence, and perhaps in

obscurity, which when it reaches the light is found to give an insight into the character of the men and the manners of the age which all the despatches of generals, the legislation of statesmen, and the schemes of politicians fail to reflect.

The Diary of Henry Machyn is a case in point. Who would have thought that of all the men who made history in the days of Queen Mary, posterity would have had recourse, not to the state papers of her ministers, not to the proceedings of her Parliament, not to the lectures and discourses of her divines, but to the pages of an observing, commonplace undertaker, who wandered through life keeping his eyes open and noting down what he saw and heard? Letters of secretaries of state and statutes of the realm have their value, but with the diary of Machyn in hand we are taken behind the scenes, as it were, of the Marian epoch, and see history in all the careless grace of undress. In his quaint entries, full of villanous spelling and fantastic grammar, we read how crime was punished, and what was the nature of the crimes perpetrated; there we read how, not by any means sadly, the English people took their pleasures, what games they played, and what were the pageants they affected; the whole story of Mary's life—with its painful chapters of love, bigotry, jealousy, and neglect—is laid before us, and nothing is hid from the prying eye of curiosity. We see Elizabeth making merry among her wenches in the servants' hall, and watching the

May-day sports on the Thames and May games at Greenwich; we listen to sermons in Lent, and pinch our stomachs with Lenten fasts; we hear the waits singing their hymns and carols amid the snows of Christmastide; we see the "quality" amusing themselves on the Thames in their boats by taking shots at each other with oranges recently imported from the south.

There in the pages of Machyn pass before us, in varied panorama, the very scenes which interested and amused the youth of his day, and the very topics which age and gravity discussed—the fights which ensued between English and Spaniards, the lord mayor's show, and the pompous funerals of aldermen, the trials for high treason in Westminster Hall, the strange foreigners who came to visit our holy shrines; here is a heretic grilling in the flames, yonder at Tyburn swings a cutpurse or a false-coiner, at Westminster we listen to the groans of a man whipped for murder, at Paul's Cross we find a priest lamenting his marriage, in front of the houses we see the blue cross painted on the doors to show that the plague is raging within—in short, thanks to our diarist observing what others overlooked, and making notes of the commonplace incidents which loftier minds disdained, we have the reign of Queen Mary presented to us with a minuteness of detail which readily takes hold of the memory, and for which readers interested in the past cannot be too grateful. It is to men like Machyn that

historians are indebted for vivifying their dry facts with the breath of life.

Of the diarist himself little is known. From his language and unvarnished powers of description he was evidently of humble birth, and, as he lived before the days of school boards, he had to content himself with picking up such scraps of education as fell from the monastic table. "The writer," says Mr. Nichols, in his careful work on the *Diary of Henry Machyn*, for the Camden Society,[1] "was a citizen of London, of no great scholarship or attainments, as his language and cacography plainly testify, sufficiently prejudiced, no doubt, and not capable of any deep views either of religious doctrine or temporal policy; but the matters of fact which he records would be such as he either witnessed himself or had learned immediately after their occurrence; and the opinions and sentiments which he expresses would be shared by a large proportion of his fellow-citizens." Some difference of opinion has been expressed as to the calling which Machyn followed. He has been styled a herald, a painter employed by heralds, a merchant tailor, and a furnisher of funerals. "In the absence of any direct proofs of his occupation," writes Mr. Nichols, "I rather think that his business was in that department of the trade of a merchant tailor which we now call an undertaker or furnisher of funerals."

[1] *The Diary of Henry Machyn, Citizen and Merchant Taylor of London.* From 1550 to 1563. Edited by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A. Camden Society.

The diarist is so absorbed in recording the different events of his day, with its important changes in Church and State, trials and executions, and promotion of ministers and prelates, that he has left little room to tell us anything of himself. From the stray references, few and far between, which we can glean from his pages, we learn that when he began to compile his diary he was some fifty years of age; that he was an inhabitant of the parish of Queenhithe; that he was connected, probably by marriage, with a family named Heath; and that, so his editors suggest, he died of the plague. As we peruse his different entries, the first thing that strikes us is the amount of "shop" which Machyn indulges in. If we had not been told he was an undertaker, we should have guessed as much from his constant reference to funerals, and the professional pride with which he regards them and dilates upon their pomp and fittings. An observant critic and faithful chronicler, he is, before all things, a mute first and diarist afterwards. No matter what brilliant pageant he is describing, or what glorious event he is narrating, he is never happy unless he can interpolate or speedily introduce the obsequies of an alderman or of some other distinguished personage, with their attendant mourners and banners and pennons.

Hence we don our sables, and follow the biers of many eminent men—of Sir Thomas White, the founder of St. John's College at Oxford; Sir Andrew Judd, of the grammar-school at Tunbridge; Sir William

Harper, of that of Bedford; Sir Rowland Hill, of that at Drayton; and Sir William Laxton, of that at Oundle. These ceremonies were conducted by Machyn, and we watch with proper pride how skilfully he marches the "poor men in gownes two and two," and the "poor women in gownes two and two," who head the procession; with what heraldic knowledge he has the standard, the pennon, the helm and crest, and the coat of arms, all borne by their proper bearers and in their allotted places; how consummate is his information as to all the necessary etiquette required for the occasion; he knows when an ordinary preacher is to take his place in the procession, and the exact spot when the office is filled by a dean; he knows where the mourners are to start, and where the executors; he knows who is to be in black and who not—why the lord mayor should be in mourning, and yet the aldermen "having no blackes"; he is cognisant of all the delicate details, and we marvel much. Then we return to the house and expel sad thoughts, by much drinking of "wyne, ale, and beere," and partake of "spice-bread and comfetts." As to the obsequies of aldermen which Machyn records, their name is legion. "It is a remarkable circumstance," writes Mr. Nichols, "that in a diary extending over only thirteen years, occasion should be given to notice nearly forty contemporary aldermen—an evidence in part, perhaps, of the prevalent mortality of the times, and in part of the advanced age at which citizens were then raised to

that honourable pre-eminence. In one period of ten months no fewer than seven aldermen were removed from their mortal career." This mortality was, however, not to be attributed to the excellence and frequency of the city dinners at that period; for it appears, according to Stowe, that "hot burning fevers" were then raging, which carried off many elderly persons, and even played sad havoc among the young.

When Machyn can tear himself away from his beloved undertaking he is a keen and picturesque chronicler of the passing events of the day. He begins his diary by telling us various interesting particulars as to the coronation of Mary; but, cautious man that he is, he eschews all matter touching upon Lady Jane Grey, and we look in vain through his pages for an account of the execution of that unhappy dame. Much that he has to say of Mary is, if not new, at least put in a novel light. We learn that she was proclaimed Queen between five and six o'clock in the evening, "at the crosse in Chepe." Then from that place the peers, heralds, and trumpeters "went unto Powlls and ther was *Te Deum Laudamus* with song and the organes playhyng and all the belles ryngyng thrugh London, and bone-fyres and tabuls in evere strett, and wyne and beere and alle and evere strett full of bone-fyres, and ther was money cast away." Early in August the Queen "came riding to London and so to the Tower, making her entrance at Aldgate," which was hung with streamers. The streets were laid with gravel, and all

the crafts of London stood in a row with their banners fluttering over their heads. Preceded by the lord mayor with his mace, the Queen, accompanied by her sister Elizabeth, with her ladies in the rear, cantered under the archway which led into the Tower from the drawbridge, the procession being brought up by the aldermen, and the guards with their bows and javelins.

A month later the Queen rode from the Tower to Westminster, and there heard mass, and was crowned upon "a high stage." We learn that the Duke of Norfolk rode up and down Westminster Hall, that it was past four before the Queen went to dinner, that Lord Worcester was her carver on that occasion, that the Princess Elizabeth sat at the other end of the table, and that it was candle light before the banquet was over. As to the revolt of Sir Thomas Wyatt and his Kentish men, with the object of placing Elizabeth on the throne, Machyn tells us nothing new. The plot, as we know, failed; Wyatt was executed, the Princess Elizabeth was sent to the Tower, and the Kentish men expected to follow the fate of their captain. They were, however, agreeably disappointed. Summoned to the Queen's presence, they "went"—a truce to all villanous spelling—"to the Court with halters about their necks and bound with cords, two and two together, through London to Westminster, and between two tilt-yards the poor prisoners knelt down in the mire; and there the Queen's grace looked over the gate, and gave them pardon, and they cried out, 'God save Queen Mary!' and so

to Westminster Hall, and there they cast their halters about the hall, and caps, and in the streets cried out, 'God save Queen Mary!' as they went."

In spite of the collapse of Wyatt's rebellion, and of the loyalty of the nation, Mary was well aware that the country looked coldly upon the Spanish alliance, and that her meditated union with Philip was far from popular. Yet she declined to be dissuaded from her purpose. She was elderly, sickly, and not prepossessing, and it was probable that if she rejected the King of Spain, her hand would not be asked for by another. Therefore, in spite of counsel and national prejudice, she resolved to wed with the only man who had come forward, and who was now the ardent object of her choice. The prince arrived, and the marriage was performed with all due pageant and ceremony. Still the two peoples eyed each other with jealousy, and we have only to examine the entries of Machyn's diary to see how often frays broke out between Spaniard and English, and how frequently the ears of women—for they seemed to be the chief offenders—were nailed to the pillory for speaking seditious words, or words derogatory to the Queen's majesty. Indeed, so common had the offence become, that a proclamation was issued to the effect that no one was to busy himself or herself with the concerns of the Queen, and that her name was not even to be mentioned. The hate of the nation was not so much due to the marriage of Mary with a foreigner as it was to her marriage with a Papist.

The creed of the Reformation had been contemptuously expelled, and everywhere the authorities were busy restoring the discipline and mechanism of the old faith.

Nor was the change effected after a gradual and diplomatic fashion; it was a transformation, not a dissolving view. Mass was openly celebrated, and religious processions, in spite of the scowls of the populace, walked through the most crowded thoroughfares. Crucifixes, images, and confessional boxes were again put up in the city churches, and their existence protected by the most stringent laws. We read that shortly after her accession Mary issued a proclamation "through London and all England that no man should sing no English service nor communion, nor no priest that has a wife shall not minister nor say mass, and that every parish to make an altar, and to have a cross and staff, and all other things in all parishes all in Latin, as holy bread, holy water, as palm and ashes." One Doctor Reed we find openly recanting at Paul's Cross, and bitterly bewailing that as a priest he had tasted wedlock, for "by God's law he could not marry." As a natural consequence of the restoration of the old order of things, very strict and severe were the rules regulating the discipline during Lent, which beneath the sway of Protestantism had fallen into a somewhat lax state. Meat, of course, was not to be eaten. "A proclamation was issued that no man nor woman nor they that keep tables should eat no flesh

in Lent nor other time in the year that is forbidden by the Church, nor no butcher kill no flesh, but that they should pay a great fine, or else six hours in the pillory and imprisonment ten days." We learn that one Master Adams, a butcher, dwelling in Little Eastcheap, did so offend, and was fined twenty pounds. More than once do we read of men being put in the pillory, and women in the stocks, for eating meat during prohibited seasons. These innovations were, however, not effected, or rather the country was not permitted to return to its old paths, without considerable opposition. We have only to study the entries of Machyn to see how often processions were mobbed, roodlofts burnt, images knocked down, and Popish manuals of devotion forced to give way to "hereticks' books." But it is ill kicking against the pricks; and when the powers that be are resolved to introduce a new order of things, resistance in the end is futile. Before Mary had been two years on the throne, her subjects acknowledged themselves as Catholic and Popish.

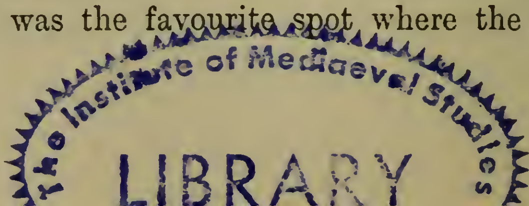
And now the goal after which the Queen had so earnestly striven was to be attained. Her cousin, Cardinal Pole, was on his way to England, specially appointed by the Pope to reconcile the heretic English to the long-estranged Vatican. More of an Italian than an Englishman, though in his veins ran the proud Plantagenet blood, Pole had taken up his abode in Rome ever since bluff King Hal had banished him from his court. In his monastery by the waters of

Lago di Guarda he had, however, never ceased to think of his country, and to pray that one day she might return to the fold. He had frequently knocked at the door, but it had not been opened; Protestantism was too busy with its new-fangled schemes and political intrigues to pay aught but scant heed to his summons. But now a change had come over the spirit of the nation, or rather of those in authority, which might have well misled many a man who was less of a recluse than Pole. He saw, or thought he saw, the English people anxious for reunion with Rome, and to shake off the heresy of the past; they looked to him, and implored him to act as the agent of reconciliation. He consented, and fondly hoped that the submission of England would be permanent, and that through his means heresy would be effectually stamped out. All he heard and saw encouraged him to raise his expectations high—the authority of Mary was secure, those in power exercised the old religion, the nation itself was fast falling away from the influences of Protestantism, and it only required tact and diplomacy for the past schism to be completely bridged over. Yet external appearances had deceived him as they had deceived others, and what he had taken for the main stream was after all but a backwater.

He landed in England November 23, 1554, and then came from Gravesend by water. We have a minute account of his progress. He was accompanied by several peers and gentry in their barges, and they

passed through London Bridge "between twelve and one of the clock." At the Steel Yard he was met by the Lord Chancellor and Lord Shrewsbury in their barges, "their men in blue coats, red hose, scarlet caps, and white feathers"; he then proceeded to the Court gate, where he was met by the King, who embraced him, "and so led him through the King's Hall; he had borne before him a silver cross, and he was arrayed in a scarlet gown and a square scarlet cap; and my Lord North bare the sword before the king, and so they went up unto the Queen's chamber, and there her Grace saluted him." Cranmer now deposed, Pole was lodged in Lambeth. The entries of Machyn are full of details as to the stay of the cardinal in England, the power he exercised, and the consideration with which he was treated. We are present at the solemn ceremony of reconciliation when he absolves all England for her past offences, and bids her go and sin no more. We see him met by a procession of eighteen bishops in Westminster Abbey, whilst "the bishop of York did minister with his mitre, and they went a procession about the church and cloister." Owing to the downfall of Cranmer, the throne of Canterbury was empty, and Pole was advanced to the vacant see. He was consecrated at Greenwich, and confirmed at Bow Church in Cheapside, which was "hanged with cloth of gold, and with rich arras and cushions." Then, before the court, and all that was famous in England, he preached his well-known sermon on the vanity of life, and the folly of seeking after worldly honours.

A prince of the Church, and primate of all England, Pole was now the most powerful subject in the realm. He was the constant companion of the Queen, and her one chief adviser, for Philip had soon wearied of the charms of his haggard, yellow-visaged bride, and was only happy when he had placed the Pyrenees between his wife and himself. The cardinal was the one great mainstay of Her Majesty, and the chief advocate of the religious policy she was instituting with such terrible vigour. The advancement of her religion was now the only consolation the miserable woman possessed; she was disappointed in her husband, she was disappointed in her hopes of maternity, she was disappointed in her people. Therefore, she was resolved to give to Catholicism all she would have given, under other more favourable circumstances, to different agents. The mission of Pole to England had been twofold—to reconcile the Church to Rome, and to establish once more throughout the realm the creed of the Vatican. The reconciliation had been effected, and once installed in power he proceeded to execute the second portion of his task. He wished to win all rebellious souls first by argument and affection, but when these failed his voice was soon raised in favour of stamping out opposition by fire and stake. "Those who killed the body," he said, "merited death; should not those all the more so who killed the soul?" The entries of Machyn are full of the burnings of men and women who were "cast for heresy." Smithfield was the favourite spot where the work of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conflagration was carried on, but it was, as we know, by no means confined to that notorious quarter, for we read of burnings at various other places. Some of the entries are curious.

"The sixteenth day of October [1555] were burnt at Oxford for heresy, Doctor Latimer, late bishop of Worcester, and Doctor Ridley, late bishop of London—they were some time great preachers as ever was; and at their burning did preach Doctor Smith, some time the master of Wittington College." "The twenty-second day of January [1556] went in to Smithfield to be burnt between seven and eight in the morning, five men and two women; one of the men was a gentleman of the Inner Temple, his name Master Gren; and they were all burnt by nine at four posts; and there was a commandment through London over night that no young folk should come there, yet there was the greatest number there as has been seen at such a time." "The 21 day of March was burned at Oxford Doctor Cranmer, late archbishop of Canterbury." "There was burned this 23 of August, at Stratford of Bowe, a woman, wife of John Waren, clothworker; this woman had a son taken at the burning, and carried to Newgate to her husband's sister, for they will burn both." "There was a man carried to Westminster that did hurt a priest, and had his hand stricken off at the post; and after he was burned against St. Margaret's Church without the churchyard." "The 23rd May [1557] did preach the bishop of Winchester,

Dr. White, at St. Mary Overies, Southwark, and there was a heretic there for to hear the sermon." Heretics who, owing to the privations they endured during their imprisonment, died before they suffered at the stake, were buried without any religious rites at Moorfields. "The 9th of October [1555] was a serving-man buried at Morefeld, beside the Dog House, because he was not to receive the rites of the Church."

For three years this reign of terror and hellish dominion of priestcraft held its full sway, and was only ended by the death of its two leading agents. On November 17, 1558, "between five and six in the morning, died Queen Mary, the sixth year of her Grace's reign, the which Jesu have mercy on her soul"; two days later, at precisely the same time in the morning, passed away Pole. The funeral of the Queen, however, did not take place until the second week of December. The body was brought from St. James's for burial at Westminster, and Machyn, of course, is in his element in describing the ceremony. On the hearse which led the procession was a painted effigy of the late Queen, "adorned with crimson velvet, and her crown on her head, her sceptre on her hand, and many goodly rings on her hands"; then came "a great company of mourners," with godly standards in front and rear; after these came the household servants "two and two together, in black gowns, the heralds riding to and fro to see them go in order"; the pro-

cession was brought up by a large body of "riding squires bearing banners," gentlemen mourners, the heralds bearing their several designs, ladies "riding all in black," the pages of honour with banners in their hands, then the monks, and then the bishops "in order." At the great door of Westminster Abbey everybody "did alight off their horse," and the body was taken into the Abbey, where it was met by four bishops and the abbot mitred, and after being incensed rested all night. The next morning mass was said, and a sermon delivered by the Bishop of Winchester. "After the mass all done, her Grace was carried up to the chapel the King Henry VII. builded with bishops mitred; and all the officers went to the grave, and after brake their staves and cast them into the grave." Then the trumpets blew a blast, and the ceremony was over. "And so the chief mourners and the lords and knights and the bishops with the abbot went in to the Abbey to dinner, and all the officers of the Queen's court." Three days previously the body of Pole had been removed from Lambeth, and carried to Canterbury "in a chariot with banner-rolls wrought with fine gold, and great banners of arms, and four banners of saints in oil." It has generally been asserted by historians that the cardinal died on the same day as his cousin, but according to our diarist Pole survived the Queen for two days.

An examination of the different entries contained in the diary sheds a strong light upon matters connected

with the reign of Mary which ordinary historians omit. Take, for instance, the criminal statistics with which Machyn furnishes us. Here we find, as was to be expected in an age of ignorance, brutality, and bigotry, numerous examples of those crimes which attend upon a nation when its intellectual vitality is at low pressure. We look in vain for those particular offences of fraud and cunning which the subtleties of the nineteenth century have made us familiar with, but in their stead we read of hostility to the mechanism of religion, of low cheating, of cruelty to men and animals, and of course of those sins against the flesh which ever follow in the wake of ill-disciplined human nature. From the well-furnished armoury of Machyn let us select a few of his arrows to take aim at the manners and corruptions of his age. Here we find a young fellow tied to a post "hard by the Standard in Chep," with a collar of iron round his neck, and soundly whipped by two men "for pretending visions." The Church offers its next victim. We read how one "Cheken, a parson of St. Nicholas, Coldharbour, did ride in a cart round about London for he sold his wife to a butcher," a piece of traffic which is still on some parts of the Continent believed to flourish in England. Purveyors of provisions then, as now, were inclined to palm off base goods as sound, and to use their art to take in the customer, only the punishment inflicted when this fraud was discovered was somewhat more personal and severe than at present. This was how a butcher who had exposed

diseased meat for sale was punished. He was forced to ride about London, "his face towards the horse's tail, with half a lamb before and another behind, and veal and calf borne before him upon a pole raw"; there are several entries recording this punishment. Men who sold stinking fish were put in the pillory with the stinking fish round their neck. One very nineteenth-century summer trick we see was in vogue in those more innocent days. The first day of July there were a man and a woman in the pillory in Cheapside; the man sold pots of strawberries, "the which the pot was not half full but filled with fern"; thus even in minor matters history repeats itself.

For printing of "naughty books" we find one John Day, a printer, his servant, and a priest committed to the Tower; whilst those who gambled with false dice, or if priests undertook to pose as conjurors, and pretended to set up as prophets, were forthwith put into the pillory. The throne in those days was as sensitive as our modern Stock Exchange, and anything which tended to weaken its stability was at once punished. Frequently we come across entries like the following: "A man and woman stood on the pillory for telling of false lies that King Edward the Sixth was alive." Whipping and confinement in the pillory seem to have been inflicted for those offences which we should now punish with fine or imprisonment. If a boy was seen "loitering and running about masterless as a vagabond," he was whipped and put in the pillory;

if he spoke against those in authority, he received the same punishment. Thus we read of "a stripling" being "whipt about London and about Paul's Cross for speaking against the Bishop that did preach the Sunday before." A favourite pastime, always followed by the pillory, seems to have been selling copper rings in Cheapside for gold, which in spite of the punishment appears to have been a brisk trade. Here is a grave offence for which the pillory is awarded: "The 22nd of May was a maid set on the pillory for giving her masters and her household poison, and her hair cut and burned in the brow." Who after the following act of imposition can say that age is destitute of imagination? "The 22nd of March there was a wife dwelling in St. Martin's in the Vyntre within the Cloister dwelling of the age of 53 took a woman into her house at the down lying, and the same night she was delivered with child, and the same woman of the house laid herself in bed and made people believe that it was her own child." For making false keys a man had his right hand cut off and was hanged naked all night. Wapping, we learn, was the usual place of execution for the hanging of pirates; they were hanged at low-water mark, and there remained till three tides had overflowed them. Machyn records numerous deaths of pirates at Wapping. The chief offences of the people seem, according to our diarist, to have been false coining, theft, seditious speeches, immorality, soothsaying, cruelty, and insults to priests. The aristocracy furnished one victim:

"The 18th June, 1556, was hanged at St. Thomas of Wathering for robbing of a cart with great riches that came from a fair at Beverlay, my lord Sandes' son." The chief amusement of the gentry when they had "dined" seems to have been to go down to the Bridewell, create a disturbance, fight the officials, as their descendants of a later date fought the watchmen, and endeavour to free the women confined there.

The lower classes in those days seem, according to Machyn, to have had plenty of amusement to while away the time, but their betters appear to have been less happily provided for. The yeoman and the apprentice—especially the London apprentice—had his archery in Finsbury Fields, his bear-baiting at Bankside, his buffooneries at St. Bartholomew Fair, his wrestling matches at Clerkenwell, mummeries, processions, summer pageants, and morris-dances round the May-pole; whilst the "swell" of the period had to content himself, in the piping times of peace, with the sports of the field, and such social amusements as he could obtain from his own set. He had no national game; he had little to read even if he could read, unless at court, and it was the exception for the mere ordinary country gentleman to go to court; he seldom danced; hunting and shooting were his two chief pursuits, and when these were not in season he considered himself fortunate if he should be cast for a tournament. Shortly after his union with Mary, Philip had introduced a game with blunted

darts, which was very popular in Spain, called *Juego de cannas.* This game, remarks Sir Walter Scott, was borrowed from the Moors, and is still practised by Eastern nations. "It is a sort of rehearsal of the encounter of their light-horsemen armed with darts, as the tourney represented the charge of the feudal cavaliers with their lances. In both cases the difference between sport and reality only consisted in the weapons being sharp or pointless."

> "So had he seen in fair Castile
> The youth in glittering squadron start,
> Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
> And hurl the unexpected dart."

The amusement failed, however, to take root in England. Like roller-skating in our own times, it lasted but for a brief season, and was then abandoned. Machyn mentions several instances when it was played by the Spaniards and English, but no sooner had Elizabeth ascended the throne than the game was discontinued. Doubtless, its Spanish origin was not in its favour. Another form of amusement was then in vogue, which this athletic nineteenth century, with its advocacy of the equality of the sexes, might revive, especially in the wild forests of misty Caledonia. It is no unusual thing nowadays for healthy active young ladies, especially in the mornings, to follow the guns when the men are out pheasant-shooting or partridge-driving; but under the Tudors, dames of fashion accompanied the men deer-stalking, and took their

share of the sport. The deer were driven past certain stands covered with foliage in which the ladies were secreted. Thus we read in Machyn that "the Queen's grace stood at her standing in the further park" to bring down the deer. "Shooting at deer with a cross-bow," writes an antiquary, "was a favourite amusement of ladies of rank; and buildings with flat roofs, called stands or standings, were erected in many parks, as in that of Sheffield, and in that of Pilkington, near Manchester, expressly for the purpose of this diversion." These stands seem usually to have been concealed by bushes or trees, so that the deer could not observe the enemy. In *Love's Labour's Lost* we remember how the Princess repairs to a stand and asks—

> "Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
> That we must stand and play the murtherer in?"

To which the forester gives answer—

> "Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice,
> Where you may make the fairest shot."

Occasionally these stands were ornamented. In a poem by Goldingham, called the "Garden Plot," occur these lines, in which a comparison is instituted between a bower and one of these lurking-places—

> "To term it heaven I think were little sin,
> Or paradise, for so it did appear;
> So far it passed the bowers that men do banquet in,
> Or standing made to shoot the stately deer."

Save when he records the obsequies of the illustrious and nobly born, Machyn concerns himself but little,

evidently because he knows but little, with the movements and aspirations of the great. He is an honest little tradesman, and is wisely content to deal with matters which fall within his province. Of courts, and those who attend them and create their history, he knows only from hearsay, and is discreetly reticent; but when middle-class details engage his pen he is critical and observant. Especially does he take a lively interest in all civic performances: a lord mayor's show, the dances round the May-pole, or the mummeries at Christmas, always find in him a vivid and faithful reporter. No account of the installation of London's chief magistrate is omitted by him. We learn how the lord mayor went by the Thames to Westminster in his stately barge, attended by the pinnaces of the different Companies, gay with banners and bunting, and crowded with loyal liverymen. The ceremony over at the Exchequer, my lord mayor returns by the same route and lands at Barnard Castle to witness the array of the craft in St. Paul's churchyard. "First were two tall men bearing two great streamers of the Merchant Taylors' arms, then came one with a drum and a flute playing, and another with a great fife, all of them in blue silk, and then came two great savage men of the wood, all in green, armed with clubs and with targets upon their backs; after them came sixteen trumpeters blowing; and then came in blue gowns and caps and hose and blue silk sleeves, and every man having a target and javelin, to the number

of seventy. And then came a devil, and after came the bachelors, all in a livery and scarlet hoods; and then came the pageant of Saint John the Baptist, gorgeously, with goodly speeches; and then came all the king's trumpeters, blowing, and every trumpeter having scarlet caps, and the wait caps, and the godly banners; and then the crafts, and then my lord mayor's officers, and then my lord mayor, and then all the aldermen and sheriffs, and so on to dinner." After dinner, instead of listening to political speeches, they repaired again to the cathedral. "After dinner to Paul's, and all them that bare targets did bear after staff torches, with all the trumpets and waits blowing, through Paul's, through round about the choir and the body of the church, blowing, and so home to my lord mayor's house."

Even at this distance of time, several incidents recorded by Machyn are of interest, since they show that Nature is somewhat given to repeat her vagaries. A few months ago all England was horror-struck because an earthquake had laid Colchester in ruins. An earthquake in England, "'twas unprecedented"! we cried. Yet Machyn tells us that in the May of 1551 there was a "great wonderness of earthquake at Reigate, Croydon, Dorking, and in divers places, pots, pans, and dishes danced, and meat fell down," causing much havoc and consternation. Nor is "the two-headed Nightingale," which has created no little sensation on both sides of the Atlantic, a solitary freak

of Nature. From the pages of our diarist we learn that "the third day of August, 1552, was there born in Oxfordshire, in a town called Middleton Stony, eleven miles from Oxford, dwelling at the sign of the *Eagle*, was the good wife of the house delivered of a child, begotten by her late husband, having two heads, two shoulders, four arms, four hands, one stomach, two legs, with two feet one side, and on the other side one leg with two feet having but nine toes—monstrous!" Nor was this the only monstrosity which creation put forth. Ten years later, Nature appeared to be completely disorganised—neither sun, nor moon, nor season fulfilled its office. The result of this visitation was that children were born during the year 1562 subject to all kinds of deformities—some without heads, some without limbs, some in figure and face like animals. Observant Machyn takes notice of these erratic proceedings; indeed it seems as if the animal world were dominated by the same influence, for we read of a pig being brought to London with two bodies and eight feet. Another circumstance of special interest is also noted by our diarist. Towards the close of the September of 1555 "was the greatest rain and floods that ever was seen in England, that all the low countries was drowned, and in divers places both men and cattle drowned, and all the marshes and cellars both of wine and beer and ale and other merchandise in London and other places drowned."

It appears to have been the practice of certain parents possessed of superfluous progeny quietly to get rid of

them, not as is the modern custom in a baby farm, but in the open streets or on some conspicuous doorstep. This *al fresco* foundling hospital was not approved of. Machyn enters in his diary: "The 26 November [1556] was a proclamation in London that every man to look that no infants should be laid in the streets or at men's doors, and that there should be a day watch and a night's that there should be none laid in no place in London by night or day, and he that do take any such person shall have 20s. for his pains." A singular accident is recorded: "The 16th day of June [1557] my young Duke of Norfolk rode abroad, and at Stamford Hill, my lord having a dag [pistol] hanging on his saddle-bow and by misfortune did shoot it and hit one of his men that rode before, and so by misfortune his horse did fling, and so he hanged by one of his stirrups, and so that the horse knocked his brains out with flinging out with his legs." Here we have an instance of a man sentenced to death escaping the penalty the law had decreed from failure of the appliances required for execution—in some respects it reminds us of the case of the Babbicombe murderer: "The third day of January [1553] was carried from the Marshalsea to St. Thomas of Wateryng a talman (a powerful man), and went thither with the rope about his neck; and so he hanged a while and the rope burst and a while after, and then they went for another rope, and so likewise he burst it and fell to the ground, and so he escaped with his life." At this time the

plague was making terrible havoc in the capital, and there were few houses where the ominous cross of blue was not marked upon the door. It was feared that the dogs which ran loose about the city and wandered from house to house might spread the infection. Accordingly, by order of the lord mayor, a man was appointed "to kill dogs as many as he can find in the streets, and has a fee for looking every day and night." We read that during the year 1563 the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, paid to "John Welche for the killing and carrying away of dogs during the plague, and for the putting of them into the ground, and covering the same, four shillings and two pence." When the plague reappeared in 1603 a similar decree was put in force.

This is almost the last entry in the diary of Henry Machyn, which comes to a very abrupt termination. Machyn was fifty years of age when he began his record of events, and it is supposed that he was suddenly carried off by the plague, then at its height; to its pestilential influence a man of his time of life would be particularly susceptible. Though a diarist, he had little of the egotism of his class. He tells us of everything save of himself. We do not know whether he was tall or short, fat or thin, ugly or handsome; he was married, but he never alludes to his wife; and he once speaks in a confused sort of way of the birth of a child, but whether it was his own or his grandchild we are left to determine. Twice he mentions

his birthday, but except for this disclosure no purely personal matter escapes his pen throughout the three hundred and odd pages of his diary. Indeed, so effectually does he keep himself in the background that on the few occasions when he puts in a personal appearance he writes in the third person. His work has been freely laid under contribution by Strype, and remains, as it must ever continue to remain, from its mass of details and daily incidents which have escaped other chroniclers, a most valuable authority for those changes in the Church and the State which are the prominent features in the history of the reign of Queen Mary.

IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

ON the afternoon of the 4th of December 1585, the Earl of Leycester quitted London for Harwich, to embark for Flanders. After much vacillation and delay Queen Elizabeth had resolved to support the inhabitants of the Low Countries, then battling for faith and freedom against the hated rule and creed of the invading Spaniard. Her determination met with an enthusiastic response from almost every class of Englishmen. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous sympathetic. But a few years ago, when the second Philip was king consort of our realm, the same persecution which was then being waged throughout the Netherlands had been a familiar sight, to be remembered with bitter and heated vindictiveness, in every town and county in England. Men and women had been hanged, had been burned at the stake, had been tortured by inquisitors in our own once merry island for precisely the same reasons as had caused the Dutch to rise up in a body and resist to their utmost the cruelty and intolerance of their would-be masters beyond the Pyrenees. Consequently the oppressions of the Duke of Alva, the executions of the Counts Egmont and Horn,

the courage and endurance with which the besieged inhabitants of Haarlem and Leyden met the tactics of their foes, excited the warmest feelings of sympathy among those who then advised the policy of the English Crown, and among all eager to follow such advice.

It was felt that in the crusade against Protestantism then being carried on across the North Sea the one great Protestant country in Europe should not withhold her help. Elizabeth was petitioned to come forward openly, and aid by all the weight of her purse and power the cause of liberty in the Low Countries. She hesitated. In reply to former requests she had sent a little money to a few men across the seas, but it was, as it were, secretly and under protest, and she had no wish that her gifts should be made public. As the mistress of a Protestant people, she was in sympathy with the Netherlanders struggling against the cruelty and intolerance of Roman Catholicism; but as a queen, fully conscious of all the prerogatives of the sceptre, she hated subjects who rose up in opposition to their sovereign. No one was a more fervent worshipper of that Divinity which sheds its special light upon a throne than Her Majesty Elizabeth, by the grace of God (and of Parliament) Queen of England, and the dominions thereof. Hence, when the insurgent Provinces had offered her the sovereignty of the Low Countries, and vowed to submit themselves as her humble subjects, she declined the gift with scorn, and would have none of it. Spain was their master, not

England. With their revolt against oppression she sympathised, but under the cover of such sympathy she neither meditated conquest nor annexation.

Her advisers now came forward and suggested the course the Crown should adopt. Elizabeth was right, they said, in refusing the sovereignty of the Low Countries, but she was not right in holding herself aloof from the sacred cause which animated the resistance of the Netherlanders. Let her unlock her coffers, let her embark a considerable force of her soldiery, and let her send over some eminent person to assume the control of affairs, and direct the counsels at The Hague. This advice was not palatable. Elizabeth objected to part with her men, especially at a time when there was talk of a Spanish invasion; she objected still more to part with her beloved money, and their High Mightinesses, the States General, she sneered, were so pig-headed and contemptible a body that advice would be thrown away upon them. For months these objections were met and refuted by the patient browbeaten ministers, until at last an unwilling consent was finally wrung from their sovereign. Still, in her declaration of aid and assistance, Elizabeth was careful to state upon what grounds, and those alone, her help was given. The causes, she said, which moved her to defend the people, afflicted and oppressed in the Low Countries, were not any desire of aggrandising either herself or her subjects, but to aid the natural people of those countries, and to defend their towns from sacking and desolation, and

thereby to procure them safety, to the honour to God, whom they desire to serve sincerely as Christian people, according to His Word, and to enjoy their ancient liberties.

All power, both as commander of her troops and as adviser in chief to the ministers at The Hague, was intrusted to her one great favourite, whose authority was so subtle and supreme as to be the friend behind the throne who advised even the advisers of the Crown themselves. Robert, Earl of Leycester, had long been the cherished favourite of the Queen; he was the spokesman of the Low Church party, one whose Protestantism was above suspicion; he was familiar with the affairs of the Low Countries; his charm of manner, distinction of appearance, and natural love for pageantry and ostentation all pointed him out as the one man in the realm fitted by favour and nature to represent his sovereign on this occasion. When, therefore, it was requested by the commissioners of the Low Countries, then waiting in London to arrange the conditions upon which English aid was to be given, that "a person of eminence" should be sent over, none doubted but that Leycester would receive the appointment. The surmise was correct. Late in the September of 1585 the appointment was definitely made out, and Leycester, a few weeks later, crossed the North Sea as Lieutenant-General of the forces to serve in Flanders.

The instructions furnished him were clear and dis-

tinct. He was to take care that those serving under him were well governed, and to use all means to redress the confused state of government in the Low Countries. He was to act on the defensive rather than the offensive, and not in any sort to hazard a battle without great advantage. The strictest martial discipline was to be exacted, and all who disobeyed were to be severely punished. Then came the conditions upon which the aid petitioned was to be granted. Leycester was to let the States understand that, where by their commissioners they made offer unto Her Majesty first of the sovereignty of those countries which for sundry respects she did not accept; secondly, unto her protection offering to be absolutely governed by such as Her Majesty would appoint and send over to be her Lieutenant, that Her Majesty, although she would not take so much upon her as to command them in such absolute sort, yet unless they should show themselves forward to use the advice of Her Majesty to be delivered unto them by her Lieutenant, to work amongst them a fair unity and concurrence for their own defence in liberal taxations and good husbanding of their contributions, for the more speedy attaining of a peace, Her Majesty would think her favours unworthily bestowed upon them.[1] From these instructions it is clear that Elizabeth had no intention of assuming the government of the Low Countries, either by herself or by her re-

[1] *Correspondence of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leycester, during his Government of the Low Countries in the Years* 1585 *and* 1586. Edited by John Bruce, F.S.A. Camden Society.

presentatives. Yet there was some confusion on the subject. From the correspondence of the commissioners of the Low Countries with Leycester, it appears that the States regarded it as a foregone conclusion that the Lieutenant-General was to assume the government, and from certain minutes made by Leycester himself, when discussing the subject with the commissioners, he at the very outset laid claim to the exercise of an authority, "as much as the Prince of Orange had, or any other governor or captain general hath had heretofore." Hence the usurpation of authority that afterwards occurred was to some extent anticipated.

On the eve of sailing for Zealand, Leycester wrote from Harwich to Lord Burleigh, Treasurer of England, bidding him farewell, and earnestly imploring that he have the cause of the United Provinces at heart and not let the enterprise fail for lack of funds. "If Her Majesty fail with such supply and maintenance as shall be fit, all she hath done hitherto will be utterly lost and cast away, and we her poor subjects no better than abjects. And, good my Lord, have me only thus far in your care, that in these things which Her Majesty and you all have agreed and confirmed for me to do, that I be not made a metamorphocys, that I shall not know what to do." Confined to his bed, "from my couch in my chamber not yet able to rise from it," Burleigh replies that he will further all Leycester's efforts as if he were his near kinsman in blood; "and for the advancement of the action, if I should not with all the powers of my heart continually

both wish and work advancement thereunto, I were to be an accursed person in the sight of God, considering the ends of this action tend to the glory of God, to the safety of the Queen's person, to the preservation of this realm in a perpetual quietness, wherein for my particular interest both for myself and my posterity, I have as much interest as any of my degree."[1]

On the afternoon of Friday, December 10, Leycester's fleet, consisting of nearly a hundred sail, anchored off Flushing, when the new Lieutenant disembarked with his retinue and was received with every mark of welcome and honour. Among those who did him homage on this occasion was his accomplished nephew, the poet and soldier, Sir Philip Sidney, then recently appointed Governor of Flushing. The haughty Earl had no reason to complain of his reception at the hands of the enthusiastic Dutch. In every town through which he passed he was feasted and cheered to the echo; pageants were acted in the daytime, and in the evening bonfires lit and fireworks let off. "This town," writes Leycester from Delft to Secretary Walsingham,[2] "is another London almost for beauty and fairness, and have used me most honourably, with the greatest shows that ever I saw. There was such a noise both here, at Rotterdam, and Dordrecht, in crying 'God save Queen Elizabeth' as if she had been at Cheapside, with the most hearty countenances that ever I saw. And therefore, whatsoever hath been

[1] Dec. 6, 1585. [2] Dec. 26, 1585.

said to Her Majesty, I believe she never bestowed her favour upon more thankful people than these countries of Holland; for the States dare not but be Queen Elizabeth's, for by the living God, if there should fall but the least unkindness through their default the people would kill them, for these towns will take no direction but from the Queen of England, I assure you; and if Her Majesty had not taken them at this need but forsaken them, she had lost them for ever and ever, and now hath she them, if she will keep them as the citizens of London in all love and affection."

On finding himself amid a brave and enthusiastic people Leycester was confident that the object his expedition had in view would be crowned with success. The States, strong in the support of the English Queen, vowed that they would force every Spaniard in the country to beat a retreat. "Never was there a people," cries the Lieutenant-General, "in the jollity that these be! I would be content to lose a limb that Her Majesty did see these countries and towns as I have; she would then think a whole subsidy well spent but only to have the good assurance and commandment of a few of these towns. I think there be not the like places again for England to be found." The eyes of all were centred upon the cock-pit of Europe. By some of the Powers the throwing down the gauntlet to imperious Spain by a female sovereign was looked upon as an act of the finest heroism; others more timorous regarded it as a piece of rashness

that might be followed by the gravest consequences. In Germany we read that "this enterprise of Her Majesty's hath greatly increased her reputation." Italy was so excited by the act that she vowed she was half tempted to take up arms in the same cause. Denmark was equally enthusiastic. The recently emancipated kingdom of Sweden, however, thought differently. Her king declared with astonishment that Elizabeth had taken the crown from her head and suspended it upon the uncertain chances of war. Yet whatever interest or admiration the movement created, no allies entered the field. The whole brunt of the enterprise was borne by English and Dutch troops, and frequent were the demands—demands seldom responded to—upon the tightly closed coffers of the Virgin Queen.

For the first few weeks after his landing at Flushing little of real service was effected by Leycester. His troops were confined to their winter quarters; here and there he inspected a frontier town, and gave orders as to its better fortification, whilst an occasional affair of outposts sprang up between the Spaniard and the Dutch. The time of the Lieutenant-General was, however, at this date chiefly occupied with visiting the great towns, attending banquets, listening to the platitudes of receptions, and making speeches in favour of his great mistress. At the commencement of the new year it was evident to all that matters should assume a more serious aspect; if the foe were to be expelled the troops

must be called out, levies of recruits raised, and above all, money freely supplied. To advance these measures it now seemed wise to the States that the position of Leycester should be more clearly defined and his power strengthened. With every detail of pageant and ceremony, a deputation waited upon the Lieutenant-General and begged him to accept the post of "absolute governor and general of all their forces and soldiers, with their whole revenues, taxes, compositions, and all manner of benefits that they have or may have, to be put freely and absolutely into his hands, disposition, and order."

Mindful of the positive instructions from his mistress Leycester hesitated at first to accept the tempting offer. He replied that the flattering proposal of the States was a matter not provided for by the agreement entered into between the Queen and the United Provinces, that he had already more work and responsibility laid upon him than so weak shoulders were able to bear, that his sovereign had sent him only to serve them, which he had promised to do faithfully and honestly, and that he wished it rather to be in the way already agreed upon than in that now proposed. The deputation were not slow to perceive that this gentle refusal required only the slightest pressure to be withdrawn, and that their application judiciously repeated would be acceded to. *Il faut se faire prier.* Twice Leycester was supplicated to respond to the general wish, and on the second occasion he assented, it being, he said, "a proceeding likely to advantage the public service." A few days

later—January 25th, 1586—he was solemnly installed, taking an oath to preserve the religion of the States, and maintain their ancient rights and privileges; in like reciprocity the members of the States General and other persons in authority bound themselves by an oath of fealty to the new governor. From The Hague a proclamation was at the same time issued bidding all people acknowledge "His Excellency" as governor and captain-general, and to honour, respect, and obey him as they ought to do.

When the news of this assumption of authority, in open defiance of her most positive instructions, reached Elizabeth, her wrath and indignation knew no bounds. Such disobedience wounded her where she was most vulnerable. She would, after some resistance, consent to accept advice, though contrary to her own judgment, from those whose opinion she valued; she had no objection to compromise her self-respect and tarnish the dignity of the Crown by indiscreet flirtations with the favourite of the hour; she would even, on compulsion, part with some of her cherished wealth; but all the hot blood of her line mantled in her cheeks, and every malediction in her rich vocabulary rose to her lips, when her strict injunctions were set at nought and notoriously, flagrantly, and without excuse, disobeyed. She wrote to Leycester. On the occasion of the Spanish marriages, when England, trusting too confidently in French honour, was basely deceived by the lies of Louis Philippe and his Puritan minister, our

gracious Queen penned a despatch to His Majesty which Lord Palmerston called "a tickler." And among the "ticklers" of history the epistle addressed by Elizabeth to her refractory subject will never cease to occupy a prominent place. It was delivered by Sir Thomas Heneage, who was sent especially across the North Sea as Queen's messenger. "How contemptuously," Elizabeth wrote,[1] "we conceive ourself to have been used by you, you shall by this bearer understand, whom we have expressly sent unto you to charge you withal. We could never have imagined, had we not seen it fall out in experience, that a man raised up by ourself, and extraordinarily favoured by us above any other subject of this land, would have in so contemptible a sort broken our commandment, in a cause that so greatly toucheth us in honour; whereof, although you have showed yourself to make but little account, in most undutiful a sort, you may not therefore think that we have so little care of the reparation thereof as we mind to pass so great a wrong in silence unredressed; and, therefore, our express pleasure and commandment is, that, all delays and excuses laid apart, you do presently, upon the duty of your allegiance, obey and fulfil whatsoever the bearer hereof shall direct you to do in our name: whereof fail you not, as you will answer the contrary at your uttermost peril."

The instructions delivered to the special messenger were to the full in accordance with the spirit of this

[1] *Correspondence, ut sup.*, February 10, 1586.

reproof. Sir Thomas Heneage was to inform Leycester how highly offended the Queen was at this usurpation of authority, "being done contrary to our commandment delivered unto him both by ourself in speech and by particular letters from certain of our council written unto him in that behalf by our express direction." Such very great and strange contempt Her Majesty had never expected from one who "is a creature of our own." The wilful conduct of the Lieutenant-General placed his sovereign in a most compromising position. The Earl had been sent over merely to command the English troops granted to the States for their aid, yet men of judgment would conceive that "the declaration published by us was but to abuse the world, for that they cannot in reason persuade themselves that a creature of our own should ever have presumed to accept the government contrary to our commandment without some secret assent of ours." As the acceptance had been made public, so must be its renunciation. Leycester was to "make an open and public resignation in the place where he accepted the same absolute government as a thing done without our privity and consent." There was to be no secrecy in the matter. "You may tell him," writes Elizabeth to Heneage, "no other way but the said election must be revoked with some such solemnity as the same was published, and the States and people let understand that our meaning is that he shall not hold or exercise any other sort of government during the time of his abode there than was expressed

in the contract between the two countries." The States too in their turn were to be reprimanded for having pressed a minister of hers "to assent to accept of more large and absolute authority over the said countries than was accorded on by virtue of the said contract, especially seeing that ourself being oftentimes pressed by their commissioners to accept of the absolute government did always refuse the same." Lastly, fault was to be found with the Earl for having failed to send over those necessary particulars which he had been commanded by his instructions specially to furnish.

Relentless and domineering to all beneath his rule, no one was more amenable to authority, when exercised by those who could put his interests in jeopardy, than Robert Dudley, Earl of Leycester. He wrote humbly to his mistress and begged her forgiveness. He despatched a special messenger to explain his conduct, and, with the meanness which often characterised him, did his best to make his envoy the scapegoat for past offences. He entreated Burleigh and Walsingham, now that he was under a cloud, to say a good word for him and soften the royal wrath. He wrote in the same strain to his numerous friends about the Court. Yet Elizabeth declined to be appeased. In vain her ministers argued that the proceedings of her Lieutenant-General were both honourable and profitable—honourable that a servant of hers should command such a people, and profitable since all the resources of the States would now be placed under her control. The Queen was still stirred to "ex-

treme choler and dislike of all the Earl's proceedings"—a dislike all the more intensified from little scraps of news which the kind friends of Leycester about the Court brought from time to time to the royal ears. Her Majesty heard of the sovereign airs His Excellency gave himself, of the ceremonies he exacted, of the audiences he granted, of the servility of the States towards him. So semi-regal a personage but required a queen to preside over his court. And so, that fuel might be added to her flame, Elizabeth was now told that the Countess of Leycester, the woman above all others she cordially hated, was preparing to cross over to The Hague with such a train of ladies and gentlewomen, "and such rich coaches, litters and side saddles, as Her Majesty had none such, and that there should be such a court of ladies, as should far pass Her Majesty's court here." Exasperated at this rivalry, the Queen swore "with great oaths" that she would have "no more courts under her obeysance than her own, and that she would revoke the Earl with all speed." Leycester's true friends however now came forward and denied the truth of the report; it was all malice and animosity: the Queen had therefore no alternative but to be sullenly pacified. Still, in spite of this disavowal, it is evident from a letter of Sir Philip Sidney, that Lady Leycester intended at one time to join her husband in the Low Countries; a step plainly disapproved of by Sir Philip, for he wishes that "some way might be taken to stay my lady in England."

The mission of his first envoy having failed, Leycester despatched a second. To the Secretary Davidson succeeded Sir Thomas Sherley, a man of considerable tact, and devoted to the cause of his master. In his interview with Elizabeth he laid the case before her with much ability and common-sense. He alleged that it was absolutely necessary for Leycester to have accepted the government; that the Provinces expected him as a governor at his first landing, and that the States durst not go counter to the wishes of the people; that the Earl had refused the offer at first, and only accepted it when he saw that such refusal would but result in ruin and confusion to the Dutch; and above all, that by his acceptance of the post great profit and commodity would fall into the hands of Her Majesty. "But all my speech was in vain," writes Sherley to Leycester,[1] "for she persisted saying that your lordship's proceeding was sufficient to make her infamous to all princes, having protested the contrary in a book which is translated into divers and sundry languages; and that your lordship being her servant ought not in your duty towards her to have entered into that course without her knowledge and good allowance." Diplomatist as he was, Sherley now presented another aspect of the case. He argued that the deposition of Leycester would have an adverse influence upon the Dutch, "being a nation both sudden and suspicious," that if the Earl gave up the government the Low Countries would be in a worse plight than ever

[1] *Correspondence, ut sup.*, March 14, 1586.

they were in before, for as the authority of the States was dissolved, the only thing that held them together was the government of Leycester, and that, indeed, in many wise men's opinions, the safety of her own crown stood much upon the good maintenance and upholding of this matter.

These arguments fared no better than their predecessors. "She would not believe me," moans Sherley, "in the dissolving of the authority of the States, but said she knew well enough that the States did remain States still, and said she meant not to do harm unto the cause, but only to reform that which your lordship had done beyond your warrant from her. And so she left me." The following day Sherley saw Elizabeth walking in the garden; he approached her resolving "to taste her affection unto your lordship by another means." All this trouble, he said, had made Leycester ill, he was threatened with a recurrence of the disease which her physician Goodrowse had once cured him of; would she send Goodrowse over to see him and prescribe for him? "I assure your lordship it moved her much, and she answered me that with all her heart you should have him, and that she was sorry that your lordship had that need of him. I told her that she was a very gracious prince, that pleased not to suffer your lordship to perish in your health, though otherwise she took offence against you. Whereunto she answered me, 'You know my mind. I may not endure that my man should alter my commission and the authority that I

gave him upon his own fancies and without me'; and therewithal she called another unto her, doubting, as I think, that by degrees I would again have treated with her about the other matters."

Meanwhile this dispute was a serious obstacle to the progress of affairs in the Netherlands. Applications for men and money were constantly being made to the Council, but only to be put on one side; the Queen refused to listen to all petitions until the differences between her and Leycester were accommodated after her own will and in her own way. So grave was the deadlock, that the Lord Treasurer Burleigh felt himself bound to intervene, and to represent to his sovereign the evil consequences of the course she was pursuing. To compel the Earl to resign would imperil the public cause. "I, in presence of Mr. Secretary [Walsingham], used some boldness with Her Majesty," he writes to Leycester, "and protested to her as a counsellor that for discharge both of my conscience and of my oath as her counsellor I could not forbear to let her know that this course that she held against your lordship was like to endanger her in honour, surety, and profit; and that if she continued the same I prayed Her Majesty that I might be discharged of the place I held, and both afore God and man be free from the shame and peril that I saw could not be avoided." This "round speech" somewhat startled Elizabeth, and she was on the point of giving way to her temper when happily the sobriety of second thoughts dominated over her rage, and after a

fitting show of hesitation and vacillation to preserve appearances the advice or threat of her minister carried the day, and Elizabeth consented "to do anything she might with honour." This reservation was however elastic, and it was only after much discussion and frequent interviews that Burleigh at last wrested from his mistress the agreement that Leycester was to continue in his office "until the council of state could devise some such qualification of his title and authority as might remove her objection without peril to the public welfare." The final termination of the dispute was, that instructions were sent to Heneage to devise "by authority of the States how my lord might forbear the title and absolute authority of the Governor of those Provinces, and yet remaining with the title and authority of Her Majesty's Lieutenant-General to order, govern, reform, and direct the martial affairs in like sort as his lordship now may do by the commission of the States whereby he is made their Governor-General." In his turn Leycester professed the greatest readiness to obey all commands; he was wearied, he said, at the displeasure of his sovereign; not all Holland and Zealand should make him exercise an authority which was repugnant to her, and rather than be a further source of annoyance he was willing to resign office and return to England.

And so peace was effected between lord and vassal. Elizabeth smiled upon her favourite as before, and despatched a kindly letter. "Right trusty and right

well beloved cousin and counsellor," she wrote,[1] "we greet you well. It is always thought in the opinion of the world a hard bargain when both parties are losers, and so doth fall out in the case between us two. You, as we hear, are greatly grieved in respect of the great displeasure you find we have conceived against you, and we no less grieved that a subject of ours, of that quality that you are, a creature of our own, and one that hath always received an extraordinary portion of our favour above all our subjects, even from the beginning of our reign, should deal so carelessly, we will not say contemptuously, as to give the world just cause to think that we are had in contempt by him that ought most to respect and reverence us, from whom we could never have looked to receive any such measure, which, we do assure you, hath wrought as great grief in us as any one thing that ever happened unto us. We are persuaded that you, that have so long known us, cannot think that ever we could have been drawn to have taken so hard a course herein had we not been provoked by an extraordinary cause. But for that your grieved and wounded mind hath more need of comfort than reproof, whom we are persuaded, though the act in respect of the contempt can in no way be excused, had no other meaning and intent than to advance our service; we think meet to forbear to dwell upon a matter wherein we ourselves do find so little comfort, assuring you that whosoever professeth to love you best taketh not more comfort of

[1] *Correspondence*, *ut sup.*, April 1, 1586.

your well-doing or discomfort of your evil-doing than ourself." And then she begged him to hold conference with Sir Thomas Heneage, and arrange the dispute as he had been previously advised.

Once more basking in the sunshine of the royal favour, Leycester now proceeded to carry out the clauses of his commission as Lieutenant-General. He was however far more fitted to play his part at the empty ceremonies of pageants and receptions, than to assume the direction and responsibility of command. Before the invading Spaniard, well led by the brilliant Prince of Parma, garrison after garrison in the Netherlands was forced to surrender. Save some few fortified towns, Flanders and Brabant were in the hands of the subjects of Philip. Here and there a place held out for a time—like Grave—only in the end to succumb ignominiously. The hopes of the allies were crushed, the men became sullen and depressed, and Leycester, instead of blaming himself, attributed his failures to various causes which hampered his action. He found fault with the generalship of his officers, both Dutch and English, with ministers for not sending him the money he had so repeatedly demanded, with the class of recruits sent over to him, with his lack of cavalry and pioneers, with "the simple and fearful" practices of his paymaster, in short with everything; never, he moaned, had captain to contend against such difficulties as fell to his lot.

Doubtless for these complaints there was some ground.

The Lieutenant-General was kept terribly short of money, as was every commander of an expedition under the stingiest of queens that ever wielded a sceptre; his men half clothed, half famished, and with their pay in arrears, were in no mood to cope with a powerful and well-disciplined foe; treachery was in his midst; on the few occasions when success had crowned his arms in the field his want of cavalry prevented him from availing himself of the advantage. These obstacles certainly hampered his movements. Yet nothing could excuse the dilatory proceedings of Leycester: when he made up his mind to succour a besieged garrison, he either arrived too late or at the last moment thought it more prudent to beat a retreat before a superior force; when he should have been in the north he was dawdling in the south; instead of doing his best to oppose the advance of Parma, he was content with frittering away his time in the capture of a few useless forts; with the obstinacy of the incompetent he declined to accept advice, for when remonstrated with by his Dutch allies as to his tardy movements he haughtily declared that he was not to be "overboarded" by churls and tinkers. One remark made by the Earl deserves to be extracted from the oblivion of its surroundings. He was no believer in many a recruiting sergeant's theory that the greater the blackguard the better the soldier. "I am ashamed to think," he writes to Walsingham upon certain of the recruits sent him,"[1] "much more to

[1] *Correspondence, ut sup.*, April 16, 1586.

speak of the young men that have come over. Believe me you will all repent the cockney kind of bringing up at this day of young men. They be gone from hence with shame enough, and to many that I will warrant will make as many frays with bludgeons and bucklers as any in London shall do; but such shall never have credit with me again. *Our simplest men in show have been our best men, and your gallant blood and ruffian man the worst of all others.*"

The close of this expedition has a melancholy interest for all lovers of poetry and for all who mourn the loss of a good and brave man. Zutphen was in the hands of the enemy, and Leycester late in September had resolved to besiege it and to capture two forts on the opposite bank of the river Waal. Here it was that the gentle, gallant Sir Philip Sydney received the wound which proved mortal whilst successfully repelling the attempt of the Prince of Parma to throw a supply of provisions into the town. "On Monday [October 7, 1586] died Sir Philip Sydney," writes Henry Archer from Utrecht, "to the great heaviness of his excellency and our whole people here, but he died so godly as all wondered and most prayed God for it." "For my own part," writes Leycester, "I have lost beside the comfort of my life a most principal stay and help in my service here, and if I may say it, I think none of all hath a greater loss than the Queen's Majesty herself." The repulse of Parma at Zutphen was the last scene in this ill-fated expedition. "Here ended," writes Mr. Bruce, "the military exploits of a campaign which neither

added to the stability of the Low Countries nor conferred any glory upon Leycester."

Yet if the Lieutenant-General failed to achieve distinction, our high appreciation of his mistress is the more confirmed. No one can study this Leycester Correspondence without admiration for the sound common-sense of Elizabeth, her grasp of the political situation, the masterly supervision she exercised over all matters, her dignity, her high courage, her prescience, the decided tone of her control. Except her meanness where money matters were concerned, everything in her conduct on this occasion proves her to be as noble, keenly intellectual, and highly energetic a sovereign as ever adorned a throne. She not only reigned, but ruled. She framed with her own hand the instructions which her ministers carried out; she wrote the necessary official letters; she audited herself the accounts of the expenditure; all reports were submitted to her; she drew up the lists of the troops that were to be employed, and frequently we find her overruling her counsellors, and never to her disadvantage. "We find her," writes Mr. Bruce, "determining, directing, controlling everything with characteristic decision combined with forethought, watchful care for the welfare of her people, attention to popular opinion, correct appreciation of the character of her agents, and unquestionable energy of mind; . . . even in her mistakes there were generally mixed up some of the elements of greatness, and we often stand in need of the clearer light of the present age to enable us to discover her errors."

LUCY HUTCHINSON.

AT the first blush, Lucy Hutchinson is one of those characters that rather repel than attract. Viewed superficially, we consider her political opinions narrow and aggressive, her piety saturated with cant of the most effusive description, and her pride of birth somewhat out of place considering the nature of the sentiments she indulges in. Yet, when we come to examine carefully into the nature of her disposition, our prejudices are at once removed. We find in her, in spite of the phraseology which Puritanism then cultivated, a religion earnest and sincere, and which was ever the guiding influence of her life. Living at a time when society existed as a coterie, and not, as it now is, a mob, she expressed the social views of her order—an order to which only those of gentle birth were admitted; yet, though exacting, she is never harsh or sweeping in her judgments; conscious that she is a gentlewoman, she has but the feelings and prejudices of her kind as they then existed. In politics she was warmly attached to the cause of the Parliament; still, anti-Cavalier though she was, she had little in common with that fierce spirit of the Roundhead which never discriminated, but ever hotly followed its blind

prejudices. After reading her memoirs, the only conclusion we can arrive at is, that among the women of her day Lucy Hutchinson stands out as one of the purest and most accomplished.

She was born towards the close of the second decade of the seventeenth century. "It was on the 29th day of January," she writes, "in the year of our Lord 1619-20, that in the Tower of London, the principal city of the English Isle, I was, about four o'clock in the morning, brought forth to behold the ensuing light. My father was Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower of London; my mother, his third wife, was Lucy, the youngest daughter of Sir John St. John of Lidiard Tregooze, in Wiltshire, by his second wife. My father had then living a son and daughter by his former wives, and by my mother three sons, I being her eldest daughter." The career of Allen Apsley was a somewhat singular one. A younger son of an old county family, which had held its lands from before the days of the Conquest, he at an early age wearied of books and all they taught him, bought himself some good clothes, put what money he could scrape together by the sale of an annuity in his purse, and came to London. Thanks to the influence of a relative, he obtained a place in the household of Queen Elizabeth, "where he behaved himself so that he won the love of many of the Court; but, being young, took an affection to gaming, and spent most of the money he had in his purse." Finding his resources at a low ebb

he saw that it behoved him to seek employment. His first effort was to accompany the expedition of Lord Essex to Cadiz—in what capacity we know not, but a post was provided for him by his friend the victualler of the navy. So well he fulfilled the duties imposed upon him that on the return of the fleet he was appointed to an influential office in Ireland. Here he married a rich widow, and, shortly after the accession of King James, received the honour of knighthood for some eminent service, "which," writes his daughter, "having only heard in my childhood, I cannot perfectly set down."

His marriage was but short-lived happiness; the wealthy widow died a few years after her union, when Apsley, with rare disinterestedness—he having no children by her—distributed her estate among the children of her first marriage, for whom he ever preserved a fatherly kindness. The father of Lucy Hutchinson was certainly not influenced by the views of the elder Mr. Weller, for he again married a widow, the daughter of Sir Peter Carew, and after a brief union was again a widower. Twice married, and twice married to widows, Sir Allen Apsley, now Lieutenant of the Tower, was on the point of uniting himself for the third time to a widow, "who was a lady of as much discretion as wealth," when he came across the mother of Lucy Hutchinson, who was a beauty, unhappy in her home, and but sixteen years of age. Miss St. John, like many impressionable girls of her years, tired of the world of which she had seen nothing, and generalising from her unhappy surround-

ings, deemed everything bitter and miserable, was about to devote herself to the cause of religion. Apsley now came on the scene, and saved her from the life of a morbid recluse. "He fell so heartily in love with her," writes his daughter, "that he persuaded her to marry him, which she did; and her melancholy made her conform cheerfully to that gravity of habit and conversation which was becoming the wife of such a person, who was then forty-eight years of age, and she not above sixteen." In spite of this disparity, the marriage was a most happy one. Sons and daughters were born, and when in the sixty-third year of his age Apsley passed away, attacked by consumption, he was regretted by all who knew him. If we accept the estimate of his daughter—and there is no reason to discredit it—he must have been a very fascinating person. A fond husband, a kind but discreet father, a genial companion, a most loyal subject, the pink of honour, he was a favourite not only with his own family and immediate surroundings, but with all the prisoners who were then in his keeping as Lieutenant of the Tower. "He was a father," writes his daughter, "to all his prisoners, sweetening with such compassionate kindness their restraint, that the affliction of a prison was not felt in his days." Among these prisoners was Sir Walter Raleigh, who Lady Apsley allowed, at her own cost, to make the chemical experiments he loved to beguile himself with.

From such parents Lucy Hutchinson sprang. "The

privilege of being born of," she writes, "and educated by such excellent parents I have often revolved with great thankfulness for the mercy and humiliation that I did no more improve it." The education of the young damsel was carefully looked after, and the pupil appears to have been most promising. The pleasures and amusements of the ordinary girl she detested. "Play among other children," she writes, "I despised; and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company." Lucy was evidently a very superior young lady, and looked upon as the bluest of blue stockings. Nor does she seem to have cared for the accomplishments peculiar to her sex. "As for music and dancing," she says, "I profited very little in them, and would never practice my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me; and for my needle, I absolutely hated it." But in books, and all that could be learnt from books, and in conversation with her elders, she greatly delighted. "My genius," she says, "was quite averse from all but my book, and of that I was so eager that my mother, thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find when my own were locked up from me."

English literature in those days was limited, and to read much it was necessary to study the languages of the ancients. She took up Latin. "I was so apt," she not too modestly says, "that I outstripped my brothers who were at school, although my father's chaplain, that was my tutor, was a pitiful dull tutor." At one time she had eight tutors, all instructing her upon separate subjects, and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that when Lucy Apsley grew up to womanhood she was ranked among the most accomplished of her sex, and that, too, in an age when it was no uncommon distinction of her sex to be accomplished. In after life, when Lucy Apsley had changed her name to Lucy Hutchinson, she became a strict disciple of the "Geneva discipline," and considered wicked many things which were purely innocent; but in her youth, though always soberly inclined, she does not appear to have held in all its severity the creed of the "saints." "It pleased God," she writes, "that through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it and to practice as I was taught. I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought when I had done this on the Lord's Day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to anything that was not sin; for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandal-

ously wicked. I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets or poems, and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was so apt that I became the confidante in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women; and there was none of them but had many and some particular friends beloved above the rest."

The time was soon to come when this cultivated and somewhat prim young Puritan had to attend to her own *affaires de cœur*. Buried among her books, or taking part in the "profitable and serious discourses" of her elders, "to whom I was very acceptable," she gradually became, as the girl developed into the woman, a personage of local repute. Her beauty, all the more set off by her tasteful but strict simplicity of dress, the charms of her conversation, which sparkled with wit and a quiet sarcasm, her modest demeanour, which, though reserved, had nothing of the shyness and awkwardness of the conventional Puritan, her devotion to her mother, and her cheerful attention to all home duties made her the fond object of more than one young man's thoughts. But though various advantageous offers were made to the fair girl of eighteen, and approved of by her parents, she declined all such proposals, "not wishing to give her hand where her heart was not." And now it was that her future husband came upon the scene. He was staying in the neighbourhood, and, from all he had heard of Mistress Apsley, as young ladies were then

styled, vowed that he must be acquainted with her. This desire on his part was all the more increased by his being told that the fair Lucy shunned the society of men. "She is of a humour," said a mortified swain: "she will not be acquainted with any of mankind. She is the nicest creature in the world, but shuns the converse of men as the plague; she only lives in the enjoyment of herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of the other sex." Mr. Hutchinson was, however, not to be discouraged. "I will be acquainted with her," he said, and anticipated, when the moment came, creating a favourable impression.

Nor was Mr. Hutchinson unduly conceited in entertaining this hope. Everything was in his favour to excite the sympathies of a young girl, however austere and reserved might be her disposition. He was a man of ancient birth, being on his father's side sprung from the Nottinghamshire Hutchinsons, whilst his mother was one of the Birons of Newstead. Handsome, and singularly accomplished in all those arts which at that time constituted a fine gentleman, he yet in an age of much debauchery wore the white flower of a blameless life, and sympathised far more with the tenets of Puritanism than with the fashionable Arianism of the Cavalier. On his father's second marriage, and not best pleased with the attention his stepmother exacted, he came up to town and entered himself at Lincoln's Inn. Here we learn "he was soon coveted

into the acquaintance of some gentlemen of the Inn; but he found them so frothy and vain, and could so ill centre with them in their delights, that the town began to be tedious to him, who was neither taken with wine, nor gaming, nor the converse of wicked or vain women, to all which he wanted not powerful temptors had not the power of God's grace in him been above them."

The study of the law did not, however, prove very attractive to the young man, and he was on the point of abandoning it altogether, to take a lengthened tour in France, when one of those accidents occurred which often change the current of our lives and form the turning-point of a career. He was invited to Richmond, where the Court then was, with its usual accompaniment of pleasant society and brilliant gaieties. This was in the summer of 1637. Hutchinson, as an exquisite dancer and a finished musician, was soon looked upon by the Court and local magnates as a very valuable acquisition to the neighbourhood. Yet flattery and attention failed either to conquer or spoil him. Society courted him and invited him to its houses, "where," writes his wife with a touch of the sarcasm of the successful rival, "he was nobly treated with all the attractive arts that young women and their parents use to procure them lovers; but though some of them were very handsome, others wealthy, witty, and well qualified, and all of them set out with all the gaiety and bravery that vain women put on to set themselves off, still Mr. Hutchinson could

not be entangled in any of their fine snares; but without any taint of incivility, he, in such a way of handsome raillery reproved their pride and vanity as made them ashamed of their glory, and vexed that he alone, of all the young gentlemen that belonged to the Court or neighbourhood, should be insensible of their charms."

This insensibility was not long to characterise him. Staying at Richmond, and indeed in the same house with Hutchinson, during the absence of her mother in Wiltshire, was a younger sister of Lucy Apsley. An acquaintance, as was natural, sprang up between the two, and the conversation occasionally turned upon the charms and accomplishments of the elder sister, to whom the younger seems to have been devoted. The interest and curiosity of the young man were excited. He regretted that so much grace and talent should then have been absent from Richmond (for Lucy was with her mother in Wiltshire), where it appears Sir Allen Apsley had a summer seat as a relief to the gloom of the Tower of London. "Then he grew to love to hear mention of her"—we are quoting the words of the future wife—"and the other gentlewomen who had been her companions used to talk much to him of her, telling him how reserved and studious she was, and other things which they esteemed no advantage. But it so much inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her that he began to wonder at himself that his heart, which had ever entertained so much indifference for the most excellent

of womankind, should have such strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw." Indeed, his imagination was so excited by all that he heard of the young lady, and his thoughts became so restless and feverish as he brooded over his unknown charmer, that he longed for her return to Richmond with an impatience and anxiety for which he could not account. He had not seen his mistress—hearsay, and that alone, had created his passion. So sensitive and emotional had he become on the subject that he said if the creation which his imagination had depicted should have been given to another—and there was some talk of a suitor in Wiltshire—he would have for ever remained inconsolable.

One evening whilst Hutchinson was staying with some friends, it was reported that Lady Apsley and her daughter had returned to Richmond; but that her daughter was Lucy Apsley no more, having in the interim become a married woman. This intelligence was too much for the high-strung nerves of the imaginative lover. "Mr. Hutchinson immediately turned pale as ashes"—we must remember that it is the future wife who writes this, and make certain allowances for the exaggeration inspired by vanity—"and felt a fainting to seize his spirits in that extraordinary manner, that finding himself ready to sink at table he was fain to pretend something had offended his stomach, and to retire from the table into the garden; where the gentleman of the house going with him, it was not necessary for him to feign sickness, for the

distemper of his mind had infected his body with a cold sweat and such a depression of spirit that all the courage he could at present collect was little enough to keep him alive. His host was very troublesome to him, and to be quit of him he went to his chamber, saying he would lie down. Little did any of the company suspect the true cause of his sudden qualm." The report of Miss Apsley's marriage proved, however, to be false, and a few evenings afterwards Hutchinson met at supper the goddess of his dreams. Happily the reality did not put to shame the ideal, and the young man—he was but four years her elder—was all the more a worshipper at the shrine of his idol as he gazed upon her fair oval face, blue eyes, golden hair, and smile that was the more bewitching because the expression of the face was generally sedate. The impression of each upon the other appears to have been mutual. "In spite of all her indifference," writes Mrs. Hutchinson, in allusion to the occasion of their first meeting, "she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance enough to beget love in any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien which promised an extraordinary person."

The end of this acquaintance is not difficult to foretell. Opportunity favoured the frequent meeting of the two, and the young couple finding they possessed a harmony of tastes, an intimacy was gradually developed. "This soon passed into a mutual friendship

between them," writes the wife, "and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet was she glad to have acquired such a friend who had wisdom and virtue enough to be trusted with her counsels, for she was then much perplexed in mind. Her mother and friends had a great desire she should marry, and were displeased that she refused many offers which they thought advantageous enough; she was obedient, loath to displease them, but more herself, in marrying such as she could find no inclination to. . . . Mr. Hutchinson appearing as he was a person of virtue and honour, who might be safely and advantageously conversed with, she thought God had sent her a happy relief." After a courtship of six weeks Hutchinson proposed and was accepted. The marriage was, however, delayed by an incident which might have been attended with fatal consequences. On the eve of her wedding-day Miss Apsley was attacked with small-pox, and her life despaired of. She recovered, but at the expense of her beauty; the disease making "her the most deformed person that could be seen for a great while after she recovered." The love of Hutchinson was, however, staunch and deep, and based upon a more solid foundation than external appearances. "He was nothing troubled at it," writes his wife, as always in the third person, "but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring

her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered to be as well as before."

No one can read the memoirs of the husband, written by the widow, without being convinced at every page that the marriage was pre-eminently a happy one. Fascinated by his handsome person and engaging manner, Lucy Hutchinson was yet the more impressed by the high moral qualities of the man—his piety stern but tolerant, his learning, his intense love of justice, his exquisite sense of honour, his courage and generosity. He was the idol of her life, and when taken away nought was left to her but the darkness and duty of resignation. The husband, on his side, was equally devoted. "Never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous," writes his wife; "he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness, had a most high obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honour, religion, and duty above her, nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections: these he looked upon with such an indulgent eye as did not abate his love and esteem of her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of that respect he paid her; and thus, indeed, he soon made her more equal to him than he found her; for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, but dimly, his own glories."

For the next few years after their marriage nothing worthy of special record occurred. Children were

born; a child died. John Hutchinson took to studying divinity, which strengthened him all the more in the Calvinistic views entertained by his wife, and as an eldest son, having no occasion to look out for his livelihood, he settled himself at Owthorpe, his father's seat in Nottinghamshire, Sir Thomas Hutchinson being then in London attending to his Parliamentary duties as member for the county. Here the newly-married couple remained peaceful and happy until the feud between Crown and Parliament broke out, and the country was plunged into all the horrors of civil war. We have no intention of repeating the thrice-told tale of the Rebellion. All who hold dispassionately the balance between Crown and Parliament on that unhappy occasion can but come to one conclusion. There can be no doubt that Charles, after his first quarrels with the House of Commons, entertained the fixed purpose of destroying the old Parliamentary constitution of England, and substituting personal government for government by Parliament. Until the year 1641 every lover of liberty and constitutional government must approve of the conduct of those who opposed Charles; but after that date we cease to sympathise with the demands of the Houses, and in the war which ensued it is clear that the Parliament were the aggressors.

This was, however, not the view taken by the Hutchinsons. When the country was drifting into civil war both husband and wife ranged themselves on the side of the Parliament. Lucy Hutchinson,

writing of this agitated period, takes no pains to hide her opposition to the proceedings of the Court and its advisers. She is just in her estimate of the private character of the king, and equally just in her view of his political policy. "King Charles," she writes, "was temperate, chaste, and serious; so that the fools and bawds, mimics and catamites of the former Court grew out of fashion; and the nobility and courtiers who did not quite abandon their debaucheries yet so reverenced the king as to retire into corners to practise them. Men of learning and ingenuity in all arts were in esteem, and received encouragement from the king, who was a most excellent judge and a great lover of paintings, carvings, gravings, and many other ingenuities." Yet his public conduct was detestable. He was under the influence of his popish wife, and invariably advanced Papists, whilst he persecuted Puritans "till the whole land was reduced to perfect slavery." He was a prince that had nothing of faith, or truth, or justice, or generosity. "He was the most obstinate person in his self-will that ever was, and so bent upon being an absolute, uncontrollable sovereign, that he was resolved either to be such a king or none." Nor did the advisers round the throne check this ambition. There stood Noy, "his attorney-general, who set on foot that hateful tax of ship-money," and Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, "a fellow of mean extraction and arrogant pride," and, worse than all, "the Earl of Strafford, who as much

outstripped all the rest in favour as he did in abilities, being a man of deep policy, stern resolution, and ambitious zeal to keep up the glory of his own greatness." In addition to these there were the judges "who perverted judgment," and a "great rascally company of flatterers and projectors," as well as (her Puritan prejudices here revealing themselves) "all the corrupted, tottering bishops and others of the proud, profane clergy of the land, who by their insolencies, grown odious to the people, bent their strong endeavours to disaffect the prince to his honest godly subjects, and to get a pretence of power from him to afflict those who would not submit to their insolent dominion."

When the opposition to the Crown broke out into open war Hutchinson was at his house at Owthorpe. He had, during the dispute between King and Parliament, made a point of mastering the contents of all public papers touching the matter, and the conclusion he had then arrived at was the one which posterity now advances—whatever course the King had pursued it did not justify the going to war. "Although he was clearly swayed by his own judgment and reason to the Parliament, he, thinking he had no warrantable call at that time to do anything more, contented himself with praying for peace." The times were, however, too stormy for any man of mark in his county to remain neutral. Hutchinson had long been looked upon by the Cavaliers as a Puritan, and when they proceeded to denounce him as one of the disaffected, and en-

deavoured to seize his person, he was forced to attach himself to the opposite side. "Mr. Hutchinson," writes his widow, "was not willing so soon to quit his house, to which he was so lately come, if he could have been suffered to live quietly in it; but his affections to the Parliament being taken notice of, he became an object of envy to the other party." Though a Parliamentarian, Hutchinson was far from being in favour of war, for he would much rather that the differences between Crown and Parliament could have been settled by accommodation than ended by conquest. Nor did he affect any of the peculiarities of the Puritan zealot, the snuffle, the cant phrases, and the hair cropped like a modern convict. His wife resents his ever being called a Roundhead. "It was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who, having naturally a very fine thick-set head of hair, kept it clean and handsome, so that it was a great ornament to him, although the godly of those days when he embraced their party would not allow him to be religious because his hair was not in their cut nor his words in their phrase."

Somewhat significant of the indifference to military capacity on the part of the Parliamentarians, a regiment of foot was raised in the neighbourhood, and John Hutchinson, who appears to have had no military training whatever, was appointed lieutenant-colonel. In spite of his inexperience, a duty was now imposed upon him which would have made demands even upon the tact and discretion of a man

long accustomed to command. Hutchinson was appointed governor of the town of Nottingham. This town was much divided in opinion upon the burning question of the hour, and feeble both as to numbers and ammunition. "He knew well enough," writes his wife, "that the town was more than half disaffected to the Parliament; that had they been all otherwise they were not half enough to defend it against any unequal force; that they were far from the Parliament and their armies, and could not expect any timely relief or assistance from them; that he himself was the forlorn hope of those who engaged with him, and had then the best stake among them; that the gentlemen who were on horseback, when they could no longer defend their country, might at least save their lives by a handsome retreat to the army; but that he must stand victorious or fall tying himself to an indefensible town." Yet, in spite of these cumulative disadvantages, his reign of office was one of triumph. He successfully resisted the Royalists who from time to time beleaguered Nottingham; he crushed the factions in the town which essayed to oppose his authority, and so thoroughly did he fulfil the duties intrusted to him, that an order of Parliament came down appointing him governor both of the town and castle of Nottingham, with an acknowledgment of the good service he had done in preserving the place.

With the designs of the Royalists against Nottingham, and the factious opposition of the enemies of the

governor, we cannot here concern ourselves; sufficient to say that Nottingham did not fall into the hands of the Cavaliers, and that the appeals against the rule of Hutchinson were dismissed by the Parliament in London. On the meeting of the new Parliament Hutchinson was elected representative of the shire of Notts, and "went up to London to attend his duty there, and to serve his country as faithfully in the capacity of a senator as he had before in that of a soldier." When the trial of the King was determined upon, Hutchinson sat on the bench as one of the members of the High Court of Justice. "Very much against his will," we are told, "he was put in; but looking upon himself as called hereunto, he durst not refuse, as holding himself obliged by the covenant of God and the public trust of his country reposed in him, although he was not ignorant of the danger he run as the condition of things then was." As we know, the Court passed sentence of death upon Charles. The Puritans who came to this decision were of opinion that the King was bent on the ruin of all who opposed him, and of all the just and righteous things that had been contended for, and hence it was upon the consciences of many of them that if they did not execute justice upon him God would require at their hands all the blood and misery which should ensue by their allowing him to escape when God had brought him into their hands.

Lucy Hutchinson thus ingeniously essays to vin-

dicate the ruling of her husband on this occasion: "As for Mr. Hutchinson, although he was very much confirmed in his judgment concerning the cause, yet herein being called to an extraordinary action, whereof many were of several minds, he addressed himself to God by prayer; desiring the Lord that if through any human frailty he were led into any error or false opinion in these great transactions He would open his eyes, and not suffer him to proceed, but that He would confirm his spirit in the truth and lead him by a right enlightened conscience; and finding no check, but a confirmation in his conscience that it was his duty to act as he did, he upon serious debate, both privately and in his addresses to God, and in conferences with conscientious, upright, unbiassed persons, proceeded to sign the sentence against the King. Although he did not then believe but that it might one day come to be again disputed among men, yet both he and others thought they could not refuse it without giving up the people of God, whom they had led forth and engaged themselves unto by the oath of God, into the hands of God's and their own enemies; and therefore he cast himself upon God's protection, acting according to the dictates of a conscience which he had sought the Lord to guide, and accordingly the Lord did signalise His favour afterwards to him." This attempt to palliate one of the gravest deeds which modern history has had to record, by pretending that it was directed by Divine influence, is an excuse which can be brought forward

on every occasion where responsibility has exceeded its just limits. A section of the Puritans—which called itself "the godly"—considered that it alone correctly interpreted the Divine will, and therefore what it did and counselled must be right. The death of Charles is only another proof among many of what political hate and fear can be guilty of when inspired by fanaticism.

Until now Hutchinson in all his actions had led a spotless life; he had been decided without cruelty, tolerant without weakness, and pious without the surroundings which in those days made piety contemptible. Yet when the critical moment came he allowed himself to be guided by his prejudices, and directed by an influence which was nothing less than a delusion. No course of reasoning can justify the execution of the King. Charles was made the scapegoat on whose head were laid, and in whose person were expiated, all the sins and misdeeds of his predecessors for more than a hundred years. With respect to the faction which persecuted him even to death, but one opinion can now be formed. It was no friend to liberty, as we shall see, for never under the most arbitrary monarch were the English people subject to a more rigid tyranny than under its rule; neither did it compose the majority of the nation, which, at least latterly, had recovered its reverence for the royal power. Even of the commissioners appointed to sit in judgment on the King scarcely one-half could be induced to attend at his trial; and many of those who concurred in his

condemnation subscribed the sentence with mixed feelings. Yet it is ever so in revolutions. A few violent men take the lead—their noise and activity seem to multiply their numbers—and the great body of the nation, either indolent or pusillanimous, are led in triumph at the chariot wheels of a small but dominant faction.

The substitution of a so-called republic for the old order of things failed to give satisfaction to our Puritan colonel. He thoroughly disapproved of the hypocritical and intriguing proceedings of Cromwell, and upon the installation of the protectorate went down into the country and busied himself with the daily duties of a simple country gentleman. He suppressed vagrants by giving them work to do, he put down all unnecessary alehouses, he took to flying his hawks, and, what with superintending his various building operations, attending to the education of his children, interesting himself in music and the fine arts, and acting as adviser-in-chief to his neighbours, his time was well occupied. "As for the public business of the country," writes his wife, "he would not act in any office under the Protector's power and therefore confined himself to his own, which the whole country about him were grieved at, and would rather come to him for counsel, as a private neighbour, than to any of the men in power for greater help." Lucy Hutchinson was evidently of the same opinion of her husband as to the character of Cromwell—ambitious, arrogant, unscrupulous, using religion as a mask to conceal his nefarious projects, the portrait of the man

stands out vividly against the canvas of the painter. "His Court," she writes, "was full of sin and vanity, and the more abominable because they had not yet quite cast away the name of God, but profaned it by taking it in vain upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease, to the sad grief of Colonel Hutchinson and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen. Almost all the ministers everywhere fell in and worshipped this beast, and courted and made addresses to him. So did the city of London, and many of the degenerate lords of the land with the poor-spirited gentry. The Cavaliers in policy, who saw that while Cromwell reduced all by the exercise of tyrannical power under another name there was a door opened for the restoration of their party, fell much in with Cromwell and heightened all his disorders. He at last exercised such an arbitrary power that the whole land grew weary of him."

Cromwell, aware of the integrity of Hutchinson, and conscious of the influence he exercised over the people, was most anxious to number him among his council. "Dear Colonel," said he to Hutchinson, "why will you not come in and act among us?" In reply the Colonel told him plainly he liked not his ways, since he was leading the country on to destruction, and paving the way for the restitution of all former tyranny and bondage. Cromwell acknowledged his precipitateness in some things, but now expressed his earnest desire to

restore the liberties of the people, and begged Hutchinson to join him, offering him high office. The Puritans declined by saying "he could not be forward to make his own advantage by serving to the enslaving of his country." Cromwell was not to be rebuffed. He embraced Hutchinson tenderly, and said, "Well, Colonel, satisfied or dissatisfied, you shall be one of us, for we can no longer exempt a person so able and faithful from the public service, and you shall be satisfied in all honest things." In spite of this profession of friendship and regard Cromwell was really in fear of Hutchinson. He dreaded that the honesty and independence of the man would have such influence over the people, now weary of the bondage of the protectorate, that circumstances might place him as the successful leader of a revolt. He resolved, therefore, to send his guards down to Owthorpe, there apprehend Hutchinson and conduct him prisoner to the Tower. Orders had been given to this effect when they were rendered null by the sudden death of Cromwell, or, as Mrs. Hutchinson puts it, "death had imprisoned him, and confined all his vast ambition and all his cruel designs into the narrow compass of a grave."

Upon the Restoration the position of Hutchinson caused great anxiety to his friends. He had been chosen member for Nottingham in the new Parliament, but his antecedents were well known at Court, and no mercy, it was said, would be shown to one who had signed the death warrant of the father of the restored king. He was advised to fly, as Ludlow and others had

fled, but scorned such refuge. When called upon in the new Parliament to defend his conduct as to the judicial murder of Charles, he declined to express, like Ingoldsby and others, piteous repentance at the deed. He manfully faced the House, and neither blushed nor hesitated in what he had to say. "If he had erred in those days," he said, "it was the inexperience of his age and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their disposal. The vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employment had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good conscience; and as to that particular action of the King, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman."

This speech was a dexterous piece of special pleading; it confessed nothing and denied nothing, but could be interpreted as the hearer pleased. Hutchinson was, however, suspended from the House. Great interest was now made to obtain his pardon. His wife, of course, took a prominent part in petitioning the Crown

for mercy, and she was powerfully aided by her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, who was a staunch Cavalier and commanded a troop of horse for the King, and certain Royalists who spoke of the protecting hand which Hutchinson had extended to them in the rough days of Puritan persecution. These efforts were successful, and the name of Hutchinson was included in the act of oblivion. For this consideration the Colonel does not appear to have been very grateful. "His wife," writes Mrs. Hutchinson, "who thought she had never deserved so well of him as in the endeavours and labours she exercised to bring him off, never displeased him more in her life, and had much ado to persuade him to be contented with his deliverance, which as it was eminently wrought by God, he acknowledged it with thankfulness. But while he saw others suffer he suffered with them in his mind, and had not his wife persuaded him he had offered himself a voluntary sacrifice." He was, therefore, not in the most amiable mood when he was summoned to London by the Attorney-General, and expected, since he had been pardoned by the act of oblivion, to offer evidence against his former comrades. He sternly refused to say a word which could incriminate any of his former friends, and indeed so angered the Attorney-General by his reticence that that high official "made a very malicious report of him to the Chancellor and to the King, insomuch that his ruin was then determined, and an opportunity only was watched to effect it."

It soon presented itself. Some disaffected Puritans had entered into a plot—the Northern Plot it was called—to stir up insurrection for the restoration of the "old Parliament, gospel ministry, and English liberty." Hutchinson was quietly passing his days at Owthorpe, occupied with his plantations and gardening operations, and giving never a thought to politics, when by Buckingham's orders he was held to be connected with this plot. There was not a shadow of testimony for this assertion, but that in those days mattered little; when an innocent man had to be convicted means were always at hand to find him guilty. Hutchinson was arrested, shut up in Newark gaol, and afterwards brought to London and imprisoned in the Tower; there "he stood committed for treasonable practices, though he had never yet been examined by any magistrate one or another." Here he was kept close prisoner for several months, and it was only during the latter part of his confinement that his devoted wife was permitted to be near him. Yet he was happier as a prisoner than as a free man under Charles the Second; it seemed to him a reproach to be at liberty whilst his colleagues, with whom he had been equally guilty, were the subjects of bitter persecution. "Mr. Hutchinson," writes his wife, "was not at all dismayed, but wonderfully pleased with all these things, and told his wife that his captivity was the happiest release in the world for him; for before, although he had made no express engagement, yet

in regard that his life and estate had been freely left him when they took away others', he thought himself obliged to sit still all the while this King reigned, whatever opportunity he might have; but now he thought this usage had utterly disobliged him from all ties, either of honour or conscience, and that he was free to act as prudence should hereafter lead him, and that he thought not his liberty out of prison worth purchasing by any future engagement which would again fetter him in obligations to such persons as every day more and more manifested themselves to be enemies to all just and godly interests. He therefore charged his wife that she should not make application to any person whatsoever, and made it his earnest request to Sir Allen Apsley to let him stand or fall by his own innocency, and to undertake nothing for him, which, if he did, he told him he would disown. Mrs. Hutchinson, remembering how much she had displeased him in saving him before, submitted now to suffer with him according to his own will." The Colonel was therefore kept in durance vile.

It is probable that even had Hutchinson permitted the interest he possessed to be exercised in his favour it would have been of no avail. The Council, irritated at his silence and at his resolve not to impart any information as to the proceedings of his brother regicides, were determined to treat him with marked harshness. "Other people," said the Chancellor, "conform to the government and go to church, but Hutchinson is the

most unchanged man of the party." For months this obstinate Puritan soldier was kept in the Tower a close prisoner; the company of his wife was denied him, and he was threatened with the terrible prospect of transportation to the plantations. At last, sick with fever induced by the bad drainage of the Tower, he was removed to Sandown Castle, in Kent, "a lamentable old ruined place, the rooms all out of repair, not weather-proof, no kind of accommodation either for lodging or diet, or any conveniency of life." Here the condition of his confinement was more miserable than it had ever been. He was still denied the society of his wife, who took lodgings at Deal to be near him, whilst the food and accommodation provided for him were of the wretchedest description. Yet his temper does not seem to have suffered, for we read that he was as cheerful and contented as ever. The wonderful faith of the real Puritan sustained him—the faith which caused him to look upon himself as being specially under Divine protection, and that whatever happened was specially ordained, and should therefore be cheerfully met and endured.

"His wife," writes Mrs. Hutchinson, "bore all her own toils joyfully enough for the love of him, but could not but be very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings; and he would very sweetly and kindly chide her for it, and tell her that if she were but cheerful he should think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befell him." Still, in spite of this

resigned spirit, confinement in a damp and agueish spot, the privation of good and wholesome food, the want of the society and companionship which had formerly brightened his life, told their tale. At the end of a few months Hutchinson was seized with fever, and before his devoted wife, who was absent at Owthorpe getting certain necessaries for him, could be summoned to his bedside, he passed away. The verdict of the doctor who attended upon him, and accepted by the coroner's jury which sat upon the body, was that *the place had killed him*. He died September 11th, 1664. Of the details of the life of Lucy Hutchinson during her widowhood we know nothing. The brief autobiography she has given us breaks off abruptly shortly after her marriage, and was never resumed. Of one thing we may be certain, that, since she was with her husband in the early part of 1664, she certainly did not die in 1659, as some of her biographers allege.

These memoirs of a distinguished Puritan soldier, written by an accomplished and devoted wife, will never lack readers. The style is sometimes high-flown and pedantic, but—when it runs naturally—the pathos is exquisitely deep and simple, whilst nothing can exceed the clearness of the descriptions given in the volume. And it is essentially as a descriptive work that the biography of Colonel Hutchinson is of value. We have here laid before us a vivid and contemporary account of the manners and mode of life in England during one of the most active and important periods of her history. A careful perusal of this work cannot but remove many

of our prejudices, and stamp out some of our most cherished preconceived opinions. The name of Puritan is generally associated with a gloomy fanatic, sprung from the lower classes, hating everything that gives an intellectual pleasure to others, trampling on the fine arts, uncouth in appearance and conversation, and indulging in sanctimonious phrases, whilst he deals out the bitterest and narrowest judgment on men and things which the peculiarities of his creed inspire. Yet Hutchinson was a Puritan among Puritans. He came of a stock that claimed gentle birth for centuries; he was a leading man in his county and highly respected by his brother magistrates; he was a lover of books; he danced; he was devoted to music. Conscious that he was a gentleman, he was particular as to his attire, and so far as external appearances were concerned there was little to distinguish him from a Cavalier. But when we come to consider conduct as the result of religion, Hutchinson reaches a standard which few of his day attained. In his life there was nothing of the looseness which often characterised the Cavalier; we come across humour and amusement, but never vice or levity; in him fixedness of purpose was never allied with cruelty or revenge; the principles held by him were always maintained, whether they suited his interests or not; nor did his sense of courtesy, in order to escape inconvenient answers, ever cause him to trespass upon the boundaries of falsehood.

It is difficult to consider such a man as the Puritan modern history has been accustomed to depict; yet we

have no reason to doubt that Hutchinson was but a representative of the class, and that among the ranks of the Puritans were many sprung from a cultivated and refined gentry, enjoying life to the full, and pursuing all its legitimate amusements. His wife was cast in a different mould, and it requires some penetration and discrimination to disentangle her from her apparent inconsistencies. Socially no woman was more aristocratic in her sentiments—how wide and deep is the gulf separating her from persons destitute of "blood"!—and yet politically she was in favour of equality, and warmly supported the establishment of a republic. Proud, dignified, and always conscious of her position whenever she was placed in contact with suffering—as when she tended the sick during the seige of Nottingham Castle—or whenever, as we see in the memoirs of her husband, calls were made upon her humanity, she was exquisitely considerate, meek, and sympathetic. *Grande dame* in her set, she was a sister of mercy to those beneath her. Her intellect was masculine—witness her clear and hard sketches of contemporary history—yet was she essentially feminine in the conclusions she drew from her premisses, and in the penetration displayed in her descriptions of character. Her memoirs will always be read, not only because they give us a vivid account of the times she lived in, but because they reveal to us, from the remarks and reflections interspersed throughout the book, the character of a genuine, accomplished, and high-minded woman.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD DIARY.

AMONG those *Mémoire pour servir* which enable the chronicler of the past to enliven his narrative and transform history from a bare record of battles and blue-books into such descriptions as illustrate the life, temper, and habits of a people, the Diary of Narcissus Luttrell occupies a conspicuous place. Every reader of Macaulay is aware how frequently that brilliant historian, as he crowds his canvas with the scenes and characters which usher in the period of the Great Revolution, is indebted, for those little touches which give such reality to his picture, to the pages of the diarist whose manuscript is among the treasures of the Library of the College of All Souls'. A careful watcher of the times, one who was on intimate terms with Sir Joseph Williamson, the Keeper of the State Papers, and who thus had means of obtaining early and accurate information, a keen observer of character and the influences which mould it, a critic somewhat caustic, as became a man who secluded himself from the world and estimated human nature as philosophy and not as society taught him, a miser and a bit of a churl, Luttrell is yet one of the pleasantest companions that a lover of the close of the seventeenth century can wish to be

intimate with. He is as observant as a social journalist, and as trustworthy as the *London Gazette*.

Of the man himself little is known. From the Diary of Hearne preserved in the Bodleian we learn a few facts. "About the beginning of July last," he writes, August 13, 1732, "the prints tell us that after a tedious indisposition died Narcissus Luttrell, Esq., at Little Chelsea; a gentleman possessed of a plentiful estate, and descended from the ancient family of the Luttrells of Dunstar Castle, in Somersetshire." A few days later we have a longer entry relating to this individual. "The foresaid Mr. Luttrell was well known for his curious library, especially for the number and scarcity of English history and antiquities which he collected in a lucky hour at very reasonable rates. . . . But though he was so curious and diligent in collecting and amassing together, yet he affected to live so private as hardly to be known in person; and yet for all that he must be attended to his grave by judges and the first of his profession in the Law to whom (such was the sordidness of his temper) he would not have given a meal's meat in his life. He hath left a son who is likewise a bookish man." Sir Walter Scott when engaged upon editing the works of Dryden acknowledges his indebtedness to this library. "The Editor," he writes, "has been greatly assisted by free access to a valuable collection of the fugitive pieces of the reigns of Charles the Second, James the Second, William the Third, and Queen Anne. This curious collection was

made by Narcissus Luttrell, Esq., under whose name the editor usually quotes it. This industrious collector seems to have bought every poetical tract, of whatever merit, which was hawked through the streets in his time, marking carefully the price and date of the purchase. His collection contains the earliest editions of many of our most excellent poems, bound up according to the order of time with the lowest trash of Grub Street. It was dispersed on Mr. Luttrell's death."

When Lord Macaulay was writing his history this valuable diary was still in manuscript, and could only be consulted by journeying down to Oxford. Thirty years ago the University, in the exercise of a wise discretion, resolved to publish Luttrell's seventeen small volumes and make public what had too long, in the interests of history, been concealed. "The Diary of Narcissus Luttrell," says the preface, "is printed from a MS. in seventeen volumes 8vo preserved in the Library of All Souls' College. It was bequeathed to that College at the close of the last century by Luttrell Wynne, D.C.L., a relation of the writer and a former Fellow of the Society. The Diary terminates abruptly, and as the writer of it lived several years after the last date recorded in it, other and later volumes may have been written and be still in existence." A charge of want of matter cannot, however, be brought against Narcissus Luttrell, for in its present printed form his entries fill six bulky volumes. The work, though not difficult to procure, is seldom met with.

The diary begins with the revelation of that accomplished Ananias Dr. Titus Oates, of Salamanca, touching "a helish conspiracy contrived and carried on by the Papists" in the September of 1678, and ends, as has been said, very abruptly in the April of 1714. The first volume is somewhat deficient in interest until the events which ushered in the flight of James and the accession of the Prince of Orange fall from the diarist's pen, whilst the facts recorded in the fifth and sixth volumes are too technical and commonplace to throw much light upon the social and literary features of the day. The value of the work to the historical writer and chronicler of past gossip is confined almost entirely to the second, third, and fourth volumes. During the period embraced within these limits the observant eye of Luttrell leaves nothing of importance unscanned, and his diary is one of the most careful and faithful of guides that the historian desirous of giving life and vigour to his descriptions can follow.

From the vantage-point of his minute and frequent entries let us look down upon the scenes which ushered in and succeeded the arrival of "the Deliverer," and changed not only a dynasty but the constitution of the country. James had fled, and put the Channel between him and his late subjects to become the recipient of the hospitality of Lewis the Fourteenth. His stupid son-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, who married his daughter, afterwards "good Queen Anne," and the self-seeking Lord Churchill had deserted his cause and thrown in

their lot with the far-seeing apathetic Dutchman. The country followed their example, and, save by the Irish and a few Jacobites and High Churchmen, the accession of William and his consort, Mary, was welcomed by all. Bitter persecution, and every illegality that despotism could inspire, had at last soured the most law-abiding people in the world into revolt, and turned the current of their loyalty into another channel. The new king had been crowned, the new coinage had been stamped, war had been declared against the Stuart-protecting France, and Ireland was to be punished for her advocacy of the old cause. James, furnished with supplies from his patron, crossed over to the Emerald Isle, and essayed to win over his opponents in the north to his standard. In vain. Londonderry met his demands with a cry of "No surrender," and so gallant and lengthened was its resistance, that the foiled Franco-Irish had no alternative but to abandon the siege. Then followed the rout of the Papists at Newton Butler, and the landing of the invincible Schomberg on the coast of Down. It was soon apparent that whoever might befriend the exiled House, there was little hope of Ireland being of service to the Jacobite cause. The defeat of the Boyne dealt James a blow from which he declined to rally, and he fled from Ireland, as he had fled from England, the moment disaster crossed his path. Bully and craven though he was, his followers exerted themselves to the utmost to win back his crown for him. But the Fates were against them. Town after town fell into the hands

of the victorious William as he marched southwards; whilst such as effectually resisted him seem to have gained little good by their victory; then ensued the capture of Cork by Marlborough, the capture of Athlone by Ginkell, and, last stage of all, the Pacification of Limerick, which put an end to the campaign in Ireland, and left William free to pursue his plan of hostilities upon the Continent.

The foreign policy of "the Deliverer" had received a check from the shameful defeat of our fleet off Beachy Head whilst the campaign in Ireland was being waged. In conjunction with the Dutch, Admiral Herbert, now created Earl of Torrington, permitted himself to be defeated by the French under Admiral Tourville. The Dutch vessels, which were placed in the van, suffered severely, and bitter was the outcry of the countrymen of William at having to bear the brunt of battle whilst their English allies stood aloof. Torrington was tried by court-martial but acquitted: the King, however, deprived him of his command, and forbade him his presence. Slander said that the English admiral had sold himself to France. "The effigy of the Earl of Torrington," writes Luttrell, "is made in Holland riding on a dog with two women on his back, one hand combing his peruque, the other filling his pocket with French gold, with the motto in capital letters over his head: 'The Dutch got the honour, the French the advantage, and the English the shame.'"

With the return of King William to superintend the

campaign in Flanders the entries in the diary of Luttrell increase in variety and interest. We there see the King animated by the one great ambition of his life—to crush the power of France. For this he schemed and flattered until he had welded Spaniard and Swede, Dane and German, Englishman and Dutchman into one mighty coalition to check the advance of the ever-conquering Lewis the Fourteenth. And it was chiefly to gratify this absorbing aim that he had consented to ascend the steps of the English throne and materially to aid his object by supplies drawn from the wealthy English treasury. The battlefield of the campaign was that "cockpit of Europe," the plains of Flanders. Thanks to the pages of Luttrell, we see William in vain attempting to save the fall of Mons and of that hitherto impregnable fortress, Namur. We see the French, so hastily surprised by the advance of the English at Steinkirk that they rushed into battle ere they had time to arrange the folds of their neckcloths: the disorder of their cravats was considered so graceful and becoming that fashion availed itself of the accident and introduced a special tie, elaborately careless, called the "Steinkirk," which was afterwards worn by every dandy in Paris and London. At Landen ill luck still pursued the Allies, and the forces of Lewis were again victorious. Here it was, as we know, that Corporal Trim was wounded in the knee and subsequently nursed by the Béguine. Returning home, the outlook there seemed no brighter to William than it had been on the Continent. The

Jacobites were busy with their intrigues in favour of the exiled Stuart; Marlborough, plotting as usual, had been found out and had been disgraced; a coldness had sprung up between the wife of William and her sister Anne, who declined to abandon her gentle and amiable friend Mrs. Freeman, otherwise called Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; the massacre of Glencoe had alienated still further the Highlands from the house of Orange; a shameful conspiracy, encouraged by James, had been entered into to assassinate the King of England, but had fortunately been discovered in time; the taxation was severe; the harvest had been bad, and the distress of the country was terrible; and, as is always the case under such conditions, crime, like an emancipated demon, was everywhere prevalent.

One ray of sunshine had, however, pierced through the gathering blackness. The naval battle of La Hogue had been fought, and the French completely defeated—Beachy Head had been more than avenged. This, with every other event of importance, historically, socially, and commercially, is carefully recorded in the diary of Narcissus Luttrell; causes and consequences are narrated at some length, and we are taken, as it were, behind the scenes of English history. We read of Parliament and its deliberations, the death of Mary and the grief of the bereaved husband, the attempt to improve the currency, the rise and development of the Bank of England, the recapture of Namur, where dear Uncle Toby met with the wound about which the arch Widow

Wadman was so inquisitive, and the turn of the tide which led to the Peace of Ryswick. There also we read of the feuds as to the abolition of trade monopolies, the visit of the Czar Peter to England, the popularity and unpopularity of the King, the marriages that were entered into by the leaders of fashion, the duels that were fought, the gambling that beguiled the leisure hours, the great men who went on the turf and the great men who were laid under it—action, diplomacy, intrigue, love, debt, and death, all pass before us in review, and show that if history repeats itself, the chronicles of one generation are no less very similar to those of another, and varied only, not as religion or morality teaches, but as superior education inspires and greater wealth directs and affords opportunity: it is a difference of kind, not of degree.

Where so much is of interest and the matter so voluminous, it is difficult to make selections from the entries of Luttrell. The following may, however, serve to illustrate the nature of some of the facts he recorded, and the light they throw on the history of his day.

1679, July 9. About this time Mrs. Gwynn, mother to Madam Ellen Gwynn, being in drink, was drowned in a ditch near Westminster.

1680, May 18. Between ten and eleven of the clock in the morning, was a most violent storm of hail, though it lasted not long; the hailstones many of them as big as pigeon's eggs, and did great

mischief to the glass windows in London, and killed several birds.

1681, Jan. 7. About this time was a great frost, so that the Thames in some places was frozen, that several persons walked over the ice.

„ April 17. The Duke of Grafton (eldest son to the Duchess of Cleveland) was married some time since to the Earl of Arlington's daughter; but she being very young, the espousals were now completed by the Duke's bedding her, she being now fourteen years old. [She gave birth to an heir, October 25, 1683.]

„ Aug. 30. His Majesty, attended by several of the nobility, went to Banstead Downs to divert himself with hawking, and returned again that evening.

1682, Jan. 6. There has been much discourse about the city of a Whipping Tom, who is used to bestow some pains in chastising several females who have fallen into his hands; divers have been severely handled by him; some of them have received great damage thereby.

„ June 1. One Mrs. Synderfin, a rich widow who was lately taken out of her coach by a captain and his comrades on Hounslow Heath and violently carried beyond seas, was retaken at Calais and is now come for England.

1683, June 27. In Red Lion Fields, in the artillery ground there, is built a large four-square house,

with three galleries round for the killing of wild bulls by men on horseback, after the manner as in Spain and Portugal, which was about this time to have been performed; but the discovery of this new plot [the Rye-House Plot] has put a stop thereto by His Majesty's order.

1683, Oct. 30. Elizabeth Hare, lately condemned for high treason in clipping His Majesty's coin, was, according to her sentence, burnt alive in Bunhill Field.

1684, Jan. 15. The frost still continues at that excessive rate that the river Thames is quite frozen over, and multitudes of people daily go over in several places; and a great many booths are built up and down upon it; and particularly from the Temple Stairs to the old Barge House is a great row of booths cross the Thames, where is sold divers sorts of liquors and meat roasted.

„ Oct. 8. Certain persons have lately invented a way to make salt sea water fresh in great quantities; a useful invention, and His Majesty hath granted them his letters patent for the same.

1685, April 30. The day of the Coronation. His Majesty [James the Second] lost some jewels from his crown and sceptre.

1686, Oct. 17. Edward Skelton, one of the criminals that received sentence of death this last session at the Old Bailey, has been begged of the King

by eighteen maids clothed in white, and since is married to one of them in the Press Guard.

1687, Nov. It having been moved in a late Court of Aldermen about keeping Gunpowder Treason day, it was debated and carried in the affirmative, and that a Church of England minister should preach before them at Bow, and orders are sent to each Company, and from them to their respective members; and accordingly that day sermons were in most places; the bells rung much all day, but there were no bonfires at night.

1689, May 4. The Great Seal of the late King James was found in the river Thames by some watermen near Lambeth and taken up.

„ Nov. 18. His Majesty [King William] hath been lately pleased to express himself in favour of the Church of England as the best constituted Church in the world and nearest the primitive; and that he was resolved to die in its communion and to venture his life in the defence thereof.

1690, Jan. 16. The sessions was lately at the Old Bailey, where three persons were burnt on the hand, two ordered to be transported, six to be whipt, and nine received sentence of death, one of them to be drawn, hanged, and quartered for high treason in raising soldiers for King James; and some were ordered to be set in the pillory.

„ March 14. There is prepared for the King's service in Ireland an oven of copper to bake, which

may be used on a march; as also a carriage wherein meat may be roasted and boiled on a march.

1690, June 13. The Queen goes often in the evening to Chelsea Reach in her barge, and is diverted there with a concert of music.

„ Aug. 17. Mr. Peregrine Bertie, son to the late Earl of Lindsey, upon a wager ran the Mall in St. James's Park eleven times in less than an hour.

„ Sept. 12. Six persons were executed at Tyburn; some of them behaved themselves very impudently, calling for sack and drank King James's health, and affronted the ordinary at the gallows and refused his assistance, and bid the people return to their obedience and send for King James back.

„ Oct. 13. One Cox, a trooper, was shot to death in Hide Park for drawing on his officer.

„ Nov. 7. One Mrs. Mary Wharton, a young heiress of about £1500 per annum, and about thirteen years of age, coming home with her aunt, Mrs. Byerley, in their coach about nine at night, and alighting out of it at her own aunt's, was violently seized on and put into a coach and six horses and carried away. . . . The persons that stole Mrs. Wharton, we hear, are Captain James Campbel, Archibald Montgomery, and one Sir John Johnston.

1690, Dec. 9. An extraordinary tide of the river Thames; it flowed into Westminster Hall, and has done great damage to several cellars and warehouses, spoiling much goods and merchandises.

„ Dec. 23. Sir John Johnston, condemned for stealing Mrs. Wharton, went up in a mourning coach to Tyburn, and was executed for the same; and his body was delivered to his friends in order to its being buried.

1691, Jan. 13. Sir Peter Rich has invented a way that every horseman [for the campaign in Flanders] shall carry behind him 150 lbs. weight of hay made up in a truss in form of a portmanteau, which shall last a horse three weeks; and 'tis well approved of.

„ Feb. 6. This being the Princess of Denmark's birthday, the Queen, Prince, and Princess played publicly at cards at the Cockpit,[1] and afterwards they danced country dances at Whitehall.

„ April 11. The Lord Obryan has married Mrs. Villiers, one of the maids of honour to the Queen. Her Majesty gave them their wedding supper at Kensington, where many of the nobility were present at a great ball. Her portion is £4000, given by their Majesties, and £1000 in clothes and jewels.

„ April 16. An order is fixed on the Horse Guards'

[1] The Council Chamber at Whitehall.

door by Whitehall, that no suspected person be permitted to walk in St. James's Park ; and that several private doors into it should be shut up.

1691, May 1. Their Majesties have been pleased to settle a pension of £1500 per annum on the late King James's daughter by the Countess of Dorchester.

„ May 24. Letters out of Somersetshire bring a strange account of a monstrous calf that was calved last March, near Bath in that county, with the form of a woman's commode or head-dress, near half a yard high, growing on its head.

„ May 31. The Lord Newburgh, Sir John Conway, and some others, rambling in the night, fell upon the watch and beat them severely; and since, another scuffle has been with the watch by two Mr. Stricklands and some others, where a watchman was killed; the latter were taken and committed to Newgate.

„ Oct. 5. A patent is about passing the Seals for promoting a project of one Mr. Edisbury for making the common ways plain and smooth in and about England.

„ Dec. 29. Dr. Busby,[1] of Westminster School, is given over; believed he will be succeeded by Mr. Knipe therein.

[1] He did not die, however, till April 6, 1695.

1692, Jan. 9. The King, according to custom, played on Twelfth Night at Groom Porter's,[1] and lost 200 guineas; but, playing afterwards again, won 100 guineas, and gave 150 to the Groom Porter.

„ Jan. 28. His Majesty yesterday checked a young lord for swearing within his hearing; telling, the court should give good examples, and reformation should begin there first, and then others would follow.

„ Feb. 13. This day the great frost broke, which had lasted about three weeks—very severe and bitter weather. The Thames was froze over, and several persons went over in different places; great snows also fell during that time, which made the roads unpassable; the northern post came not in a post or two, and the western mail beyond Exeter came not in for above a week together, the snows were so deep.

„ Feb. 18. The young Duke of Richmond, son of the Duchess of Portsmouth,[2] having taken away his mother's jewels, is escaped from Paris to Switzerland, and thence intended for Germany, and so, as believed, to come for England.

[1] A fashionable gaming-house near Whitehall. The Groom Porter was an official appointed by Letters Patent to supervise all manner of gaming within the kingdom; one Thomas Neale was the Groom Porter at this date. We learn from this diary that the post was in the gift of the Lord Chamberlain.

[2] The favourite mistress of Charles II. On the death of her lover she lived in Paris, and had a pension allowed her of £1000 a year from King William to be paid in France.

1692, March 5. The Mint last night was robbed of seventy pounds of silver.

„ April 5. Last night a duel fought in Hide Park between Mr. Shernicroft and one Campbell, related to the Earl of Argyle, who was found dead in the place this morning; it was occasioned by play about a brass shilling.

„ April 7. This morning a foot-race in St. James's Park; Capt. John Davis run 100 yards, with Col. Leighton in his mouth, against Sir [*sic*] Titchburn; and the former outrun the latter and won 20 guineas.

„ April 14. One Mr. Davis, going into the north with an heiress, with a design to marry her, accidentally shot her in an inn as he was trying his pistols, not thinking them loaded; then shot his man for charging them, and afterwards himself.

„ April 28. On Monday will be acted a new opera, called the "Fairy Queen"; exceeds former plays; the clothes, scenes, and music cost £3000.

„ May 24. The bankers at Paris have lent King James 360,000 crowns for his descent[1] at £7 per cent.; 200,000 crowns have been lent him by private persons and religious houses; Pope sent him his blessing, but no money.

„ July 5. On Friday the Queen goes to Kensington,

[1] The descent upon England, which was frustrated by the glorious victory of La Hogue, May 19 and 21, 1692.

to stay there some days to drink the Spa waters.

1692, July 23. The justices of the peace of Middlesex have made an order to put the statute of the 23d of Henry VIII. in execution to prohibit all unlawful games recited therein, as bowls, ninepins, shovel-boards, cards, dice, tables, etc., in all public places.

„ Aug. 18. Last Sunday a Jew, lately turned Christian, of fifty years of age, was christened in the new chapel near St. James's.

„ Sept. 8. At two this afternoon happened here a small earthquake, which was sensibly felt through the city and suburbs, lasted about half a minute, shook the houses, and frighted many people, but no hurt done.

„ Nov. 19. Yesterday being a great fog, several robberies were committed, particularly between London and Kensington; and a gentleman crossing St. James's Square about noon had two pistols clapt to his breast and robbed of three pounds, though near other persons.

„ Dec. 1. Witney, the notorious highwayman, offers to bring in eighty stout men of his gang to the King's service, if he may have his pardon.

1693, Jan. 3. Capt. Blood, an officer in Col. Fowke's regiment, and son to him that stole the crown, is seized at Portsmouth, and accused by the boy to be one of those that robbed the mail going thither.

1693, Jan. 7. Yesterday the King hunted on Putney Heath, and was present at a great ball at Kensington, where at night he played off two hundred guineas, according to custom.

„ Jan. 19. This day a person in a leather apron rushed into the House of Commons, and was making up to the chair, but the sergeant stopped him and took him away.

„ April 27. A person was this day convicted at the Session's House for sacrilege, rape, burglary, murder, and robbing on the highway; all committed in twelve hours' time.

„ July 25. A mandamus is sealed and sent to Dr. Gower, master of St. John's College, Cambridge, to turn out twenty Fellows of that college refusing to take the oaths.

„ Aug. 19. On Thursday last Dr. Titus Oates was married to one Mrs. Wells, a young gentlewoman in the city worth £2000.

„ Aug. 31. Tuesday, Mr. Thomas Browne, author of a paper called the "Salamanca Wedding," which severely reflects on Dr. Oates' marriage, was taken into custody for the same, but is since bailed.

„ Sept. 16. Dr. Oates' wife yesterday kissed the Queen's hand.

„ Sept. 23. This morning a rainbow seen in the firmament with two ends standing up.

1694, April 10. A duel was yesterday fought between

one Mr. Lawes and Mr. Wilson in Bloomsbury Square; the latter was killed upon the spot, and the other is sent to Newgate; 'tis that Mr. Wilson who for some years past hath made a great figure, living at the rate of £4000 per ann. without any visible estate; and the several gentlemen who kept his company and endeavoured to find out his way of living could never effect it.

1694, July 17. This day was published their Majesties' proclamation concerning colours to be worn on board ships, prohibiting other than the King's ships to wear their Majesties' Jack called the Union Jack.

„ Dec. 29. Yesterday, about one in the morning, Her Majesty departed this life at Kensington; the King is mightily afflicted thereat, and the whole Court, as also this city, and impossible to express the general grief upon this occasion.

1695, Feb. 5. Mr. Congreve having published in print a poem upon the Queen, His Majesty hath ordered him 100 guineas for the same.

„ Dec. 17. Dr. Oates is ordered to be prosecuted in the Spiritual Court for striking Mr. Green, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

1696, Feb. 22. A patent is ordered to pass the seals granting to the Duke of Ormond the sole benefit of coining halfpence and farthings in Ireland.

„ Mar. 12. Charnock, King, and Keyes were yester-

day tried for high treason in conspiring to assassinate His Majesty; the witnesses against them were Porter, Pendergrasse, Boyse, Bertram, and La Rue, whose evidence was very full. Porter deposed that Charnock told him Sir George Barclay and others had brought a commission from King James signed with his own hand for the doing it, and Sir William Parkins had read it: that they had several consults before they could fix where this tragedy should be acted, and at length agreed upon the end of a lane by Turnham Green on the King's return from Richmond, Feb. 22, by forty-five persons on horseback, to be divided into two parties, the greater by Sir George Barclay and the lesser by Porter, to murder the King. The prisoners said little in their own defence, insisting chiefly upon some niceties in law; and the jury, in a quarter of an hour after going from the bar, returned bringing them all in guilty; after which sentence of death passed upon them.

1696, June 4. A great cock match is now fighting at Oxford betwixt the London and Shropshire gamesters, where will be twenty matches, at ten guineas each, and one at a hundred.

1696, Dec. 8. The Princess of Denmark is ill of convulsion fits.

1697, Feb. 6. This being the Princess of Denmark's birthday, His Majesty ordered the play of "Love

for Love" to be acted at Whitehall; and at night Her Highness entertains the King with a ball at St. James's.

1697, Mar. 20. Dr. Blackmore having written a poem called "King Arthur," and dedicated it to the King, His Majesty hath conferred the honour of knighthood upon him.

„ June 29. A French privateer has seized Mr. Winstanley, the engineer, together with his workmen, as they were erecting a lighthouse at Eddystone rock,[1] off Plymouth, and carried him to France, destroyed his work, but left his men behind them.

Aug. 24. The Lord Mayor has published an order forbidding all unlawful gaming, excess in drinking, swearing, cursing, &c., in Bartholomew Fair.[2]

„ Sept. 4. The Czar [Peter the Great] is still at Amsterdam busying himself among the ship carpenters and blacksmiths working in the docks, and is very inquisitive about navigation . . . . he uses all means to prevent being known by the common people, has lodged several nights with a blacksmith who formerly lived at Moscow, with whom he converses freely; his usual disguise is a Dutch seaman's habit, and his attendance seldom above two persons.

[1] This was the first of the lighthouses erected on the rock.

[2] Of the three fairs beloved by the cockney and roughs of this date—Bartholomew, May Fair, and Southwark—Bartholomew was the loosest and most riotous.

1697, Sept. 30. The roads near this city are much infested by highwaymen.

„ Oct. 2. On Wednesday the Lord Cutts took a view of the battalion of Foot Guards and discharged several who were of low stature.

„ Oct. 28. Yesterday being appointed by the States General for a thanksgiving for the peace,[1] the Dutch ambassador here made a very noble bonfire before his house in St. James's Square, consisting of about 140 pitch barrels placed pyramidically on seven scaffolds, during which the trumpets sounded and two hogsheads of wine were kept running continually amongst the common people.

1698, Jan. 11. Yesterday the Czar of Muscovy was brought from Greenwich in His Majesty's barge and at present lies incognito at a house joining to the water side in Norfolk Street [Strand]; he cares not to be seen, and when he came out of Admiral Mitchell's ship which brought him over he caused all the seamen to go under deck.

„ Feb. 12. This day one Hopkins was, by order of the Lord Chief Justice Holt, shown to all the courts in Westminster Hall, with a paper on his forehead, signifying that on seeing the King and

[1] This was the peace of Ryswick, which ended the war which had begun in 1688 between France on the one side, and Holland, Germany, Spain, and England on the other. From this diary we learn that the fireworks let off in St. James's Square on the day of the rejoicing alone cost £10,000.

Queen's pictures he said they had been here seven years as a plague to this nation.

1698, Mar. 22. The Commons yesterday divided about a clause in the Bill against profaneness relating to the Jews who deny Jesus Christ; 144 were for it and 78 against it: so the clause was added that the Jews shall not be molested.

„ May 12. The Justices of Middlesex did not only present the playhouses but also . . . . that women frequenting the playhouses in masks[1] tended much to debauchery and immorality.

Here is a "Bradlaugh" incident:—

1699, Jan. 7. Yesterday Mr. Archdale the Quaker appeared in his place in the House of Commons as member for Wickham; said he was chose by the majority of the Church of England without his own seeking; and that he had advice of lawyers that his affirmation would stand good instead of an oath, which he could not take without prejudicing his party: after some debate the lawyers in the House were of opinion he could not sit without the oaths, for that the Act that relates to the solemn affirmation is only that a Quaker may give evidence in Courts of Justice; upon

[1] Masks were at this date the substitute for the veil of the present day. Ladies rode in them, walked in the gardens in them, listened to concerts in them, and went to the theatres, to hide their blushes, in them. However, they were rapidly going out of fashion, and giving place to the commode or headdress. During the next reign only the half-world wore masks at the playhouses.

which a writ was ordered out for electing another in his room.

1699, Mar. 21. A whale sixty-five foot long was taken at the buoy of the Nore and is brought to Blackwall.

„ May 16. Yesterday a large sturgeon was taken in the Thames near Hammersmith and presented to the King.

„ Oct. 26. A nunnery being lately discovered at Hammersmith, His Majesty has appointed an inquisition in order to find out and seize the lands that supported it.

„ Nov. 18. This day the King went to Hampton Court where he will stay till Wednesday, and dined with Mr. Medina, a rich Jew, at Richmond.

„ Nov. 25. This day the strong Kentish man was shown at the playhouse in Dorset Gardens,[1] where he drew against a horse and lifted twenty hundredweight; the boxes ten shillings apiece and the pit five shillings.

1700, Aug. 13. We hear the Princess [of Denmark] has bought the Lord Godolphin's house and gardens near Windsor situate between the Castle and the forest; and that Her Highness has ordered the day on which the Duke of Gloucester [her son] died to be annually kept as a day of mourning in the family.

[1] Dorset Gardens Theatre was in Salisbury Court, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street. At this date it had fallen from its status as a theatre, and was like an inferior music-hall of the present day.

How numerous would be the offenders if the following investigation were now to take place!—

1700, Sept. 14. Yesterday the Duke of Norfolk held a Court of chivalry, and several persons are to be tried for taking coats of arms which do not belong to them.

1701, April 5. Sir Christopher Wren has made this day four funnels on the top of the House of Commons to let out the heat in case they sit in the summer.

„ July 24. Last night His Majesty's order, signed by the Dukes of Devon and Ormond, Earl of Bath and Lord Cutts, was fixed on the several gates of St. James's Park, forbidding all persons but gentry to walk therein. [How different from the "order" of the genial Lord Palmerston, that the Parks were for the people, and the more the grass was worn and trodden upon by the working classes, the better pleased was he!]

„ Oct. 7. Saturday last the river Thames was so dry that some persons went over it upon a plank laid across the channel a little above London bridge, occasioned as supposed by the violent wind that happened the night before which drove out the tide.

1702, Feb. 3. An instrument is passing the Privy Seal to allow the Duke of Somerset £1600 a year as Lord President of the Council in lieu of seven dishes of meat a day.

„ Feb. 24. On Saturday last His Majesty was

hunting a stag near Kingston upon Thames, his horse fell with him and broke his collar bone; which was soon after set, and is now pretty well again, and is expected in a few days at the House of Peers to pass what bills are ready.

1702, Mar. 10. His Majesty's death, and the Princess proclaimed Queen, being mentioned in all the prints, I omit writing of it here; only on Saturday evening before he died he asked a privy councillor by him what the House of Commons had done about an union with Scotland, and said that when he was in his grave, the people of England would have no reason to say that he aimed at anything but their good. He made a will and gave most of his estate to the King of Prussia; several lands and jewels to the Earls of Portland and Albemarle; to the last the barony of Breda, and desired to be interred by his Queen without any pomp.

„ April 25. The motto at the coronation [of Queen Anne] was "God has sent our hearts content."

„ Aug. 1. Yesterday our Lord Mayor held a common council, which agreed to set up Her Majesty's statue at the Royal Exchange.

1702, Nov. 12. One Sanson, a Dane, who pretends to be a Deal merchant, is committed to Newgate for stealing here one Mrs. Rawlins, a young lady of Leicestershire; her fortune £4000; three

bailiffs and a woman who assisted are also committed, they having forced her to marry him.

1703, April 6. The great horse race at Newmarket, run for one thousand guineas, between the Lord Treasurer [Godolphin] and the Duke of Argyle, was won by the latter.

„ July 24. The Countess of Seaforth was summoned to attend the Privy Council for sending her son to be educated in the popish seminary in France.

Mercantile history repeats itself: here is an entry as to an eighteenth-century "corner."

1703, Nov. 16. The Lords ordered several persons to attend upon account of engrossing coals, and among them two noted Quakers; 'tis said the chief reason of their being so dear is, that several persons in the north, and some Londoners, have farmed most of the coal pits about Newcastle, with design to sell them at what price they please.

1703, Nov. 27. About one this morning, a terrible storm arose, which continued till past seven, the wind south west; the like not known in the memory of man; blew down a vast number of the tops of houses, chimnies, etc.; the damage incredible, the Lady Nicholas and a great many people killed and many wounded. Most of the boats and barges forced ashore; an East Indian ship cast away near Blackwall, besides several mer-

chant ships and colliers; divers of the great trees in St. James's Park, Temple, Gray's Inn, etc., blown down; and we are apprehensive we shall hear of great losses at sea.

Readers—if there be any—of Addison's once famous poem "The Campaign," which commemorated the victory of Blenheim, will remember the famous comparison of Marlborough to an angel guiding the whirlwind. "We will not dispute," writes Macaulay in his Essay on Addison, "the general justice of Johnson's remarks on this passage. But we must point out one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics. The extraordinary effect which the simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generations seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis—

> 'Such as, of late, o'er pale Britannia passed.'

Addison spoke, not of a storm, but of *the* storm. The great tempest of November 1703, the only tempest which in our latitude has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address or of a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One prelate had been buried beneath the ruins of his palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families

were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees and the ruins of houses still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast. The popularity which the simile of the angel enjoyed among Addison's contemporaries has always seemed to us to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general."

1704, Jan. 18. Her Majesty has given particular orders that no plays be acted contrary to religion and good manners, on pain of being silenced; and that no woman wear a vizard in either of the theatres. [Owing to the looseness of the plays after the Restoration, women attending the theatres wore masks.]

1704, Sept. 14. The Queen has resolved to allow double salaries to all her Governors in the West Indies, that they may not for the future oppress the inhabitants as some have done formerly.

1705, Jan. 25. Last night, Captain Walsh, quarrelling with Mrs. Hudson, who keeps the boxes in the playhouses, she pulled out his sword and killed him.

" Aug. 2. Thirteen hundred men are daily at work upon the Duke of Marlborough's seat in Woodstock Park, which is to be called Blenheim House.

1706, Jan. 5. Yesterday the Lords Rochester, Somers, and Halifax sat as a Committee to take care of

the public records of the kingdom; had before them the trustees of the Cotton library and officers of the Rolls, and have given orders for better keeping of the same, and all public libraries in the nation.

1706, Oct. 31. The society for reformation of manners have brought an indictment against twenty-four actors in the playhouse for immorality and profaneness, upon which they are to be tried this term.

1708, June 8. Holt, a considerable town in Norfolk, was lately burnt by a Frenchman, who travelled that country with a raree show; some of his accomplices, now in gaol, having confessed it, and that Norwich, Braw, Watton, and Thetford, were designed the like fate, as also several other great towns in England.

1709, July 28. This morning a butcher having laid one hundred pounds to ninety pounds with a baker on Clerkenwell Green, that his mare run from Shoreditch Church to Ware and back again in two hours and a half and six minutes, being forty miles; she fell down dead in her return within a mile of Shoreditch, having eight minutes of the time prefixed to perform the same.

1710, June 27. M. Whitworth, Her Majesty's envoy to the Czar, who came lately home, returns shortly for Moscow, several artificers, particularly glass-

blowers, go with him, a glasshouse being to be erected there.

1711, March 22. The Guards at St. James's are doubled for security of Her Majesty's person, the doors of the passage up the back stairs locked, and the locks changed.

A BATCH OF LETTERS.

ON the afternoon of the eleventh of June 1690 King William set sail from Highlake to cross over to Ireland for the reduction of such Irish as had refused to recognise his authority, and were in arms against his cause under the standard of his father-in-law, King James. He was accompanied on this occasion by eight men-of-war commanded by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, some half-dozen yachts, and a squadron of transports carrying provisions and ammunition. His Majesty himself was on his favourite yacht the *Mary*. Owing at first to contrary winds and then to a dead calm off the Isle of Man, the *Mary* failed to anchor in the Bay of Carrickfergus until three days after quitting the English coast. Here the King landed, mounted his charger, and proceeded at once to Belfast, where he was met by the Duke of Schomberg, the Commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland, and the magistrates in their robes of office, who did him homage. Before leaving England William had intrusted to his consort Mary of Orange all affairs of government, and especially to assist her had nominated Nine of his Council to be her chief and intimate advisers. These Nine were

Lords Pembroke, Devonshire, Marlborough, Godolphin, Carmarthen, Nottingham, and Monmouth; Admiral Russell and Sir John Lowther.

On the arrival of William at Belfast he received a letter from his Queen, the first of a series which was to welcome him at every turn of the campaign. "You will be weary of seeing a letter every day from me—it may be," she writes (June 19), "yet being apt to flatter myself, I will hope you will be as willing to read as I to write. And indeed it is the only comfort I have in this world besides that of trust in God. I have nothing to say to you at present that is worth writing, and I think it unreasonable to trouble you with my grief, which I must continue while you are absent, though I trust every post to hear some good news or other from you; therefore I shall make this very short, and only tell you I have got a swelled face, though not quite so bad yet as it was in Holland five years ago. I believe it came by standing too much at the window when I took the waters. I cannot enough thank God for your being so well past the dangers of the sea; I beseech Him in His mercy still to preserve you so, and send us once more a happy meeting upon earth. I long to hear again from you how the air of Ireland agrees with you, for I must own I am not without my fears for that, loving you so entirely as I do and shall till death."

Scarcely had William put St. George's Channel between himself and Whitehall than his Queen was called

upon to exercise her newly created authority in suppressing an order which caused her considerable annoyance. The widow of Charles the Second, the Queen-Dowager as she was called, was living with her suite near London until she had arranged matters for her return to Portugal. Between this lady and Mary there had been a few polite asperities which showed that the relations between Whitehall and Hammersmith were somewhat strained. The chamberlain of the Queen-Dowager was Lord Feversham, and to please his mistress he had issued an order that the chaplain who ministered to the spiritual wants of the Protestant servants in the establishment should cease to offer up prayers for King William and Queen Mary. As soon as the matter came before Mary she expressed herself to Lord Nottingham, one of the Secretaries of State, in terms of bitterest condemnation against Lord Feversham. The chamberlain of the Queen-Dowager on being reprimanded by the Council took fright, and earnestly begged for an interview with the Queen, and to humbly apologise for his conduct.

"He was, it seems, in pain," writes Mary to her husband (June 21); "when Lord Nottingham told him all I had said he seemed much concerned, and desired to come throw himself at my feet and own all the matter as a very great fault in him, but done out of no ill design: to be short, he came yesterday in my bedchamber at the hour there was a great deal of company (I mean then just before dinner). He seemed extremely concerned, looked as pale as death, and spoke in great disorder. He said he must own

it a very great fault since I took it so, but he begged me to believe 'twas not done out of any ill intention nor by agreement with anybody. He assured me the Queen herself knew nothing about it. He said 'twas a fault and a folly, an indiscretion or anything I would call it. I told him after doing a thing of that nature the best way was not to be about excusing it; that 'twas impossible, since, to call it by the most gentle name I could give it, 'twas an unpardonable folly, and which I did not expect after the protestations he had made; upon which he said abundance of words. I doubt whether he himself knew what he meant by them, but I am sure I could make nothing of them, till at last he spoke plain enough that I understood. He said God pardoned sinners when they repented, so he hoped I would. I told him God saw the hearts whether the repentance was sincere, which since I could not do, he must not find it strange if I would trust only to actions, and so left him. This is all I think to a syllable what I said to him, and as much as I could make sense of that he said to me; but though I pity the poor man for being obliged thus to take the Queen-Dowager's faults upon him, yet I could not bring myself to forgive him. This I remember I did say more, that if it had been to myself I could have pardoned him, but when it immediately concerned your person I would nor could not. . . . It is now candlelight, therefore I dare say no more. I have still the same complaint to make that I have not time to cry, which would a little ease my heart: but I hope

in God I shall have no such news from you as will give me reason; yet your absence is enough, but since it pleases God, I must have patience; do but continue to love me, and I can bear all things else with ease."

At this time there were considerable fears throughout the country of a French invasion. A vast fleet was being equipped at Brest, the squadron from Toulon was sailing north to intercept our merchantmen, and the Jacobites at St. Germains seized every opportunity of impressing upon Lewis that now, since William was busy in Ireland, was the moment of all others to land his forces in Kent or Sussex, or like another De Ruyter, sail up the Thames and menace London itself. From Lizard Point to the North Foreland, the strictest watch was kept, and at night every headland was ablaze with beacon fires. Towards the end of June an express was forwarded to the Queen that the French fleet was seen off Plymouth, sailing eastwards, and had been joined by the Toulon squadron. The Lords of the Admiralty at once met and despatched an order to Admiral Lord Torrington, who lay with the combined English and Dutch fleets at Spithead, to hold himself in readiness for immediate action. "The news which is come to-night," writes Mary (July 2), "of the French fleet being upon the coast makes it thought necessary to write to you both ways; and I, that you may see how matters stand in my heart, prepare a letter for each. I think Lord Torrington has made no haste, and I cannot tell whether his being sick and

staying for Lord Pembroke's regiment, will be a sufficient excuse. But I will not take up your time with my reasonings, I shall only tell you that I am so little afraid that I begin to fear I have not sense enough to apprehend the danger. For whether it threatens Ireland or this place, to me 'tis much at one as to the fear; for, as much a coward as you think me, I fear more for your dear person than my poor carcass. I know who is most necessary in the world. What I fear most at present is not hearing from you. Love me whatever happens, and be assured I am ever entirely yours till death."

During the next few days the rival fleets remained in a state of inactivity. The French stood off the south side of the Isle of Wight, whilst the English and Dutch anchored some few leagues eastward of the enemy. Then it was resolved by the Council of Nine, that so far as England was concerned, no further dilatory proceedings should be encouraged. An express was despatched to the hesitating Torrington at once to fight the French. He was off Beachy Head when the order arrived. Early in the morning of the first of July he bore down upon the foe and gave battle. The Dutch led the van, and behaved themselves most gallantly. The engagement lasted till evening, when the French retired, having gained the victory. The whole brunt of the battle had been borne by the Dutch, not half a dozen of the English ships entering into the conflict. Torrington throughout the encounter

held himself aloof, and on his defeat crowded all sail and sought shelter in the Thames. It was said that had he but done his duty, no such humiliation to our flag would have occurred. "What Lord Torrington can say for himself," writes Mary to her husband, (July 2), "I know not, but I believe he will never be forgiven here; the letters from the fleet, before and since the engagement, show sufficiently he was the only man there that had no mind to fight. . . . I am more concerned for the honour of the nation than anything else; but I think it has pleased God to punish them justly, for they really talked as if it were impossible they should be beaten, which looks too much like trusting in the arm of the flesh. I pray God we may no more deserve the punishment; that same God who has done so much, can still do what is best, and I trust He will do more than we deserve. I long to hear again from you, which is my only comfort. I fear this news may give courage to those who retired before: but God can disappoint them all, and I hope will take care of His own cause. He of His mercy send us a happy meeting again; that will be a happiness to me beyond all others, loving you more than my life." Torrington was imprisoned for a few months in the Tower, then tried by court-martial, but acquitted by a singularly lenient jury. He was, however, shunned by William, and dismissed the service.

After a brief halt at Belfast, William pushed on to Loughbrickland, where he had appointed the various

divisions of his army to rendezvous. Having collected his forces, he resolved to lose no time in meeting his foe, and, in spite of the advice of Schomberg and several of his staff who were in favour of less hasty proceedings, gave orders to his troops to march south, and rode at their head until he halted at the banks of the Boyne. Here the Irish, who had constantly been retreating before the advance of the Deliverer, determined to make a stand, and to decide their fate by a pitched battle. "If you escape me now," muttered William, "the fault will be mine." He wrote to his wife as to the situation of affairs, and the prospects of an impending battle. "This is only to tell you," writes Mary in reply (July 5), "that I have received yours, which puts me in many troubles, that I shall not trouble you with at present; to-morrow night an express shall go to you that cannot possibly be despatched to-night; and I am not sorry, for at this time I dare say but little by candlelight and 'tis to-morrow the first Sunday of the month. I have really hardly had time to say my prayers, and was fain to run away to Kensington, where I had three hours of quiet, which was more than I have had together since I saw you. That place made me think how happy I was there when I had your dear company; but now—I will say no more, for I shall hurt my own eyes,[1] which I want more now than ever. Adieu; think of me, and love me as much as I shall you, who I love more than my life."

[1] Throughout her life Mary suffered from inflamed eyes.

In the early morning of the day before the battle, William had been busy examining the position of the enemy. He had halted with his staff to break his fast, at a spot still shown to the tourist, when he was spied by certain of the Irish on the opposite banks of the river. Two field-pieces hidden behind a hedge discharged their contents at him. The first shot struck one of the holsters of Prince George of Hesse and wounded his horse, but the aim of the second was more accurate. William was hit in the shoulder, blood flowed freely, he staggered forwards, and for a moment the worst fears were entertained. Then all anxiety was dismissed. "There is no harm done," said William rising up, "but the bullet came quite near enough." The wound was at once dressed, and to prove that it was only slight the King rode along the ranks amid the hearty cheers of his troops. Mary was informed by an express of the mishap. "I can never," she writes (July 6), "give God thanks enough as long as I live, for your preservation; I hope in His mercy that this is a sign He preserves you to finish the work He has begun by you; but I hope it may be a warning to you, to let you see you are exposed to as many accidents as others, and though it has pleased God to keep you once in so visible a manner, yet you must forgive me if I tell you that I should think it a tempting of God to venture again without a great necessity. I know what I say of this kind will be attributed to fear; I own I have a great deal for your dear person, yet I hope I am not unreason-

able upon the subject, for I do trust in God, and He is pleased every day to confirm me more and more in the confidence I have in Him; yet my fears are not less since I cannot tell if it should be His will to suffer you to come to harm for our sins, and when that might happen: for though God is able, yet many times He punishes the sins of a nation as it seems good in His sight. Your writing me word how soon you hope to send me good news, shows me how soon you thought there might be some action, and that thought put me in perpetual pain. This morning when I heard the express was come, before Lord Nottingham came up, I was taken with a trembling for fear, which has hardly left me yet, and I really don't know what I do. Your letter came just before I went to chapel, and though the first thing Lord Nottingham told me was that you were very well, yet the thoughts that you expose yourself thus to danger fright me out of my wits and make me not able to keep my trouble to myself; but for God's sake let me beg you to take more care for the time to come. Consider what depends upon your safety; there are so many more important things than myself that I think I am not worthy naming among them. But it may be the worst will be over before this time, so that I will say no more."

Her surmise was correct—by this time the worst *was* over. At the break of dawn of the first of July the battle of the Boyne had been waged, and before midday William had completely routed the foe, and his father-in-law was in hot flight for Dublin. The news of his

victory was at once despatched to Whitehall. "How to begin this letter," writes Mary (July 7), "I don't know, or how ever to render God thanks enough for His mercies,—indeed they are too great if we look on our deserts; but, as you say, 'tis His own cause, and, since 'tis for the glory of His great name, we have no reason to fear but He will perfect what He has begun. For myself in particular, my heart is so full of joy and acknowledgment to that great God who has preserved you and given you such a victory that I am unable to explain it. I beseech Him to give me grace to be ever sensible, as I ought, and that I and all may live suitable to such a mercy as this is. I was yesterday out of my senses with trouble, I am now almost so with joy." Then mindful that the victory of her husband had been gained at the expense of her father, she puts up a petition for the craven fugitive. "This morning when I heard the joyful news from Mr. Butler I was in pain to know what was become of the late King, and durst not ask him; but when Lord Nottingham came I did venture to do it, and I had the satisfaction to know he was safe. I know I need not beg you to let him be taken care of, for I am confident you will for your own sake; yet add that to all your kindness, and for my sake let people know you would have no hurt come to his person. Forgive me this." The anxiety of the daughter was however needless; James by this time was comfortably ensconced at Saint Germains as the guest of his friend and patron the French King.

After the victory at the Boyne Mary had fondly hoped that William would at once return to England, "for methinks there is nothing more for you to do." Yet weeks had to elapse before the consummation she so earnestly desired was realised. William had to follow up his success, and he saw that to crush the disaffected a further stay in Ireland was absolutely necessary. On his arrival at Dublin he rode in state to the Cathedral of St. Patrick to return thanks for the victory vouchsafed him. "I fancy," writes Mary, "the joy at St. Patrick's Church was greater than can be expressed, and wish I had been with you. But, though at a distance, none ever praised God so heartily for many reasons, chiefly that of your wonderful deliverance." From Dublin the King marched south and secured Waterford. He wrote frequently to his consort now, assuring her that he was about to return, that he hoped the alterations he had suggested at Kensington and Whitehall had been carried out, for at any moment he might arrive, and then crushing all expectation by saying that his departure would still have to be abandoned owing to the recent turn of events.

Mary wearied with being alone, irritated at the constant dissensions in the Council, and, sick with suspense, seldom answered her husband's epistles without expressing a hope that he would return. Over and over again we meet with pretty prayers like the following—prayers inspired by promises no sooner advanced than withdrawn. William had written that he was about to cross

over to Chester when the appearance of a French squadron off the west of Ireland caused him to change his decision. Mary thus writes: "I am so much in hopes of your coming hither that I must flatter myself by the time this comes to you, you will be ready to leave Ireland; all my fear is the French ships which are going to St. George's Channel, and are already at Kinsale. If those should hinder you, what will become of me? I think the fright would take away my reason. . . . I still must come back to my first saying, which is that I do hope and flatter myself that you will come back if it can be with safety. I'm sure if that can't be I shall wish you may rather stay where you are, tho' I long never so much to see you, than that you should venture your dear person, which is a thousand times more so to me than my own self, and ever will be so while I breathe" (July 15). Two days had passed and no express had reached Whitehall. "Every hour," moans the anxious wife, "makes me more impatient to hear from you, and everything I hear stir I think brings me a letter. I shall not go about to excuse myself; I know 'tis a folly to a great degree to be so uneasy as I am at present when I have no reason to apprehend any ill cause, but only might attribute your silence to your marching farther from Dublin, which makes the way longer. I have stayed till I am almost asleep in hopes; but they are vain, and I must once more go to bed and wish to be waked with a letter from you, which I shall get at last, I hope. Adieu! do but love me, and I

can bear anything" (July 17). A letter on the morrow allayed all her fears. "Could you but guess at my impatience for a letter, you would be able to judge of my joy at the receiving yours. . . . I shall tell you more of this when I shall be so happy as once more to see you, or when I can write a longer letter, for I have taken the vapours and dare not to-night; but you know whatever my letters are, my heart is more yours than my own" (July 18). Upon the settlement of affairs at Waterford, William wrote to Mary that he was at last about to return home, and indeed had arranged everything for his departure. The delighted wife replied that Kensington had been made ready for his arrival, and petitions to join him before his entrance into London. "I have one thing to beg, which is that, if it be possible, I may come and meet you on the road, either where you dine or anywhere else, for I do so long to see you that I am sure had you as much mind to see your poor wife again, you would propose it; but do as you please. I will say no more but that I love you so much it cannot increase, else I am sure it would" (July 30).

Disappointment was, however, again to be her lot. William had determined to end the disturbance in Ireland by reducing the city of Limerick, where the remains of the army he had routed on the Boyne had taken refuge. Once master of the place, he promised faithfully to return and to leave the further subjection of Ireland to Marlborough. Mary controlled her feelings

and acquiesced in his decision, though she feared that the dear person of her husband might be again exposed at the passage of the Shannon as it had been at that of the Boyne. "This is what goes to try my heart. But yet I see the reasons for it so good that I will not murmur, for certainly your glory would be the greater to terminate the war this summer, and the people here much better pleased than if they must furnish next year for the same thing again. Upon these considerations I ought to be satisfied, and I will endeavour as much as may be to submit to the will of God and your judgment; but you must forgive a poor wife, who loves you so dearly, if I can't do it with dry eyes. Yet since it has pleased God so wonderfully to preserve you all your life and so miraculously now, I need not doubt but He will still preserve you. Yet let me beg you not to expose yourself unnecessarily; that will be too much tempting that Providence which I hope will still watch over you. . . . I shall be very impatient to hear again from you, till when I shall be in perpetual pain and trouble, which, I think, you can't wonder at, knowing that you are dearer to me than my life" (Aug. 2).

The conquest of Limerick had not been the easy matter anticipated, and what with the astute generalship displayed by Sarsfield, the bad practice of the English artillery, the shortness of the ammunition provided, and the heavy rains, which were spreading ague and low fever throughout the camp, William was still on the wrong side of the Shannon, and the capital of

the West manfully held its own. "I must needs tell you," writes Mary, "that when it was first known you intended to come back, 'twas then said, 'What, leave Ireland unconquered, the work unfinished!' Now upon your not coming 'tis wondered whose counsel this is, and why leave us thus to ourselves in our danger? Thus people are never satisfied; but I must not begin upon the subject, which would take volumes, and, as much as I was prepared, surprises me to a degree that is beyond expression. I have so many several things to say to you if I live to see you, that I fear you will never have patience to hear half; but you will not wonder if I am surprised at things which, though you are used to, are quite new to me. I am very impatient to hear again if you are over the Shannon; that passage frights me. You must excuse me telling my fears; I love you too much to hide them, and that makes all dangers seem greater it may be than they are. I pray God in His mercy keep you, and send us a happy meeting here on earth first before we meet in heaven. If I could take more pains to preserve your kindness, that which you write would make me do it; but that has been ever so much my desire that I can't do more for you, nor love you better" (Aug. 5).

Busy in the trenches before Limerick, William had found no time during the last few days to write to his wife. "I have had no letter from you," sighs Mary, "since that of the 31st; what I suffer by it you cannot imagine. I don't say this by way of complaint, for I do

believe you write as often as 'tis convenient or necessary, but yet I can't help being extremely desirous of hearing again from you. This passage of the river runs much in my mind, and gives me no quiet night nor day; I have a million of fears, which are caused by that which you can't be angry at; and if I were less sensible I should hate myself, though I wish I were not so fearful, and yet one can hardly go without t'other; but 'tis not reasonable I should torment you with any of this. . . . I have stayed till I am ready to go bed, and now can put off sealing my letter no longer. I pray God give me patience and submission; I want the first exceedingly; but I hope all is well, especially your dear self, who I love much better than life" (Aug. 9).

On the approach of William, the French, who were disgusted with their Irish allies, had evacuated Limerick, considering the city incapable of defence, and retired to Galway. Now that the enemy was shorn of its more brilliant half, Mary, in common with the rest of her advisers, imagined that Limerick had no alternative but to surrender, and that her husband would speedily be restored to her arms. "You cannot imagine the miserable condition I was in last night; I think, had not your letter come as it did, I should have fallen sick with fear for your dear person: but all that trouble made your news of the French having left Limerick the more welcome, I will not say your letter, for those are ever so. I am sure this news affords new reason of praising God, since I hope it will prevent any more fighting. You

speak of your coming back now in a way which makes me hope, not only that it will be quickly, but that you come willingly, and that is a double joy to me. . . . 'Tis the greatest joy in the world to hear that you are so well. I pray God continue it. I hope this will meet you upon your way back, so it goes by an express that it may not miss you. I can't express my impatience to see you; there is nothing greater but that which it proceeds from, which will not end but with my life" (Aug. 12).

At last the preparations for the attack, which had been so carefully planned, were put into operation. Early in the afternoon of the twenty-seventh of August, the English issued from the trenches and made a fierce onslaught upon the city; still the Irish resolutely met their foe, and after a conflict which lasted till the shades of evening, William and his men had to acknowledge defeat, and were compelled to beat a retreat. The King wrote an account of the disaster to Mary, and feared that a second attempt to take possession of the city would cause him again to delay his departure. A messenger had already been despatched to Whitehall with the ill news. "This day at noon," writes Mary, "I received yours which came by the way of Dublin, and I am sorry to see the messenger's news confirmed; but it has pleased God to bless you with such a continued success all this while, that it is, may be, necessary to have some little cross. I hope in God this will not prove a great one to the main business, though 'tis a terrible thought to me that your coming is put off again

for so long a time. . . . I pray God preserve you from the dangers I hear you expose yourself daily to, which puts me in continual pain. A battle, I fancy, is soon over, but the perpetual shooting you are now in is an intolerable thing to think on; for God's sake take care of yourself, you owe it to your own and this country and to all in general. I must not name myself where Church and State are equally concerned, yet I must needs say you owe a little care for my sake, who, I am sure, loves you more than you can do me; and the little care you take of your dear person I take to be a sign of it, but I must still love you more than life" (Sept. 1).

William was carefully considering the reasons for and against a second siege of Limerick, and had only time to despatch a brief message enclosed in certain orders he had issued to Lord Marlborough. "My poor heart," writes Mary, "is ready to break every time I think in what perpetual danger you are; I am in greater fears than can be imagined by any who loves less than myself. I count the hours and the moments, and have only reason enough left to think, as long as I have no letters all is well. I believe, by what you write, that you got your cannon Friday at farthest, and then Saturday I suppose you began to make use of them; judge then, what cruel thoughts they are to me to think what you may be exposed to all this while. I never do anything without thinking now, it may be, you are in the greatest danger, and yet I must see company upon my set days, I must play

twice a week, nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will. I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me, at least 'tis a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it; all my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that, if I eat less or speak less or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world; so that I have this misery added to that of your absence and my fears for your dear person, that I must grin when my heart is ready to break, and talk when my heart is so oppressed I can scarce breathe. In this I don't know what I should do were it not for the grace of God which supports me; I am sure I have great reason to praise the Lord, while I live, for this great mercy, that I don't sink under this affliction; nay, that I keep my health, for I can neither sleep nor eat. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air, but then I can never be quite alone, neither can I complain; that would be some ease, but I have nobody whose humour and circumstances agree with mine enough to speak fully to—besides, I must hear of business, which, being a thing I am so new in, and so unfit for, does but break my brains the more and not ease my heart. I see I have insensibly made my letter too long upon my own self, but I am confident you love enough to bear with it for once. I don't remember that I have been guilty of the like fault before since you went, and that is now three months, for which time of almost perpetual fear and trouble this is but a short account, and so I hope may pass; 'tis some ease to me to write my pain, and 'tis a

great satisfaction to believe you will pity me. . . . Now my letter is already so long, but 'tis as if I was bewitched to-night, I can't end for my life; but will force myself now, beseeching God to bless you and keep you from all dangers whatsoever, and send us a happy meeting again here upon earth, and at last a joyful and blessed one in heaven in His good time. Farewell. Do but continue to love me, and forgive the taking up so much of your time to your poor wife, who deserves more pity than ever any creature did, and who loves you a great deal too much for her own ease, though it cannot be more than you deserve" (Sept. 5).

After a few days' reflection William resolved to raise the siege of Limerick and cross over to England. The heavy rains had rendered his camp one vast swamp, his soldiers were sick and despondent, his ammunition and provisions had fallen short, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could draw his guns and carts through the mud. Under these circumstances he thought it wiser to defer the capture of the city to a more favourable opportunity. Besides, the letters of Mary now showed him the necessity of his immediate presence in London; the burden of government, said his consort, was greater than she could bear, the fiercest dissensions were constantly breaking out in the Council, the naval and military commanders each schemed against the other, the enemies of the King were taking advantage of his absence to open negotiations with St. Germains, and it was rumoured that several of his friends were following

their example—"things," wrote Mary, "are going worse and worse." To crush this disaffection, and once more to stand at the helm of government with his firm hand and keen sight, William hastened to Waterford and sailed for England. He landed at Bristol, September 6, and was met on the road by his anxious and devoted wife.

The inner life of a man is known but to few. William, as depicted in the pages of history—thanks to Burnet and Macaulay—is one of the most familiar of portraits. We know him as a bold and skilful soldier, the astutest of ministers of foreign affairs, slow to revenge, but seldom forgiving, hating speech and newly-made friends—a man keenly intellectual, hard, cold and repellent. Yet to have so absolutely possessed himself of the love and devotion of such a woman as his wife, our third William must have been endowed with qualities of which those who judge him by his conduct in the camp and the senate know nothing.

The original letters of Queen Mary are among the State Papers in the collection of our national archives. They were printed in the last century by Sir John Dalrymple, in his *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland.*

THE FLEET MARRIAGES.

AT the commencement of the eighteenth century a branch of industry peculiar to England, and, we might almost say, peculiar to London, drove a roaring trade--infamous, it was true, but active and lucrative. On the site of the eastern side of the present Farringdon Street stood, some two hundred years ago, the old Fleet Prison, with its recognised buildings and officials, whilst, clustering about it like an excrescence, were its various other buildings and officials, which, though not recognised, seem to have held their own, and in spite of censures, civil and ecclesiastical, to have exercised a sway which was practically undisputed. Beneath the iron grated windows of the prison rolled the unsavoury tide of the Fleet Ditch till it met the embrace of the Thames at Blackfriars, where it formed a wide but shallow mouth, called a *Fleet*. At one time the ditch, so railed at by the satirists of Queen Anne, was a river, and ships of considerable tonnage, it is said, were able to anchor where the Holborn Viaduct now stands.

The Fleet was a prison purely for debtors, and its governor, or warden, as he was then styled, made a considerable addition to his salary by affording better accommodation to such of his victims as could pay for it,

and whose instincts, social and moral, rebelled at the filth and degradation of the common side, the quarters of the poor debtors. In conjunction with the warden there was also another official, who made an excellent thing out of his appointment. In the prison was a chapel, where the chaplain, for a moderate fee, joined such couples together as wished to be married in secret, or who objected to the publicity of the parish church, or who had not the funds to be married elsewhere. These perquisites of the reverend gentleman soon excited the envy of his poorer but equally qualified brethren who were out of ecclesiastical work. It was in the days before clauses in Bankruptcy Acts came to the relief of the impecunious, and when imprisonment for debt was a real and unpleasant fact, as many an offender had found to his cost. In the Fleet and its boundaries—or "Rules," as they were called—were scores of parsons, whom vice and extravagance had brought within its walls, and who were at their wits' end to find shillings enough to pay for their dirty beds and meagre food. Why, they asked, should they not turn the channel of fees from the well-lined pockets of the chaplain into their own, to which coin had so long been a stranger?

At this time England, like all Protestant countries, was not bound by the teaching of the Council of Trent, which made it compulsory upon all who obeyed the Vatican to have marriage celebrated by a priest, and in presence of two witnesses. An Englishman at that

date, so long as he complied with the elastic terms of the common law of the land, could be married very much where, when, and how he pleased. He could be married in church with his friends and relatives around him, as at the present day, or he could mumble a few words promising to make a woman his wife in the back room of a tavern, with or without a priest, and the union was recognised by the law as perfectly legal. A fee had to be paid for the marriage certificate, an insertion entered in a register, a rule not always complied with, and the claims of justice and decency were satisfied. The Church, then as now, condemned such proceedings; but when the common law sanctioned them, ecclesiastical censures, especially by the class against whom they were directed, were laughed at and calmly ignored. Around London there existed a host of places where people could be joined together in holy matrimony with or without "benefit of clergy"; and though the ceremony might be deficient, the union was complete in substance and indissoluble. The terrible consequences of such a system, or rather lack of system, were conspicuous in every page of our social history. Young men in a drunken freak were linked for life to the scum of the streets; heiresses were spirited away and compelled to submit to a hateful union; men, owing to the facilities afforded to them, rushed into matrimony and repented at their leisure; so easy was the process, that no man about town, who had led in his hot early days the dissolute life of a Corinthian, ever

knew whether or not one of these hasty but legal weddings might in after years be sprung upon him. The atmosphere was redolent with seduction, desertion, and the vain efforts of unhappy bridegrooms to escape the toils their folly or carelessness had prepared for them.

Chief among the agents who carried on this nefarious trade stood, a good head and shoulders above the rest of the community, the Fleet parson. In vain he was censured by the warden, denounced by the bishop, and banned by church and chapel; he went through his ceremonies, entered the names in his registers, genuine or false, received the fees he bargained for, and thus found money to pay for his bed, his mutton, and his gin. Prevented from using the chapel in the Fleet, every tavern within the boundaries of the prison had a room fitted up as a chapel to accommodate this scoundrel priest, in which the marriage ceremony could be performed. As a rule, "those about to marry" preferred to be "tied up," as they expressed it, by a Fleet parson in bands and cassock to a layman; failing such a person, however, the services of the blacksmith or cobbler known to attend upon the shrine of Hymen were availed of. Hence, outside the taverns and lodging-houses which fringed the Fleet ditch were a tribe of disreputable men called plyers, who, whenever they saw a rustic with a wench, or a shame-faced couple on whose brows elopement was stamped, or a drunken sailor with his Molly, rushed forward like

foreign touts at a landing-stage, and advanced their rival claims.

> " Gaping crowds surround th' amorous pair,
> The busy plyers make a mighty stir,
> And whisp'ring cry, 'D'ye want the parson, sir?
> Pray step this way, just to the "Pen in Hand,"
> The Doctor's ready there, at your command.'
> 'This way' (another cries). 'Sir, I declare
> The true and ancient register is here.'
> The alarmed parsons quickly hear the din,
> And haste with soothing words t' invite 'em in.
> In this confusion, jostled to and fro,
> Th' enamoured couple know not where to go;
> Till, slow advancing from the coach's side,
> Th' experienced matron came (an artful guide)!
> She led the way without regarding either,
> And the first parson splic'd 'em both together."[1]

The income made by these dissolute divines was often no mean one. The fee for a marriage was, as a rule, a guinea, with five shillings for the certificate and half a crown each to the clerk and plyer. This sum, however, varied according to the notoriety and wants of the holy man who welded the bonds of wedlock. There were Fleet parsons who were glad to pick up half a crown, a roll of tobacco, or a dram of gin, for the performance of their professional duties; whilst there were others—the famous doctors "within the Rules"—to whom five pounds was a gratuity of frequent occurrence. The drunken sailor who had just been paid off, and whose blue trousers, as loose as his morals, were

[1] *Records of the Fleet.* By J. S. Burn. A work published half a century ago, and now out of print, to which I beg to acknowledge my obligations.

filled with guineas, was always generosity itself when he quitted the tavern parlour which had witnessed his union with the blushing bride, who was as well known in Wapping or Ratcliff Highway as was the Monument in Fish Street. "Here, mate, help yourself," was his usual remark, as he pulled out a handful of gold, and the irregular divine was not slow to avail himself of the offer. To the ancient dame who had run away with her young footman, to the needy man of fashion who had eloped with an heiress, to the couple who shunned banns and licences, and whose union once effected secured numerous advantages, the payment of a few pounds more or less was a matter of no moment. The three famous doctors—Gaynham, Ashwell, and Wigmore—who lodged within the Rules of the Fleet, made over seven hundred a year by their iniquitous proceedings. Excommunication, the penalties of certain Acts, the censure of the bishop, had no effect upon this infamous trio—they were privileged persons living in a privileged quarter, and the law, either civil or ecclesiastical, was powerless to touch them.

> "Long has old Gaynham with applause
> Obeyed his Master's cursed Laws,
> Readily practis'd every Vice,
> And equall'd e'en the Devil for device.
> His faithful Services such favour gain'd,
> That he first Bishop was of Hell ordain'd.
> Dan Wigmore rose next in Degree,
> And he obtained the Deanery.
> Ned Ashwell then came into grace,
> And he supplied th' Archdeacon's place.

> But as the Devil, when his ends
> Are served, he leaves his truest friends,
> So fared it with this wretched three,
> Who lost their Lives and Dignity."

The vocation of the Fleet parson—like the dog in the hymn "It was his nature to"—was to celebrate clandestine marriages, and, however irregular might be his proceedings, the knot tied by him was valid and binding. A few, however, of this class of clergy appear to have been not wholly insensible to the stings of conscience. "*Video meliora*," said one, when severely reprimanded by the Bishop of London, "*deteriora sequor*." Another wrote in his pocket-book, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. The marrying in the Fleet is the beginning of eternal woe." A third was anxious to quit the miserable business. "May God forgive me what is past," he sighs, "and give me grace to forsake such a wicked place, where truth and virtue cannot take place unless you are resolved to starve." It was his poverty and not his will that made him often consent. To the ordinary Fleet parson a wedding was his one only means of obtaining a livelihood. We know from Smollett that Peregrine Pickle became acquainted in the Fleet with a clergyman "who found means to enjoy a pretty considerable income by certain irregular practices in the way of his function." The practices were "irregular," and the places in which they were performed were styled "lawless," but unhappily, as the law then stood, all such unions were perfectly sound and indissoluble.

A walk along the Fleet, with its notorious taverns and lodging-houses, its hungry plyers, its crowd of bullies and stalwart viragos ready to rob, drug, marry, and, if compelled to it. even murder the victim who strayed within the boundaries of this Alsatia, was a pilgrimage fraught with no little danger to the unwary. A study of its registers, and of the paragraphs in the weekly newspapers of the time, plainly reveals to us the condition of things suffered to exist in a quarter which was within the very shadow of our great cathedral. "In walking along the street," writes Pennant in his *History of London*, "in my youth, on the side next to the Fleet prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?' Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with 'Marriages performed within' written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop, a squalid profligate figure clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco."

Here is a paragraph from the *Weekly Journal*, September 26, 1719: "One Mrs. Ann Legh, an heiress, having been decoyed away from her friends in Buckinghamshire and married in the Fleet against her consent, we hear the Lord Chief Justice Pratt hath issued out his warrant for apprehending the authors of this contrivance, who have used the young lady so barbarously that

she now lies speechless." Occasionally the Fleet parson appears in a more favourable light, and was employed for the redress of vicious acts. Thus we read in the *Post Boy,* June 18, 1730: "Yesterday a cooper in St. John Street was seized and carried before Justice Robe, being charged with violating a certain young woman. The man, considering the danger he was in, compounded the affair by sending for a clergyman from the Fleet, who married them at a tavern in Smithfield, to the great joy of all parties." Many of the tavern-keepers of the Fleet retained a parson on the premises at a regular wage of a pound a week; whilst other landlords, upon the arrival of a wedding party, sent for any clergyman they chose to employ, and divided the fee with him. Divines like Gaynham and Ashwell were of course not to be had on these terms.

Another extract from the *Post Boy* shows the extent to which compulsion was carried in bringing about one of these unholy but legitimate unions: "Margaret Prendergran and Mary Henson, two Irishwomen, were convicted at the Old Bailey sessions for aiding and assisting one Russell, an Irishman, in forcibly marrying a young gentlewoman, the marriage being performed by a Fleet parson." A letter inserted in the *Grub Street Journal,* January 15, 1735, exhibits, however, in more vivid colours and with greater detail the manners and customs at the Fleet and the vile conduct of its peculiar clergy. Indeed, from the ample evidence we have on the subject, the parsons of the Fleet, what with their feuds

among themselves, their maintenance of all that was base and detestable, the vicious tactics they adopted to evade discovery, their ignorance, inebriety, and lack of most of the requirements of civilisation, would have disgraced even the lowest of the set that Ireland has ever sent to represent her at Westminster. The "Grub Street" letter is long, but, as its contents will be novel to most readers, no apology is offered for its insertion:—

"Sir,—There is a very great evil in this town, and of dangerous consequence to our sex, that has never been suppressed, to the great prejudice and ruin of many hundreds of young people every year, which I beg some of your learned heads to consider of, and consult of proper ways and means to prevent for the future. I mean the ruinous marriages that are practised in the liberty of the Fleet, and thereabouts, by a set of drunken, swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, that wear black coats and pretend to be clerks and registers to the Fleet. These ministers of wickedness ply about Ludgate Hill, pulling and forcing people to some pedling alehouse or a brandy-shop to be married, even on a Sunday stopping them as they go to church and almost tearing their cloaths off their backs. To confirm the truth of these facts, I will give you a case or two which lately happened.

"Since Midsummer last a young lady of birth and fortune was deluded and forced from her friends, and by the assistance of a wry-necked, swearing parson married to an atheistical wretch, whose life is a continued practice of all manner of vice and debauchery. And since the ruin of my relation, another lady of my acquaintance had like to have been trepanned in the following manner. This lady had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the Old Playhouse in Drury Lane, but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach for the city. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it, and jumps in after her. 'Madam,' says he, 'this coach was called for me, and since the weather is so bad, and

there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company; I am going into the city, and will set you down wherever you please.' The lady begged to be excused, but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went, and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. Deluded with the assurance of having his sister's company, the poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow in a black coat and black wig appeared. 'Madam, you are come in good time, the Doctor was just a-going!' 'The Doctor,' says she, horribly frighted, fearing it was a madhouse; 'what has the Doctor to do with me?' 'To marry you to that gentleman; the Doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be paid by you or that gentleman before you go!' 'That gentleman,' says she, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine,' and begged hard to be gone. But Dr. Wryneck swore she should be married; or, if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage from that night. The lady finding she could not escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well, she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, 'which,' says she, 'was my mother's gift on her death-bed, injoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring.' By which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black Doctor and his tawny crew. Some time after this I went with this lady and her brother in a coach to Ludgate Hill in the daytime, to see the manner of their picking up people to be married. As soon as our coach stopt near Fleet Bridge, up comes one of the myrmidons. 'Madam,' says he, 'you want a parson!' 'Who are you?' says I. 'I am the clerk and register of the Fleet.' 'Show me the chapel.' At which comes a second, desiring me to go along with him. Says he, 'That fellow will carry you to a pedling alehouse.' Says a third, 'Go with me, he will carry you to a brandy-shop.' In the interim comes the Doctor. 'Madam,' says he, 'I'll do your job for you presently!' 'Well, gentlemen,' says I, 'since you can't agree, and I can't be married quietly, I'll put it off till another time;' so drove away. Learned Sirs, I wrote this in regard to the honour and safety of my

own sex; and if for our sakes you will be so good as to publish it, correcting the errors of a woman's pen, you will oblige our whole sex, and none more than, Sir,

Your constant reader and admirer,

VIRTUOUS."

The registers of the Fleet are, however, the mine to be worked by the antiquary or historian interested in this curious and not very flattering chapter of our past social life. Let us turn over their unsavoury leaves and make a few extracts from the more startling and characteristic entries. Our friend Wigmore appears to have been, if a licensed priest, at least an unlicensed publican, for we read under date May 26, 1738—

"Yesterday, Daniel Wigmore, one of the parsons noted for marrying people within the Rules of the Fleet, was convicted before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of selling spirituous liquors contrary to law."

Occasionally the Fleet parson was nothing more nor less than a common beggar.

"On Friday last [December 19, 1746] was brought before Sir Joseph Hankey, at Guildhall, a man in a clergyman's habit, for begging, which he made a common practice of: he was committed for further examination the next day, when it appeared he was a notorious idle fellow, and common cheat, having made use of that habit only to impose on the public; as also to perform the office of marrying several persons at the Fleet Prison; whereupon he was committed to Bridewell to hard labour."

Here is a precious revelation of infamy—

"On Tuesday, one Oates, a plyer for and clerk to weddings at the Bull and Garter, by the Fleet Gate, was bound over to appear at the next Session, for hiring one John Funnell, a poor boy (for half-a-guinea), that sells fruit on Fleet Bridge, to personate one John Todd, and to marry a woman in his name, which he accordingly did; and the better to accomplish this piece of villany, the said Oates provided a blind parson for that purpose."

In 1737 a Richard Weaver was indicted for bigamy, when the following evidence was given:—

Alice Allington. "On January 18, 1733-4, I was married to the prisoner at the Hand and Pen, in Fleet Lane, by the famous Doctor Gainham."

Prisoner. "I don't know that woman for my wife. I know nothing about the wedding. I was fuddled over night, and next morning I found myself abed with a strange woman,—'And who are you? how came you here?' says I,—'O my dear,' says she, 'we were marry'd last night at the Fleet.'"

A remarkable entry shows that women were accustomed to pay men to become their temporary husbands in order to plead coverture to any action for debt. In the July of 1728 we find Josiah Welsh, a cordwainer of St. Giles', Cambridge, marrying four women in fourteen months, each time, of course, changing his name! The entry then proceeds to add that there was paid to this precious individual "two and sixpence *for his*

trouble." Thus comments one Dr. Gally upon this custom: "It is well known to be a common practice at the Fleet, and that there are men provided there, who have, each of them, within the compass of a year, married several women for this wicked purpose." One further entry, and we close the list; it shows how bitter was the penalty men had to pay for entering unconsciously into these unions. On May 16, 1733, Sir John Leigh, of Addington, Surrey, was married to Elizabeth Vade, of Bromley, Kent. Listen how the union took place. Vade goes with Sir John to London to attend a christening. He makes his victim drunk, takes him in a hackney coach to a lodging already engaged for the purpose he has in view, then sends for a Fleet parson and marries Sir John, a man between fifty and sixty years of age, to his [Vade's] own daughter, "a girl about sixteen or seventeen years old, without any fortune, whom Sir John had scarce ever seen before." We read, "Sir John Leigh by this marriage was placed entirely under the influence of William Vade, the father of the bride, who obtained the control over his estates, and procured the execution of a will which was subsequently disputed in Chancery, and eventually the question was carried to the House of Lords." With what result we know not.

Though the Fleet was the most notorious spot in London where clandestine marriages were celebrated, it was not by any means the only place of resort patronised by the unconscious or secret votary of Hymen. In

addition to the Fleet, with its chapel and taverns, where weddings freely took place, there were the King's Bench Prison, the Mint, the Savoy, and the Chapel in Mayfair, presided over by the notorious Alexander Keith, who, according to Lord Orford, "constructed a very bishopric of revenue." It was at Mayfair Chapel that the Duke of Hamilton married the beautiful Miss Gunning "with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour past twelve at night." In the north and east of London there were also various haunts and chapels where similar marriages were suffered to be celebrated.

It was impossible that as civilisation progressed the scandals arising from these clandestine unions could be permitted to continue. Year after year the evil had been discussed in Parliament, but though reformers had brought in bills and amendments upon the subject, nothing was practically done to redress the grievances complained of until the eighteenth century had entered upon its fifth decade. Then, in the year of grace 1753, Lord Hardwicke introduced a measure enacting that any person solemnising matrimony in any other than a church or public chapel without banns or licence should, on conviction, be adjudged guilty of felony, and be transported for fourteen years; also, that all such marriages should be void. Strange to say, this reform bill encountered considerable hostility; it was an attempt to interfere with the liberty of the subject, and of the two evils people preferred to be immoral than to be enslaved. Fox—whose own father had been married in the chapel of

the Fleet—loudly declaimed against the measure, and was the hero of the hour with the mob, who cheered his name to the echo.

"It is well you are married," writes Horace Walpole to Seymour Conway, who had married the widow of Lord Ailesbury. "How would my Lady Ailesbury have liked to be asked in a parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn her weeds for ever rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony! What do *you* think? But you will want to know the interpretation of this preamble. Why, there is a new Bill, which, under the notion of preventing clandestine marriages, has made such a general rummage and reform in the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe, every Dowager and her H * * *, will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented this Bill, but had drawn it so ill that the Chancellor was forced to draw a new one, and then grew so fond of his own creature that he has crammed it down the throats of both Houses, though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it. The Duke of Bedford attacked it first with great spirit and mastery, but had little support, though the Duke of Newcastle did not vote."

In spite, however, of all opposition and the sarcasm of the wits, the Marriage Act passed through both Houses, and was enrolled on the Statute Book; it was to take effect from March 25, 1754. The Fleet parsons

were in a towering rage at this interference with their vested interests, and with that most sensitive portion of the human frame—the trousers pocket. Henceforth there was to be a long farewell to fees, plyers, gin, and tobacco. "Damn the Bishops!" said the pious Dr. Keith of Mayfair; "so they will hinder my marrying, will they! Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged; I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and, begad, *I'll under-bury them all!*" The *Connoisseur*, a sarcastic weekly paper of the time, knowing how sore Keith was on the subject, and how severely the Act would cripple his resources, took the matter up, and inserted a few kindly remarks purporting to come from the divine himself. "I received," it writes, "a scheme from my good friend Dr. Keith, whose chapel the late Marriage Act has rendered useless on its original principles. The rev. gentleman, seeing that all husbands and wives are henceforward to be put up on sale, purposes shortly to open his chapel on a more new and fashionable plan. As the ingenious Messrs. Henson and Bever have lately opened in different quarters of the town repositories for all horses to be sold by auction, Dr. Keith intends setting up a repository for all young males and females to be disposed of in marriage. From these studs (as the Doctor himself expresses it) a lady of beauty may be coupled to a man of fortune, and an old gentleman who has a colt's tooth remaining may match himself with a tight young filly. The Doctor makes no doubt but his chapel will turn out even more to his advantage

on this new plan than on its first institution, provided he can secure his scheme to himself, and reap the benefits of it without interlopers from the *Fleet*. To prevent his design being pirated, he intends petitioning the Parliament that, as he has been so great a sufferer by the Marriage Act, the sole right of opening a repository of this sort may be vested in him, and that his place of residence in Mayfair may still continue the grand mart for marriages.

"Catalogue of Males and Females to be disposed of in Marriage to the best bidder, at Dr. Keith's Repository in Mayfair.

"A young lady of £100,000 fortune—to be bid for by none under the degree of peers, or a commoner of at least treble the income.

"A homely thing who can read, write, cast accounts, and make an excellent pudding. This lot to be bid for by none but country parsons.

"A very pretty young woman, but a good deal in debt; would be glad to marry a member of Parliament or a Jew.

"A blood of the first-rate, very wild, and has run loose all his life, but is now broke, and will prove very tractable.

"Five Templars—all Irish. No one to bid for these lots of less than £10,000 fortune.

"Wanted, four dozen of young fellows, and one dozen of young women willing to marry to advantage—to go to Nova Scotia."

The chaplain of Mayfair regarded himself as the special and most injured victim of this measure, and published a pamphlet, which had an enormous circulation, entitled, "Observations on the Act for Clandestine Marriages." A few of his remarks may be taken out of oblivion. "Happy is the wooing," he writes, "that is not long a-doing; is an old proverb and a very true one, but we shall have no occasion for it after the 25th day of March next, when we are commanded to read it backwards, and from that period (fatal indeed to old England!) we must date the declensions of the numbers of the inhabitants of England. . . . As I have married many thousands, and consequently have on those occasions seen the humour of the lower class of people, I have often asked the married pair how long they had been acquainted; they would reply, some more, some less, but the generality did not exceed the acquaintance of a week, some only of a day, half a day, etc. . . . Another inconveniency which will arise from this Act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great, that few of the lower class of people can afford; for I have often heard a Flete-parson say, that many have come to be married when they have had but half a crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their cloaths. . . . I remember once on a time, I was at a public house at Radcliff, which then was full of sailors and their girls, there was fiddling, piping, jigging and eating; at length one of the tars starts up, and says

'D——n ye, Jack, I'll be married just now; I will have my partner.' The joke took, and in less than two hours ten couple set out for the Flete. I staid their return. They returned in coaches; five women in each coach; the tars, some running before, others riding on the coach-box, and others behind. The cavalcade being over, the couples went up into an upper room, where they concluded the evening with great jollity. The next time I went that way, I called on my landlord and asked him concerning this marriage adventure: he at first stared at me, but recollecting, he said those things were so frequent, that he hardly took any notice of them; for, added he, it is a common thing when a fleet comes in to have two or three hundred marriages in a week's time among the sailors."

As is always the case, the interval between when a Bill is passed and when it becomes law was fully availed of in taking every advantage to commit the offences the measure was to prevent. Never was marrying and giving in marriage doing such a brisk trade in the Fleet and at Mayfair Chapel as during the months which preceded the coming into operation of the Hardwicke Act. On the 24th of March no less than two hundred and seventeen marriages took place between eleven and six in the Fleet. It was the last day for the celebration of the Fleet weddings. Whilst Lord Hardwicke's Bill was under discussion, the *Grub Street Journal* humorously suggested the following amendments :—

"When two young thoughtless fools, having no visible way to maintain themselves, nor anything to begin the world with, resolve to marry and be miserable: let it be deemed *petty larceny.*

"If a younger brother marries an old woman purely for the sake of a maintenance: let it be called *self-preservation.*

"When a rich old fellow marries a young wench in her full bloom, it shall be *death without benefit of clergy.*

"When two old creatures that can hardly hear one another speak, and cannot propose the least comfort to themselves in the thing, yet marry together to be miserable, they shall be deemed *non compos,* and sent to a mad-house.

"When a lady marries her servant, or a gentleman his cook-maid (especially if there are children by a former marriage), they both shall be *transported for fourteen years.*

"When a man has had one bad wife and buried her, and yet will marry a second, it shall be deemed *felo de se,* and he shall be buried in the highway accordingly.

"And when a man or woman marries to the disinheriting of their children, let them suffer as in cases of *High Treason.*"

For several years after the passing of this Act a method was, however, found to evade its enactments. We read that at Southampton vessels "were always ready to carry on the trade of smuggling weddings, which, for the price of five guineas, transport contraband

goods into the land of matrimony." And who has not heard of the last of the species of Fleet parson, he who solemnised clandestine weddings at Gretna Green?

As we wander through the echoing halls of history, and study the votive tablets hung upon its walls, in grateful recognition for such reforms as have been inspired by religion, prompted by education, or demanded by civilisation, in very truth among the most conspicuous of them should be the offering which commemorates the abolition of the Fleet marriages.

OUR ARCHIVES.

"I have heard one of the greatest geniuses [Dr. Atterbury] this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that, notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil and Cicero."[1]

WITHIN the latter half of this century the history of England is being gradually rewritten. The period of the Norman Conquest has been presented to us in an entirely new light by Dr. E. A. Freeman. Mrs. Green has recently given us the reign of Henry the Second. The late Mr. William Longman wrote a careful and accurate biography of our third Edward. The reign of Richard the Third has engaged the attention of Mr. James Gairdner, editor of the *State Papers of Henry the Eighth.* The History of Mr. Froude is too well known to need more than a passing allusion. The reigns of James the First and of his son are being dealt with by Mr. Rawson Gardiner. The labours of Lord Macaulay have filled up the interval, bringing down our history to the death of William the Third. The

[1] Addison, *Spectator*, No. 447.

continuation of the nation's story by the late Earl Stanhope is, if not a pleasure to peruse, most valuable as a work of reference. Only the reigns of the Georges have yet to be written.

One of the chief reasons which has led to this special and critical examination of the different periods in our history is undoubtedly due to the facilities afforded to men of letters by the late Lord Romilly when Master of the Rolls and considerately continued by his successors, in consulting without fee or restriction the original authorities among our public muniments. When men were permitted access to the very documents themselves which recorded the acts and events about to be described by the historian, it was evident that the reign of references at second-hand was at an end. What writer, who had really the interests of historical truth at heart, would content himself, as he proceeded with his narrative, with the loose statements of mediæval partisans; with chronicles—such as that of Croyland—which have been proved to be forgeries; with the works of hasty and ignorant compilers, full of inaccuracies which generation after generation had faithfully reproduced, when he could examine for himself original grants and charters upon the Close and Patent Rolls, the curious and interesting judicial proceedings on the Plea Rolls, which throw such light upon the social history of our country; the quaint financial matters in the Pipe Rolls, the merits and abuses of the religious houses in the Augmentation

Records, or the very letters themselves from kings and statesmen among our splendid collection of State Papers? No need henceforth for the historian to drink from turbid tributary streams, when the waters from the fountainhead, fresh and pure, freely offered themselves. To perceive how the graceful privilege, accorded by successive Masters of the Rolls, has been fully availed of, we have but to compare the fashion in which history was written in the past with the new departure upon which it has recently entered. Instead of the dry record of dates and deeds and measures, which was formerly the fashion, we have now history presented to us with a breadth of philosophy, an amplitude of detail and a vivifying effect, which only recourse to contemporary authorities could stimulate and produce.

The story of the custody of our archives, until within quite recent years, is a strange illustration of gross neglect and barren interference. Something was always about to be done, and yet nothing was ever actually done. Antiquaries agitated, members spouted, committees sat, but though the mountain appeared always in travail, not even the most ridiculous of mice came forth. Let us proceed to substantiate this assertion. During the first few reigns after the establishment of the Norman Conquest, our legal records, as they began gradually to accumulate, were kept in the palace of the sovereign; but, as soon as the law-courts became stationary, instead of following the king from place to

place, all documents remained in the possession of their respective courts, and treasurers were specially appointed to receive them. Thus the records of the courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas were originally intrusted to the custody of the Treasurer of the Exchequer, but as their rolls increased in size and importance it became necessary to have them housed in safer and more extensive quarters. Accordingly they were removed to the Palace of Westminster, to the old Chapter House, and to the cloister of the Abbey of Westminster; eventually these places of deposit merged into the Chapter House, Poet's Corner, Westminster, which for many years was known as the Chapter House repository. Upon the separation of the Court of Chancery from the Court of Exchequer, at the close, it is said, of the reign of Richard the First, the wardrobe in the Tower of London was used as the special storehouse of the Chancery Records, thus laying the foundation of the Record Office in the Tower. It was the custom of the Masters of the Rolls, between the reigns of Edward the Second and Edward the Fourth, to keep all Chancery Records in their dwelling-house, and only to send to the Tower such rolls and bundles as had accumulated; but, after the reign of our fourth Edward, the Chancery Records were lodged in what is now known as the Chapel of the Rolls, but which was then the *Domus Conversorum Judæorum*, or House for Converted Jews and Infidels, which had been annexed to the office of the Master of the Rolls in the reign of

Edward the Third. Afterwards, an office was attached to this chapel, and thus arose the Record Office known as the Rolls' Chapel Office.

For centuries these three places of deposit—the Chapter House, the Tower of London, and the Rolls—constituted the chief, though not the only, repositories for our public records. There they were hidden rather than lodged, and scant heed taken for their preservation. Occasionally a royal order was issued to investigate into the condition of our archives, but wars or rumours of wars arose, then interest in the matter died out and the inquiry was shelved. We read of Edward the Second in 1320 directing a writ of privy seal to the Treasurer and Barons of the Exchequer "to employ proper persons to superintend, methodise, and digest all the rolls and other writings then remaining in the Treasuries of the Exchequer and in the Tower of London"; his Majesty declaring that the archives had not been disposed of in such manner as they ought to have been for the public service. But the opposition of Lancaster and the great barons to the favourite of the hour soon caused all anxiety as to the welfare of rolls and parchments to drop out of consideration, and little attention was paid to the mandate. Again, during the reigns of Edward the Third, our second Richard, and Henry the Sixth, various commands were given at different times to bring certain records belonging to the Courts of Chancery and Common Pleas, then stored up in private houses, to be incorporated with the collection in the Tower.

These removals were, however, very carelessly effected, for in the reign of Edward the Sixth many documents were discovered in an old house in the Tower, their existence being totally unknown until search was made for a convenient place to deposit gunpowder. So long had they remained propped up against the walls that much of the parchment was eaten away by the lime. Shortly after the accession of great and glorious Queen Bess, it appeared as if compensation was at last to be obtained for past neglect. Her Majesty, being informed of the confused and perilous state of the records of Parliament and Chancery, gave orders for rooms to be prepared in the Tower to receive them, as "it was not meet that the records of her chancery, which were accounted as a principal member of the treasure belonging to herself and to her crown and realm, should remain in private houses and places." This command, however, fared no better than its predecessors; it was never executed, and the records continued to remain in the Rolls Chapel. On the defeat of the Scots in their own country by Cromwell, the records of Scotland were seized and sent to the Tower, where they remained till the Restoration, at which date they were sent back again to Scotland by sea; but the ship was unfortunately wrecked, and all the documents lost. At the accession of the Merry Monarch, William Prynne, now converted into a good royalist, was appointed keeper of the records in the Tower, and forthwith resolutely began to undertake his new duties.

"No sooner," he writes to the King, "received I your royal patent for the custody of your ancient records in your Tower of London, even in the middest of my parliamentary and disbanding services, then monopolising all my time, but I designed, endeavoured the rescue of the greatest part of them from that desolation, corruption, confusion, in which (through the negligence, nescience, or slothfulness of their former keepers) they had for many years bypast layen buried together in one confused chaos under corroding, putrefying cobwebs, dust, filth, in the dark corner of Cæsar's Chapel in the White Tower, as mere useless reliques not worthy to be calendared or brought down thence into the office among other records of use. In order thereunto I employed some soldiers and women to remove and cleanse them from their filthiness, who, soon growing weary of this noisome work, left them almost as foul, dusty, and nasty as they found them. Whereupon, immediately after the parliament's adjournments, I and my clerk spent many whole days in cleansing and sorting them into distinct confused heaps, in order to their future reducement into method; the old clerks of the office being unwilling to touch them for fear of fouling their fingers, spoiling their cloathes, endangering their eyesight and healths by their cankerous dust and evil scent. In raking up this dung-heap (according to my expectation), I found many rare, ancient, precious pearls and golden records. But," he sighs, "all which will require Briareus his hundred hands, Argus his hundred

eyes, and Nestor's centuries of years to marshal them into distinct files, and make exact alphabetical tables of the several things, names, places comprised in them, wherein most treasuries of records are very defective." Whatever was the nature of Prynne's labours, the result was not particularly satisfactory, for in the next reign we find a complaint laid at the foot of the throne that the records were still in "great disorder and confusion."

It would be wearisome to enter into details with regard to the measures promised, then abandoned, as to the better custody of our archives. Suffice it to say that, though throughout the eighteenth century committees sat "to consider the method of keeping records in offices," it was not until the year 1800 that a complete and satisfactory investigation of our national muniments was entered into. Of the Record Report of 1800 it is impossible to speak in too high terms, since it is the most important volume on the archives of this country that has ever appeared, and the foundation of all similar labours. Reform, until a final scheme is adopted, is always tentative in its efforts. One of the results of the drawing up of this Report was the institution of commissioners, being "distinguished privy councillors and officers of state," with a competent staff, to "methodise, regulate, and digest the records"; but after some thirty years' experience, the conclusion was arrived at by a select committee of the House of Commons, appointed to consider the matter, that Record

Commissions were not the best means that could be devised for the supervision of our archives. Accordingly, after much correspondence, the Public Records Act was passed in 1837, which placed the records in the custody and under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls for the time being, and directed the Treasury forthwith to provide a suitable building. Fulfilment however, does not always follow upon suggestion. The Treasury was of opinion that as the records had been so long in obtaining desirable quarters, there was no particular hurry in the matter, and that our archives might as well wait a little longer. Years passed, and still the plan for a "suitable building" had never been placed in the hands of either the architect or the contractor. It was, however, not a question about which the country was keenly anxious—vermin then among the stores in the dockyards interested her far more. It is true that the then superintendent of the London Fire Brigade had reported that our archives at that date were under risks to which "no merchant of ordinary prudence would subject his books of account," but still the public was supremely indifferent. Nothing creates apathy like ignorance. Not one Englishman out of a thousand then knew that his country possessed stores of public records (to quote the words of Bishop Nicolson) "justly reckoned to excel in age, beauty, correctness, and authority whatever the choicest archives abroad can boast of the like sort." And so until the suitable building was to be provided, everybody seemed quite

content that the archives should remain as they were.

Yet their condition was critical. In the Tower of London were housed the early Chancery Records—the priceless Close Rolls, Patent Rolls, Parliamentary Rolls, Charter Rolls, and the rest—with the Admiralty Records. One portion was stored in the Wakefield Tower "contiguous to a steam-engine in daily operation"; another portion was packed up in the cramped keep called the White Tower; whilst the Admiralty documents crowded from floor to roof Cæsar's Chapel. In the basement of the White Tower were deposited tons of gunpowder sufficient to destroy all Tower Hill, and change even the course of the Thames had an explosion occurred. The insurance of such a building with such stores "would not be taken by any insurance office for less than 5*s.* per cent., the ordinary risk being only 1*s.* 6*d.* per cent." The records of the Queen's Remembrancer were piled up in sheds in the King's Mews, Charing Cross. The result of such accommodation was a foregone conclusion. "There were numerous fragments," writes the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon these documents, "which had only just escaped entire consumption by vermin, and many were in the last stage of putrefaction. Decay and damp had rendered a large quantity so fragile as hardly to admit of being touched; others, particularly those in the form of rolls, were so coagulated together that they could not be uncoiled. Six or seven perfect

skeletons of rats were found embedded, and bones of these vermin were generally distributed throughout the mass; and besides furnishing a charnel-house for the dead, during the first removal of these national records a dog was employed in hunting the live rats which were thus disturbed from their nests."

When it became necessary to pull down these sheds for the erection of that triumph of London architecture, the National Gallery, these records were removed—*dii immortales!*—to the stables of Carlton House, a huge barn which "could be burnt down in twenty minutes if it caught fire." Into this "suitable building" were pitched our splendid collection of Fines, the great Rolls of the Pipe, now the favourite idol of the antiquary, the ledger books of the national expenditure, unrivalled even for their very physical magnificence, and complete as a series since the days of Henry II., and other documents of an almost equally valuable nature. In the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, behind which were a brew-house and wash-house reported as "dangerous, and endangering the safety of the Chapter House by fire," were preserved, among other national muniments, the venerable Domesday Book, the most priceless record perhaps in the world, the treaty of the Cloth of Gold, illuminated with the portrait of Francis I., and adorned by the gold seal chased by Benvenuto Cellini himself, the very chirograph between Henry I. and Robert, Earl of Flanders, the most ancient of our diplomatic documents, the privilege of Pope Adrian to

Henry II. to conquer Ireland, and the treaties with Robert Bruce. Other records were in Chancery Lane —some in the Rolls House, some in a shed in the Rolls Garden, and some in the pews and behind the Communion Table in the Rolls Chapel, "a place heated by hot-air flues." The documents known as the King's Silver Books found quarters in the Temple, and were greatly damaged by fire in 1838. Again, various Court Rolls of manors were kept in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, and many perished in the fire which broke out there in 1849.

But at last it was resolved that this scandalous state of things should not continue. A suitable building had been recommended, and Lord Langdale, who as Master of the Rolls was now invested with the custody of the public records, determined that the suggestion should be carried out. His Lordship wrote to Lord John Russell, then Home Secretary; he proposed the erection of one general repository as the storehouse for the records; he instanced the excellent state of the Scotch Records as a proof of the advantage of having the archives of a country placed under one custody and in one central building; he was fearful of fire, and begged that the matter should be settled at once. The Treasury demurred. It did not want to spend the money, and was full of excuses; first it recommended the attics of the new Houses of Parliament, and, when that magnificent offer was rejected, the Victoria Tower. The Master of the Rolls was, however, not to be turned

from his purpose. He would have a suitable building and nothing else, and so bid farewell for ever to sheds and stables, roofs and cellars. To make a long story short, Lord Langdale carried the day. In 1851 the first stone of the present general record repository was laid in the grounds of the Rolls Estate; eight years later the building was completed, and the public records removed from their ignominious dens to their new quarters. Here, carefully classed and reported upon by trained archivists, cleansed and repaired by skilled workmen, protected from fire and the ravages of vermin by all the appliances that slate and iron can suggest, our national archives have at last obtained a well-ordered and practically arranged asylum—the admiration of the intelligent foreigner, a favourite haunt of men of letters, and the shrine of the antiquary.

One of the first questions asked by the utilitarian who has been made aware of our national collection is, After all, what is the use of these miles and miles of parchment? The answer that can be returned is that, save to him whose one object in life is the lofty and inspiring aim of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, there are few to whom our archives cannot appeal. For the statesman, the politician and the judge, anxious as to precedents to illumine the future by the light of the past, there are the Close Rolls, which run from John to the present day, and which record entries touching the privileges of peers and commoners, the measures employed for

the raising of armies and the equipment of fleets, the taxation of the land, the summoning of parliament—in fact all that concerns the naval and military, the civil and ecclesiastical, the legal and diplomatic affairs of the kingdom; the Patent Rolls, which also run from John to the present time, and which illustrate every subject connected with the history and government of our country; the Rolls of Parliament, beginning with Edward I., and which record the various transactions that took place from the opening to the close of each parliament; the Pipe Rolls, which run from Henry II. to the present day, and which touch upon everything which in former times went to swell the revenues of the Crown; the Coronation Rolls, the Fine Rolls, the Judgment Rolls, and numerous other classes of documents replete with information not to be found elsewhere.

For the lawyer and the claimant to property there are the extensive series of documents of the Courts of Chancery, Exchequer, and King's Bench, all of which are now classified and arranged, and as easily to be obtained as a book out of a library. For the clergyman interested in ecclesiastical matters there are the Charter Rolls, which run from John to Henry VIII., and which consist of privileges to religious houses; the Cartæ Antiquæ, which contain the foundation charters of abbeys; the valuable collection of Ministers' Accounts of the issues and profits of monastic lands in the hands of the Crown, the Visitations of Religious Houses, the Wolsey Books, the Taxation Rolls, and the

rest of the unique and interesting parchments of the Augmentation Office. The soldier interested in the history of his regiment, or the sailor hunting up facts as to the navy of the past, can delve to his heart's content amid the hidden treasures of the War Office and Admiralty records. For the professional genealogist and the country gentleman amusing himself with ferreting out his pedigree, there are, in addition to the rolls already mentioned, that mine of wealth upon the subject, the Inquisitions Post Mortem, taken on the death of every tenant of the Crown, and the valuable collection of Feet of Fines. For the foreigner there are the series of Gascon, French and Norman Rolls, which contain special information relating to transactions in France whilst the English held part of that country.

The antiquary pure and simple can, if his days be long enough, examine every ancient document in the place, and he may rest assured that nothing upon which he touches but will adorn the subject in which he is for the moment interested—the Oblata Rolls, full of entries of gifts to the sovereign from every great man who wished for the royal protection or toadied for the royal favour; the Originalia Rolls, which throw such light upon the manners and customs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; the collection in the Exchequer which records the history of Knights' service; the documents of obsolete courts such as the Star Chamber, the Court of Requests, the Court of Chivalry and the like, which would require the im-

mortality of a Tithonus for any one man even to copy out the endorsements. But it is of course to the historian or man of letters, absorbed in one period or by one special subject, that the papers and parchments preserved in this splendid storehouse more directly appeal. Here the extent of his range is practically unlimited—provided he can decipher the old handwritings and is acquainted with Norman-French and a Latin which would have given Cicero the jaundice. No matter what be the reign or his proposed treatment of the subject, everything here the historian studies will bring grist to the mill and the produce turned out be of so fresh and special a character as to appear a new revelation. Thanks to the consideration of the late Lord Romilly and his successors, the man of letters can sit in the spacious, well-lighted room, especially devoted to literary research, and call for roll after roll, at his own sweet will, peruse it, copy from it, spend years over it, without being put to the cost of a single farthing. All fees for the examination of records, provided the purpose be literary, have been abolished. Nor are parchment documents alone freely placed at the reader's disposal. The magnificent collection of State Papers, now gradually being edited by the officials of the department, and which date from the reign of Henry VIII., are also at the student's service, a permission which has been, and still is, fully availed of.

The history of the custody of the State Papers is but

a repetition of that already related of the Public Records. At first no special place appears to have been assigned for the preservation of these papers; they were looked upon as the property of the Secretary of State for the time being, who did very much what he liked with them, often taking them to his private house on his resignation of the seals, and destroying the more compromising—hence the private collections found and reported upon by the Historical Commission. "It will be readily conceived," says the writer of the preface to the State Papers, "how rapidly the mass of correspondence must have accumulated in the office of the Secretary of State after the revival of letters in the sixteenth century; yet no provision was for some time made for its being received into any certain depository. Each succeeding Secretary had it in his own custody; the apartments provided for him were extremely confined, and the future destination of his official papers depended in great measure upon accident, upon the care or negligence of the individual, or his clerks, and, above all, upon the good or evil fate which awaited the Secretary when he resigned the seal."

As a matter of fact it was not until the year 1578 that the State Paper Office, or, as it was originally called, the "Office of Her Majesty's Papers and Records for Business of State and Council," became established. The accommodation accorded to the documents was, however, of a varying and limited character. During the reign of Elizabeth the papers were simply

thrown pell-mell into chests, but under James I. they were arranged into some form of order, and the larder of the Privy Seal at first assigned for their reception. A few years later the tower over the gateway of Whitehall Palace, consisting of "two rooms, three closets, and three turrets," was fitted up as a repository for the State Papers. On the outbreak of the fire of 1619, which destroyed much of the palace, the tower fortunately escaped the flames. "But though Wilson, the first Keeper of the State Papers, boasted that the archives under his care had not on this occasion sustained so much hurt as the loss of a blank paper, Raymond, his successor, complained that they were thrown into great disorder by having been hastily and confusedly cast into blankets, the better to preserve them from fire." For many years these precious letters of our sovereigns and statesmen were treated with the grossest neglect, ill arranged, subject to constant embezzlement, and liable to all the evils of deficient accommodation. At last the conscience of the authorities seemed pricked. Early in the eighteenth century a committee was appointed by the House of Lords to inquire into the method of keeping records and public papers. It was then discovered that since 1670 but few papers had been returned to the State Paper Department; that even those which had been returned were very imperfect; that the space allotted to the documents was insufficient, and that the keeping of the papers in bundles was inconvenient. As the result of

this investigation the committee recommended that the office should be enlarged, the papers sorted and indexed, and that instead of being tied up in bundles they should be bound in volumes.

Application was now made to Sir Christopher Wren, and it was determined that the upper floor of the Lord Chamberlain's lodgings should be arranged as a State Paper Office. Here the papers remained, suffering greatly "from vermin and wet," until 1750, when, owing to building operations, they were transferred to an old house in Scotland Yard, "where they remained and sustained still further injury from wet till 1819," when again, owing to building improvements, they migrated to another old house in Great George Street, Westminster. Finally, in 1828 a plan was approved of, and a vote passed, for the erection of a new fire-proof building in St. James's Park for the reception of the State Papers. The building was completed in 1833, and shortly afterwards the documents were lodged within its admirably-arranged compartments. Last scene of all in this eventful history, a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1848 recommended that the State Paper Office should be amalgamated with the Record Office. Accordingly, on the death of Mr. Hobhouse, the last Keeper, in 1854, the State Papers were removed from their sunny quarters in the Park, so temptingly near the clubs for lunch, and transferred to the gloomy precincts of Fetter Lane. As a curious coincidence, the last junior clerk appointed

to the State Paper Office was a lineal descendant of the first keeper of the Papers appointed by Queen Elizabeth.

It can easily be imagined that the State Papers, like their companions in misfortune the Public Records, have suffered no slight injury from their frequent removals and the neglect to which they were formerly exposed. Keeper after Keeper appears to have done his best to preserve and arrange the documents in his custody, but the difficulties he had to contend with were incessant. According to the oath taken by the "Clerk, Keeper, and Registrar of His Majesty's Papers," it was his duty to preserve all the documents intrusted to his charge from harm and damage; "not to suffer any to be purloined, embezzled, or defaced; to keep secret such things therein contained as shall be fit for His Majesty's service; and to do his best to recover such papers as may have been detained or embezzled by private persons." Still, in spite of the clauses of this oath—what with the refusal of Secretaries of State to return their official papers on resignation of the seals, the despatch of documents to different ambassadors, and the lending of volumes which were never returned—the list of lost, stolen, and strayed from our national collection is somewhat a heavy one. Glance at the casualties. During the reign of Henry VIII. many of the king's papers were embezzled by Lords St. Albans and Cherbury, in whose custody they were placed. In the reign of Elizabeth most of the private business

papers of the queen, especially her letters on matters of secret importance, came into the hands of the Earl of Leicester, and finally into the possession of his secretary and his descendants; and we are told, "though they were ultimately recovered, a great part had perished by time and the distraction of the wars, etc.; being left in England during the rebellion, many had been abused to the meanest purposes." In the reign of James I., when Sir Thomas Lake was deprived of his office of Secretary of State, it was found that many most important papers were wanting. In spite of all the complaints and appeals of the then Keeper of the State Papers, Mr. Secretary Winwood refused to part with the documents in his possession. Several books of Ireland were sent to Lord Carew, which he failed to return; and the same fate befell the State Papers sent to Lord Middlesex, Sir Robert Cotton, and others. During the Civil War the papers of the king, from the time he was in the north until the surrender of Oxford, were designedly burnt; "whilst a fair cabinet of the king's, full of papers of a very secret nature, which had been left by the king upon his retirement to the Scots, amongst which were thought to be all the queen's letters to the king and 'things of very mysterious nature,' was also destroyed."

At the time of the Commonwealth, Bradshaw, in his capacity of President of the Council, managed to obtain possession of "divers books, treaties, papers, and records of State," several of which, in spite of all the efforts of

Charles II., were not regained. Indeed, so carelessly did ministers watch their documents, that a treaty completed with Holland in 1654 was bought at an auction, and the original treaty with Portugal in the same year was picked up from a stall in the street; happily, both these State Papers were restored to the office. At the Restoration "all the papers of State during the time of the Usurpation remained in Thurloe's hands, and Sir Samuel Morland advised a great minister to have them seized, being then privately buried in four great deal chests; but, 'for reasons left to be judged,' that minister delayed to order it, and Thurloe had time to burn them 'that would have hanged a great many,' and 'he certainly did burn them, except some principal ones culled out by himself.'" During the reign of Charles II. various papers were sent out of the country to The Hague and Sweden for the convenience of the ambassadors, many of which were never returned. We read that the last warrant issued for the seizure of stolen documents from the State Paper Office was in 1755, when it was discovered that one Nathan Carrington, a King's Messenger, had made himself master of "twenty-two bags of ancient writings and records belonging to His Majesty, concealed in the house of the late John Austis, garter-king-at-arms, at Mortlake in Surrey." Thanks, however, to the zeal and diligence of Sir Robert Cotton in the reign of James I. and of Sir Joseph Williamson in the reign of Charles II., many of the scattered papers have been found. The collec-

tions of Sir Robert Cotton are preserved in the British Museum, whilst those of Sir Joseph Williamson have been returned to their old quarters in the State Paper Office.

It is curious to compare the strictness which formerly existed as to the inspection of these State documents with the freedom now accorded. At the present day any respectable person can turn from the busy hum of Fleet Street into the cloistered quiet of the Record Office and ask for and peruse any State Paper of the past, no matter how important is the information it contains, or how valuable be the signature attached to it. Yet within the memory of men now but little over middle age a very different state of things existed. In former times the State Papers were invariably looked upon, as we have said, by the different Secretaries of State as their own peculiar property, hence their contents were regarded as strictly private and confidential. The Keeper was bound by oath "to let no man see anything in the office of His Majesty's papers without a warrant from the king," excepting always "what is wanted by the Secretaries of State, Privy Councillors, and other officers of His Majesty's Government; in all matters required by ambassadors he is to receive a warrant from the Lord Chamberlain; in all things where secrecy is necessary he must have the king's warrant." The Keeper was also "tied by a strict oath, and by His Majesty's commands, to deliver nothing out of the office unless to the lords and others of His Majesty's

Council." Throughout the whole history of the State Paper Office the Keeper never had power to grant on his own authority permission to consult the State Papers; such permission could only be accorded by the Secretary of State, to whose department the papers belonged—a rule still in force for the examination of papers after a certain date. In fact, so jealously was this library of MSS. guarded in the olden days, that it was impossible for any but the most favoured to have access to the documents. Among the privileged persons we find that in 1760 Evelyn was lent several volumes of documents which related to Holland, and that in the same year certain officers of the East India Company were allowed to consult the books and journals relating to the trade with China, Japan, and India. In 1679 Dr. Gilbert Burnet was permitted by warrant "from time to time to have the sight and use of such papers and books as he shall think may give him information and help in finishing his history of the Reformation of the Church of England"; and in the same year Prince Rupert made a personal request to the king in favour of Roger Le Strange, who was writing a history of the civil wars of England, and desired to search the Paper Office. The request was granted. In the reign of Queen Anne, Collier was permitted to inspect the documents for his *English Ecclesiastical History*; Strype at a later period, Chalmers and Bruce and various other writers of note, were also allowed to consult the papers by special permission. As a proof

of the severity with which these documents were guarded, we read that, as late as 1775, Lord North, then Prime Minister, begged "the king's approval to have free access to all correspondence in the Paper Office"; and that as late as 1780 it was necessary for the Ordnance Office to have the Secretary of State's permission "to search the Paper Office for any documents that regard their department." Thanks to the consideration of the late Lord Romilly, all such restrictions, as we have already said, have been removed, and ther is now no more difficulty in obtaining access to the despatches of Cardinal Wolsey, the letters of Mary Queen of Scots, the Gunpowder Plot papers, and the rest of the documents relating to our past history, than there is in entering the library of the British Museum and writing out a ticket for a book. For this graceful emancipation from former restrictions men of letters owe a debt of gratitude to the late Master of the Rolls and his successors in office which should never be forgotten.

It is pleasant in these days of Civil Service Inquiry, when every department of the State is more or less accused of being overpaid and underworked, to see for ourselves how sound and scholarly is the work annually turned out by the Record Office. Nor, as the briefest reference to the Estimates proves, can the department be said to be overpaid. Why the War Office clerks who add up the boots and shoes supplied to Tommy Atkins, or the Admiralty clerks who copy

out the instructions of "My Lords," should receive a higher scale of remuneration than the officials of the Record establishment, where the daily work makes constant calls upon varied and recondite scholarship, is one of those anomalies which a heavily-taxed nation can neither understand nor appreciate. The greater portion of the work of the Record Office is annually published, so the country can see for herself how and at what pace her servants proceed with their labours. Of the *Reports of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records*, with their valuable appendices, forty-nine have already appeared. They constitute a mine of wealth which is practically inexhaustible. The historian, the antiquary, or the journalist casting about for material to write a new and interesting article, will never find the time spent in consulting these pages, teeming with novel and varied information, wasted and profitless. The table of contents is indeed miscellaneous. Here are to be found extracts and translations from the most important classes of rolls—inventories of deeds and diplomatic documents, which conjure up the history of the past in the most vivid form; calendars of papal bulls and royal letters; catalogues of perhaps the most interesting historical collection the country possesses, the Miscellanea of the Chapter House; calendars of royal charters, of the Tower papers relating to State prisoners, of the Durham records, the records of the Duchy of Lancaster, and of the Shaftesbury papers; transcripts from documents bearing

upon English history to be found among foreign archives; extracts from the French and Norman rolls touching the conquest of France in the fifteenth century—indeed, where are we to stop when once we have begun to enumerate the treasures unfolded? Suffice it to say that enclosed within these Reports is material enough to fill a library, and to exhaust the activity of the most prolific of writers.

Yet more important and more interesting than the information here disclosed is that supplied by the various Calendars of State Papers now in course of progress, edited by the officials of the department, and which have so stimulated the labours of our modern historians. As this is perhaps the most valuable work performed by the Record Office—certainly the work to which the public most frequently refer,—let us briefly touch upon what has been done, and is being done, in revealing the history of the past by the light of its contemporary evidence. And first, a Calendar is a volume containing abstracts of documents arranged in chronological order, so as to facilitate research, and save the trouble of consulting the original manuscripts. As every student of this period knows, the letters and papers, foreign and domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII. have been calendared by the late Mr. Brewer and now by Mr. Gairdner, from 1509 to 1536, in eleven volumes, and the work is still proceeding. "Whatever authentic original material exists in England relative to the religious, political, parlia-

mentary or social history of the country during the reign of Henry VIII., whether despatches of ambassadors or proceedings of the army, navy, treasury or ordnance, or records of parliament, appointments of officers, grants from the crown, etc., will be found calendared in these volumes." In spite of Mr. Froude's labours, the issue of these Calendars will necessitate the history of the period to be again rewritten. Twelve volumes of Calendars deal with events between the years 1547 and 1625. "These calendars render accessible to investigation a large and important mass of historical materials: The Northern Rebellion of 1566-67; the plot of the Catholic fugitives in the Low Countries; numerous designs against Queen Elizabeth and in favour of a Catholic succession; the Gunpowder Plot; the rise and fall of Somerset; the Overbury Murder; the disgrace of Sir Edward Coke; the rise of the Duke of Buckingham, etc., and numerous other subjects, few of which have been previously known." The interesting and exciting interval between 1625 and 1643 is presented to us in eighteen volumes, which furnish "notices of a large number of original documents of great value to all inquirers relative to the history of the period to which these Calendars refer, many hitherto unknown"—a statement which every reader of Mr. Rawson Gardiner's histories will fully endorse. Nineteen volumes carry on the good work between 1649 and 1667, dealing with papers which contain "a mass of new information." Three

volumes give us the Home Office Papers of our third George.

Special periods have also received special attention. Two volumes of Calendars treat of Scotland between 1509 and 1603; "in the second volume are papers relating to Mary Queen of Scots during her detention in England." Fourteen volumes are specially devoted to that now sickening subject, the history of Ireland. The early Colonial papers relating to America, the East and West Indies, China, and Japan, occupy six volumes. Foreign State Papers, treating exclusively of the relations of England with the Continent, from 1547 to 1577, fill thirteen volumes. As a complement to the State Papers of Henry VIII., the letters and despatches relating to the negotiations between England and Spain preserved in the archives at Simancas have been calendared in nine goodly tomes, which contain "new information relating to the private life of Queen Katherine of England, and to the projected marriage of Henry VII. with Queen Juana, widow of King Philip of Castile, and mother of the Emperor Charles V." After the same fashion seven volumes give us the letters and manuscripts relating to English affairs preserved in the archives of Venice. These researches "have brought to light a number of valuable documents relating to various periods of English history; these contributions to historical literature are of the most interesting and important character." Other volumes dealing with different

periods have also appeared or are about to appear, but enough has been said to show how ample and important are the materials which exist for the carrying out to a satisfactory conclusion of the new phase upon which the writing of the history of England has now entered.

Nor are the State Papers the only documents offered by the Record Office to the historian. What the Calendars are for the various periods subsequent to the fifteenth century, the series of *Ancient Chronicles and Memorials of the United Kingdom* published by the same department and under the authority of the Master of the Rolls, are for the Middle Ages. "In selecting these works it was considered right in the first instance to give preference to those of which the manuscripts were unique, or the materials of which would help to fill up blanks in English history for which no satisfactory and authentic information hitherto existed in any accessible form." Nearly one hundred of these volumes, consisting of chronicles of abbeys written by devoted and erudite monks, memorials of the lives of our earlier kings compiled by bards and historiographers, political ballads, theological disquisitions, the valuable series of Year Books, and the like, which run from the days of Edward the Confessor to the reign of Henry VII., have already appeared, and more have yet to follow. A brief survey of the list reveals to us how satisfactorily the "blanks in English history" are being filled up. From what source could we obtain fuller information

as to the institutions of the City of London in the twelfth century than from the Liber Albus? How vivid is the light thrown upon the social condition of England from the accession of Edward III. to the reign of Henry VIII. by the Political Poems and Songs collected during that interval! Study the memorials of Edward the Confessor, of Richard I., of Henry V. and of Henry VII., and how minute and unique is the information conveyed! What better account have we of the views and position of the Lollards than in the pages of the "Repressor or Over-much Blaming of the Clergy"? How illustrative of the social and ecclesiastical condition of the country in the thirteenth century are the "Letters of Bishop Grosseteste"! What a flood of light is shed upon the history of science and superstition by the "Leechdoms, Wortcunning, and Starcraft of Early England; being a collection of documents illustrating the history of science in this country before the Norman Conquest"! The curious and interesting incidents recorded in the valuable collection of monastic annals of this Rolls series—the chronicles of Abingdon, of St. Augustine, of Evesham, of St. Alban, of Malmesbury, and the rest—are to be met with only upon the parchments engrossed by these monkish scribes. Hear also what is said as to the "Year Books" of our early Edwards now being issued. "The 'Year Books' are the earliest of our law reports. They contain matter not only of practical utility to

lawyers in the present day, but also illustrative of almost every branch of history, while for certain philological purposes they hold a position absolutely unique. The history of the constitution and of the law, of procedure and of practice, the jurisdiction of the various courts, and their relation to one another, as well as to the sovereign and council, cannot be known without the aid of the 'Year Books.'"

In fine, what with the labours of scholars editing chronicles, chartularies, registers and letter-books of our ancient abbeys, Icelandic Sagas touching the settlement of the Northmen in the British Isles, the Norman-French ballads, and the rest of the parchments and papers hidden away in libraries or muniment rooms, or in lofts and cellars which this series has brought to light—the student and writer of history cannot complain of lack of material to work upon. It is not therefore surprising with these four rich mines to prospect—the Reports of the Deputy-Keepers, the Public Records, the State Papers and the Chronicles, to say nothing of the valuable reports of the Historical Commissioners—that English History is being rewritten, and that recent revelations have proved that much which we looked upon in the days of our youth as false is true, and much that we considered true is false.

AN ABOLITIONIST.

"THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. . . . Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it! . . . All true work is religion; and whatsoever religion is not work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will, with me it shall have no harbour. Admirable was that of the old monks, 'Laborare est Orare,' 'Work is Worship.' . . . But above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness, attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! 'Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work.'"

These grand words of Carlyle form a peculiarly applicable introduction to the biographical sketch of a man whose life was spent in the noblest and most arduous of all work—the mitigation of human misery.

If to work be indeed to pray, no career sought more to exemplify the scriptural command, "Pray without ceasing," than that of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton; for work to him was the very salt that gave savour to his existence. Born at a time when Liberalism in thought and action was beginning to agitate for the removal of various social and political abuses that were then the disgrace of society, he threw himself heart and soul into the company of those who were endeavouring to make law and justice synonymous. A man of vigorous practical intellect, his efforts for true reform were so crowned with success, that in the front ranks of those who have deserved well of their country, because they have exalted her reputation and added to her prosperity, the name of Fowell Buxton will occupy a position of unfading honour.

He was the eldest son of Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq. of Earl's Colne, in Essex, and was born on the 1st of April 1786, at Castle Hedingham, a property which his father then rented in the same county. The family of Buxton was of some antiquity, and had originally settled in Norfolk, then migrated to Suffolk, and finally fixed upon Essex as its home. Both from their possessions and marriages the Fowell Buxtons occupied a highly respectable place among the landed gentry of the kingdom. Mr. Thomas Buxton was a kindly country gentleman, fond of sport and hospitality, who during the year he had served as High Sheriff had been instrumental in relieving the miseries of the

prisoners under his superintendence, and had thus acquired considerable popularity among the poor. His death, which occurred when his eldest son Thomas, the subject of this sketch, was but six years old, was universally regretted. He left, especially to mourn his loss, a widow with three sons and two daughters.

Like many men who have subsequently attained to eminence, Fowell Buxton was greatly indebted to an excellent mother's training for much of the success that attended his path through life. This accomplished lady was one of the Essex Hanburys, and attached to the Society of Friends. Her late husband having been a member of the Church of England, their sons were baptized in infancy, nor did Mrs. Buxton ever exercise her influence in after-life to bring them over to her own creed. "My mother," writes her son, "was a woman of a very vigorous mind, and possessing many of the generous virtues in a very high degree. She was large-minded about everything, disinterested almost to an excess; careless of difficulty, labour, danger, or expense in the prosecution of any great object. She had a masculine understanding, great power of mind, great vigour, and was very fearless. With these nobler qualities were united some of the imperfections which belong to that species of ardent character." The following anecdote well illustrates her firmness of mind and decision of character. She was asked one day by a lady, the mother of a large and not very well-conducted family, whether the revolutionary principles

of the day were not making themselves felt among her boys. Mrs. Buxton coldly replied, "I know nothing about revolutionary principles; my rule is that imposed on the people of Boston—'implicit obedience, unconditional submission.'" But, in spite of this somewhat masculine sternness of purpose, her system of education offers many features well deserving of imitation. Her great aim was to instil into the minds of her children a deep regard for the Holy Scriptures, and an implicit obedience to the laws of truth. Both by precept and example she endeavoured to render her boys self-denying, and at the same time thoughtful for others. "I constantly feel," wrote her son, when immersed in that great question, the abolition of slavery, "especially in action and exertion for others, the effect of principles early planted by you in my mind."

At an early age young Buxton went to the school at Greenwich kept by Dr. Burney, the father of the future authoress of *Evelina.* Here he remained eight years, but during that time does not seem to have made any great advances in learning, or to have evinced particular signs of ability. Some characters exhibit at a very early age the special nature of the talents which are afterwards to raise them to high repute. Biographers tell us that Smeaton, when a child of six, made a windmill; that Cardinal Du Perron, when only seven, asked for a pen to write books against the Huguenots; that West, when but a mere lad, exclaimed, "A painter is a companion for kings!" that when only boys, Hartley

determined to write a book on the nature of man, Bacon a work on philosophy, Milton an epic poem, De Thou a history; and that Michael Angelo, Murillo, Boccaccio, and numerous others, began early to show what was the direction of their tastes. Fowell Buxton, however, belonged to that other order of intellect which requires time and genial influence for its development. The land was not barren, the seed was fully sown; yet all wanted something more than the wintry sun of Mrs. Buxton's cold severity to ripen into maturity. Fortunately this desired influence was soon brought to bear upon the youth now hovering between boyhood and manhood.

Situated in one of the most picturesque spots of Norfolk, and surrounded by that amount of park and timber which adds so much to the finish of English scenery, was Earlham Hall, the seat then of Mr. John Gurney. Young Buxton had recently made the acquaintance of the eldest son of Mr. Gurney; and between the two lads, owing to a similarity of tastes and a difference of dispositions, a warm friendship had sprung up. This friendship was all the more cemented by a visit that Buxton was asked to pay at Earlham, in the autumn of 1801. Here it was that, beneath the influence of woman's society and the grace of a charming hospitality, the young man's firm character began to develop itself, and the genial current of his soul, somewhat frozen by the austerity of his mother's rule, to rapidly thaw into its native elements. There is no time in life when the mind is more impressionable and more

ready to surrender itself to surrounding influences, whether for good or for evil, than when boyhood approaches the confines of manhood, and inexperienced youth unites the aspirations of man with all the innocence and plastic nature belonging to tender years. Fowell Buxton could have had no better example to imitate than the one set before him by the family of the kindly host of Earlham. "He was then," writes his son, in the interesting biography of his father, "in his sixteenth year, and was charmed by the lively and kindly spirit which pervaded the whole party; while he was surprised at finding them all, even the younger portion of the family, zealously occupied in self-education. They received him as one of themselves, early appreciating his masterly, though still uncultivated, mind; while on his side, their cordial and encouraging welcome seemed to draw out all his latent powers. He at once joined with them in reading and study, and from this visit may be dated a remarkable change in the whole tone of his character." In after-life, when writing to a friend, Fowell Buxton says, "I know no blessing of a temporal nature (and it is not only temporal) for which I ought to render so many thanks as my connection with the Earlham family. It has given a colour to my life. Its influence was most positive and pregnant with good at that critical period between school and manhood."

As young Buxton was the heir to considerable property in Ireland, his mother thought it advisable that he should graduate at Dublin University. Accordingly,

after some months spent in reading with a private tutor, he entered Trinity College, in 1803, as a fellow commoner. Here his career was one uninterrupted course of success. He carried off thirteen premiums, four silver medals from the Historical Society, and also the highest honour at the disposal of the University—the gold medal. In these college victories we trace the effect of the chief feature in Fowell Buxton's character. He was not a man of lofty genius, or even of the most brilliant talents. His intellect was not of that surprisingly fertile nature which brings forth fruit abundantly, almost without care or culture, simply from the sheer richness of the soil. All that Buxton won for himself or for the good of others was the result of earnest brain-aching application. "Your men of great talents," he used to say, "are apt to do nothing for want of vigour. Vigour, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose,—these carry the day." And it was to his earnest adoption of these maxims that he succeeded where better men failed. Throughout his life he was never weary of upholding the union of work and energy, and of the advantages that must accrue from the combination. "The longer I live," he writes to a friend, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no cir-

cumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

There was, however, another motive during Fowell Buxton's college days beyond that of the satisfaction of a just ambition or the desire for mere distinction. Down at the old hall at Earlham there was one who took a deep interest in the University triumphs of the young man, one whose fair face was worth in the eyes of the hard-reading student far more than all the medals and premiums put together. The thought that Hannah Gurney would be proud of his success, would feel his honours reflected upon herself, acted like a stimulus upon his already vigorous exertions; and with the two greatest incentives of human nature—love and ambition—goading him on to renewed efforts, it is not surprising that Fowell Buxton's university career should have been of exceptional mark. Almost from the date of his first visit to Earlham an attachment had sprung up between him and Miss Hannah Gurney, the fifth daughter of Mr. Gurney; and after a two-year's engagement this attachment ended in marriage. Happy as the union was, it had to be accompanied at its very outset by an act of great self-denial on the part of the future philanthropist. At the close of his distinguished college career he was asked to represent Dublin University in Parliament. It was indeed a high compliment to one who had no claim upon the consideration of the electors beyond what his personal and academical character afforded, and who was without Irish connections. But Mr. Buxton,

after weighing the utility and distinction offered by political life on the one hand, and the considerations and duties which his marriage would involve on the other, prudently declined the proposal. To his last day, however, he considered the compliment one of the greatest that he ever had paid him.

A change in his fortunes had also rendered such refusal now imperative. He had been led to expect considerable wealth, arising from the Irish possessions belonging to his family: these expectations were however disappointed. Claimants had come forward to contest his right to the property, an expensive lawsuit had been instituted, and at the same time, much of the family fortune had been diminished owing to certain unsuccessful speculations entered into by his mother. Buxton therefore saw the necessity of following some profession, and of being dependent on his own exertions for his hopes of success in life. His first intention had been to read for the Bar; but that idea was soon abandoned and he resolved to establish himself in commerce. A year was spent in fruitless efforts to obtain employment; his first child had been born; and he suffered much from the depression of present inaction and the anxieties of the future. "I longed," he wrote in after-life, when referring to this period, "for any employment that would produce me a hundred a year, if I had to work twelve hours a day for it." The darkest hour is the hour before dawn; and just as the young man was worrying himself with all imaginary

troubles, and unable to see a gleam of light through the dark clouds overhanging him, he received an offer from his uncle, Mr. Sampson Hanbury, of Truman's Brewery, in Spitalfields, placing at his disposal a situation in that establishment, with a prospect of becoming a partner after three years' probation.

For the next few years Fowell Buxton was immersed in all the details necessary for the conduct of an extensive business. In 1811 he was admitted a partner in the brewery, and his energetic and suggestive mind so impressed the senior partners with his ability that they placed in his hands the responsible task of remodelling their whole system of management: an undertaking which he carried out to their complete satisfaction. But though commerce engrossed much of Buxton's time and attention, he did not neglect altogether his more intellectual pursuits. He studied English literature, and especially political economy; the works of Bacon, Blackstone, Montesquieu, and Adam Smith were among his chief favourites. It was one of his maxims "never to begin a book without finishing it; never to consider it finished till I know it; and to study with a whole mind." Nor did he allow his attention to business to interfere with those higher duties he had always been taught to pay to religion and benevolence. The wretched condition of the poor surrounding his brewery soon enlisted his sympathies, and he took an active part in all the charitable objects of that distressed district, "more especially," he writes, "those connected

with education, the Bible Society, and the deep sufferings of the weavers."

Coming events cast their shadows before, and as we read the accounts of the young man interesting himself in the welfare of the poor, in belonging to a society for the purpose of directing the public mind to the bad effects of capital punishment, in compelling every man in the brewery to read and write, and in advocating at meetings the circulation of the Scriptures, we clearly see the germs of that earnest Christian philanthropy which in after-life made him the sympathising friend of all distress and the radical reformer of all persecution. The religion of Fowell Buxton, like that of many calm and somewhat reserved natures, was not marked by emotional impulses or by sudden contrasts; it kept quietly, though with increasing fervour, the even tenour of its way, evincing more by actions than by words the depth and reality of the convictions. From the early days of his youth, when the rays of the higher life had first illumined his path, piety had been with him a gradual development of its examples and verities, so that his growth in religion had accompanied, as it were, with even strides his growth in culture and moral worth. There was with him no sudden change from bad to good, as has been the case with many men of well-known piety, no sensational conversion, but only that the light always within him became clearer and purer as he increased in years and wisdom. At no time in his life had he been an irreligious man, for both nature and education had tended

to prepare him for the reception of the truths of Christianity. Even when a boy at school he was noted for his love of truth and his high idea of honour, and at Dublin his career, amid much excitement and various temptations, was without reproach. His bitterest opponent in after-life felt that he could throw no stone at the pure practical religion which was always displayed, without being prominent, in the walk and conversation of Fowell Buxton.

The bitter autumn of 1816, when the silk-trade was almost stagnant, offered Buxton not only an opportunity of exercising the strong impulses of humanity within him, but also of proving in his efforts to alleviate distress that his knowledge of East End poverty was derived from actual business-like contact with the misery and suffering around him. His speech at the Mansion House, where a meeting was convened for the benefit of the sufferers, at once brought him into notice. With an almost Homeric power of word-painting he described the wretched scenes he had witnessed in the famine-stricken haunts of the weavers,—their starving wives, their naked children, their means of occupation gone, their rooms destitute of furniture, *sans* bed, *sans* coal, *sans* food, *sans* everything, and their bitter portion, unless aid came quickly, a death of terrible suffering. The speech attracted considerable attention. It was printed and circulated by thousands. Everybody admired it and talked about it. The democrats looked upon it as the best statement they

had ever seen of the miseries permitted under the existing Government. The friends of the Government, on the other hand, praised it warmly, "because," said they, "it forms so beautiful a contrast to the language of those wretched demagogues, whose infamous doctrines would increase the evils they affect to deplore." Mr. Wilberforce wrote a letter to Fowell Buxton, congratulating him on his successful effort on behalf of the hungry and the naked, and ended by hoping soon to see him in Parliament, where, "I trust, we shall be fellow-labourers, both in the motives by which we are actuated and in the objects to which our exertions will be directed." Addressed to the future ally and successor of William Wilberforce, the expression of this hope, which was afterwards so fully realised, is somewhat prophetic.

From the date of this speech the public career of Buxton may be said to begin. "He was now launched," writes his son, "upon that stream of labour for the good of others along which his course lay for the remainder of his life. His letters show the eagerness of his desire to be employing his energies in warring against the evils around him. 'I want to be living in a higher key,' he remarked: 'to do some good before I die.' His prayers were incessant, that 'God would employ him as an instrument of spreading His kingdom, and of doing good to mankind.'" Abundantly were those prayers answered. Among the first of his public acts of philanthropy was an investigation into the prison system. In order that he might not only con-

demn existing defects, but also suggest improvements, he travelled on the Continent to obtain information respecting the excellent plans adopted in the jails of Antwerp and Ghent. The results of these investigations appeared in a work published by him in 1818, entitled "An Inquiry whether Crime be produced or prevented by our present system of Prison Discipline." The work ran through six editions, and was alluded to in the House of Commons by Sir James Mackintosh as a work so replete with information, ability, and commanding eloquence, as to give the country "a firm assurance that its author could not embark in any undertaking which would not reflect equal credit upon himself and upon the object of his labours." Mr. Wilberforce again wrote congratulating him on the success and reputation of his work, and concluded thus: "I hope you will soon come into Parliament, and be able to contend in person, as well as with your pen, for the rights and happiness of the oppressed and the friendless. I claim you as an ally in this blessed league."

This wish was speedily gratified. Various circumstances had tended to make Buxton aspire to a seat in Parliament. He felt, as he said, that it was the sphere in which he could do the most for his Master's service; and, a favourable opportunity now occurring, owing to the dissolution in the spring of 1818, he offered himself as a candidate, in the Whig interest, for Weymouth. The contest was a sharp one, but the

result was never for a moment doubtful. The name of Fowell Buxton was already a household word in the country, as the friend of humanity and the opponent of oppression, and he was returned triumphantly at the head of the poll. "I wish you were here," he writes to his wife, "to see me chaired. The town is in an uproar. The bugle-horn is at this moment playing, and hundreds of people are collected on the esplanade. Everybody wears my colours."

In these days, when a seat in the House of Commons is not unfrequently regarded as a stepping-stone to the satisfaction of a purely social ambition, it is interesting to see the spirit in which Buxton entered that arena, where for twenty years he was to fight the battle of the oppressed. "Now that I am a Member of Parliament," he writes in his diary, "I feel earnest for the honest, diligent, and conscientious discharge of the duty I have undertaken. My prayer is for the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, that, free from views of gain or popularity,—that, careless of all things but fidelity to my trust, I may be enabled to do some good to my country, and something for mankind, especially in their most important concerns. I feel the responsibility of the situation, and its many temptations. On the other hand, I see the vast good which one individual may do. May God preserve me from the snares which may surround me; keep me from the power of personal motives, from interest or passion, or prejudice or ambition, and so enlarge my heart to feel

the sorrows of the wretched, the miserable condition of the guilty and the ignorant, that I may 'never turn my face from any poor man'; and so enlighten my understanding, that I may be a capable and resolute champion for those who want and deserve a friend!"

A special knowledge has always held a member of the House of Commons in good stead. Fowell Buxton brought with him into Parliament a clear, vigorous mind, full of peculiar information respecting certain subjects that were then the disgrace of our political system, the reputation of a high and honourable character, and those social qualifications which always have their value in the representative chamber of English commoners. It was not long before he gained the ear of the House, and the respect of its members. True to his principle of working for the good of others, he began his political career by exclusively directing his attention to those measures which, in the then existing state of the law, visited very severely upon the lower classes. The reformation of prison discipline, the slave-trade question, the amelioration of the criminal law, the condition of convict transports, the abolition of sutteeism, were among those subjects that chiefly interested him. His speeches were received with marked attention, and greatly contributed to the reputation he had already made out of doors. "The House," wrote the Member for Norwich to Mr. Gurney, "is prepared to receive him with respect and kindness, and his sterling sense, his good language, and his earnest

manner fully keep up the prepossession in his favour. So that I recollect very few who have made their *début* with so much real advantage, and seem so likely to maintain the station thus early assumed."

But black clouds were now gathering in the horizon, which for a time were to envelope Fowell Buxton in their gloom, and dim the lustre of his hitherto unchecked prosperity. The year 1820 had scarcely dawned, when he became the victim of a grievous succession of domestic calamities. His eldest son, "a most beautiful boy," sank under an inflammatory disorder. Hardly had the bereaved parents begun to mourn their loss, when the icy hand of Death again claimed for his own their three infant daughters, who had been suffering from whooping-cough. Terrible as the sacrifice required of him was, his faith never for one moment quitted its moorings in the refuge he had always sought. Though the burden that then lay upon him was as bitter as humanity could well endure, we hear of no murmurings or repinings in the first passionate agony of his grief. Calmly he bowed his head beneath the chastening rod, and, obedient to the great example of his life, essayed to blend his will with that of his God. "I have just been out walking," he writes in his diary, "viewing the splendid starry night. What immeasurable mightiness does the firmament display! And when we consider that for all these innumerable worlds there is one Arbiter, one Sovereign Director, can we say aught else than 'Thy will be done'? Cannot He who rules the universe

decide what is best for the children He has lent me? May I yield to that will!" "Eheu! Eheu!" was the simple motto he placed over the tomb of his four children.

Fortunately his various duties, and the different reforms he was busy in effecting, did not permit Buxton at this time to indulge in idleness and morbid memories. The committee which had been appointed to inquire into the working of the criminal laws, of which he was one of the prominent members, had now closed its labours, and from its report arose Sir James Mackintosh's Bill for the abolition of capital punishment in all cases of forgery. Buxton's speech in favour of the Bill was the event of the night, and called forth numerous expressions of approbation from both sides of the House. Sir James Mackintosh said that it was "the most powerful appeal that he had ever had the good fortune to hear within the walls of Parliament." And according to Lord Denman, "more of wisdom, more of benevolence, more of practical demonstration, he had never heard in the course of his Parliamentary career, than was contained in the energetic speech of his honourable friend."[1]

Again William Wilberforce wrote a warm letter congratulating his friend; but this time congratulations were accompanied by an offer of alliance for the

[1] The Bill was lost, and it was not till 1826 that the penal code was entirely remodelled. When Sir J. Mackintosh and Mr. Buxton brought the subject forward 230 offences were punishable with death!

furtherance of an object which Mr. Wilberforce had long at heart, and the realisation of which forms one of the brightest chapters in the annals of humanity. This object was the Abolition of Slavery,—a measure with which the names of Wilberforce and Buxton will ever be indissolubly united as long as our history exists. In this famous letter Wilberforce begged Fowell Buxton earnestly to co-operate with him in the great work of his life,—the emancipation of the slave. Thirty-three years, he said, had now passed since his first notice concerning the Slave-Trade had been brought before the House of Commons; and though slavery had received a check from the abolition of the trade, still much was required to be done before the slave would be a free man. Failing health, and the approach of old age, however, now precluded him from entertaining the hope of carrying through any business of great importance in Parliament. He had long been anxious to bring forward the condition of the negro slaves in our Transatlantic colonies, and to introduce such measures as would ultimately advance that population to the rank of a free peasantry. Still two circumstances were necessary before this object could be attempted, a fitting opportunity, and some Member of Parliament to aid and continue the work when its originator should retire or be laid by. The opportunity, he believed, was at hand; but who was to be his faithful ally and the subsequent leader in the holy enterprise? "I have for some time

been viewing you in this connection," he wrote; "and after what passed last night, I can no longer forbear resorting to you, as I formerly did to Pitt, and earnestly conjuring you to take most seriously into consideration the expediency of your devoting yourself to this *blessed service*, so far as will be consistent with the due discharge of the obligations you have already contracted, and in part so admirably fulfilled, to war against the abuses of our Criminal Law, both in its structure and its administration. Let me, then, entreat you to form an alliance with me, that may truly be termed holy, and if I should be unable to commence the war (certainly not to be declared this session), and still more, if, when commenced, I should (as certainly would, I fear, be the case) be unable to finish it, do I entreat that you would continue to prosecute it. Your assurance to this effect would give me the greatest pleasure—pleasure is a bad term—let me rather say peace and consolation; for alas! my friend, I feel but too deeply how little I have been duly assiduous and faithful in employing the talents committed to my stewardship; and in forming a *partnership* of this sort with you, I cannot doubt that I should be doing an act highly pleasing to God, and beneficial to my fellow-creatures."

Various circumstances had latterly been concurring to prepare Fowell Buxton for entering upon this holy enterprise. Even as a lad, his mother had taught him to regard slavery and its trade as such a piece of heinous

iniquity as almost to exempt those who continued its traffic from the hope of ever having their own sins forgiven. As a singular coincidence, the first speech of young Buxton on entering college was upon the Slave-Trade, and his first speech on entering life was at the Tower Hamlets on the same subject. For many years he had been an active member of the African Institution, a society which had for its object the abolition of the Slave-Trade; and though its institution did not enter into the question of slavery, yet the labours of Fowell Buxton in connection with the Trade must undoubtedly have directed its attention to the sufferings of the unhappy negro. On this subject it may be as well to make a brief remark, in order to avoid a confusion of ideas. In 1807, after a twenty-years' struggle maintained by Wilberforce, Stephen, Clarkson, and others, the importation of *fresh* negroes from Africa to our colonies was declared illegal. Yet though the British slave-trade was now amongst the evil deeds of the past, British slavery still flourished in all its cruelty of personal tyranny and oppression. Our colonies, it is true, could no longer people their sugar-fields and homesteads with the wretched inhabitants of Africa, but those negroes and their issue who had been bought or captured before 1807 were still held in bitter bondage. The Act did not release the slaves, but only abolished the traffic.

Energetic and vigorous as was Buxton, he was not an impulsive man. Before he entered into any

undertaking, he carefully weighed its various chances of success or failure; but when once his hand *was* put to the plough, he never looked back or flinched from his purpose till the final goal was reached and the battle won. After mature deliberation, and two years spent in a close study of the question in all its bearings, he accepted the weighty charge involved in Mr. Wilberforce's proposal. It was in the autumn of 1822 that he resolved to make the cause and condition of the slaves henceforth the first object of his life, and from that date till the summer of 1833, when the Bill abolishing slavery was passed, he never once swerved or faltered from his purpose. True to the motto of his family, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," he determined, that the contest should only end in death or victory. When it became fully known that the mantle of Wilberforce was to fall upon Fowell Buxton, the fading hopes of the Abolitionists were again revived. Anti-slavery operations were vigorously undertaken, evidence concerning the horrors of slavery was collected and freely circulated throughout the country, an "Appeal on behalf of the Slaves" was published by Wilberforce, and public feeling was soon roused into activity. On May the 15th, 1823, the Parliamentary campaign was opened by Buxton, who had previously given notice that on that day "he would submit a motion that the House should take into consideration the state of slavery in the British colonies." From the very first he showed plainly his hand. "The object at

which we aim," said he, in his opening speech, "is the *extinction of slavery*: nothing less than the extinction of slavery—in nothing less than the whole of the British dominions." Subsequent events, however, caused Fowell Buxton to change his tactics, and instead of advocating the gradual abolition of slavery, as he had originally intended, to urge the necessity of a sudden emancipation. This necessity was imposed upon the Abolitionists by the stern refusal of the planters to accept all preparatory measures.

We cannot here do more than briefly glance at the chief features in the history of West Indian freedom. The Government, led by Mr. Canning, fearing the prodigious strength of the planters, dared not advocate the abolition of slavery, though anxious to mitigate its severity. A series of timid proposals, drawn up by Canning, recommending the various Colonial Legislatures to adopt effectual decisive measures for the amelioration of the condition of the slaves, was the first result of Buxton's motion. The Colonial authorities were also desired to abolish Sunday labour among the slave population, to protect the property of slaves, to legalise all slave marriages, to prevent the separation of families by sale or otherwise, to abolish corporal punishment of females and the driving-whip in the field, to allow the slave to redeem himself and family at a fair price, and to provide means for the education and religious instruction of the whole slave population.

It was hoped in England that the Colonial Assemblies would gladly listen to such temperate and salutary suggestions. But the hope had been raised in vain. Across the Atlantic the attack of Fowell Buxton upon the planters' interests, and the acquiescence of the Government in his principles, were the signal for a perfect storm of fury and indignation. Agitation was at fever height, and passion suggested the wildest designs. The Colonies would resist the innovations of the Government by force of arms. The Colonies would claim the protection of America. The Colonies would throw off the yoke of the mother-country. No language was sufficiently bitter to express their rancour. As a necessary consequence of this feeling the Colonial Legislatures refused submission to the recommendations of the Government. Nor was this all. The negroes had learned that measures were being taken by "the great king of England" to set them free, and that the planters had suppressed the Royal edict. The fierce lust for liberty spread like wild-fire through the community. They rebelled against their masters and struck work. And now war *à outrance* arose between planter and slave. Martial law was proclaimed, and the soldiers called out. The result can easily be imagined: the negroes were mowed down like grass before the trained troops, and, after the most inhuman massacres among the black population, the insurrection was quelled. When the news of the ferment among the colonists reached England, the abolitionists were

denounced as the great cause of all West Indian disaffection. Buxton was one of the best hated men of the day. "The degree of opposition," he writes, "I will not call it, but virulence, against me is quite surprising. I much question whether there is a more unpopular individual than myself in the House just at this moment. For this I do not care."

For personal attack and venomous abuse gained in the maintenance of a righteous cause Buxton, as he said, did not care. What wounded him far more was the fact that the Government, intimidated by the condition of affairs across the Atlantic, resolved to forfeit the pledge it had solemnly given, "that if obedience was not voluntarily rendered by the Colonial Legislatures, it should be *enforced*." Before a crowded House Mr. Canning stated, amid cheers, "that the Government was determined to compel the amelioration in Trinidad (a Crown colony), but to apply for the present no measure more stringent than 'admonition' to the contumacious colonies." Fowell Buxton finely replied. The cowardice of the Government, its utter want of dignity, its timid deference to the first signs of unpopularity, were feelings with which the true manliness of his character could not have an atom of sympathy. In his eyes an Englishman, whose cause was just, should stand to his colours through thick and thin, and the mere fact of opposition but render his pluck the more apparent. He resolved therefore to read Mr. Canning and his colleagues a lesson in honour and courage;

and his attack upon them was as able as it was fearless.

"I well know the difficult situation in which I stand," he said. "No man is more aware than I am of my inability to follow the brilliant and able speech which has just been delivered. But I have a duty to perform, and I will perform it. I know well what I incur by this. I know how I call down upon myself the violent animosity of an exasperated and most powerful party. I know how reproaches have rung in my ears since that pledge was given, and how they will ring with tenfold fury now that I call for its fulfilment. Let them ring! I will not purchase for myself a base indemnity with such a sting as this on my conscience: 'You ventured to agitate the question; a pledge was obtained; you were, therefore, to be considered the holder of that pledge, to which the hopes of half a million of people were linked. And then, fearful of a little of unpopularity, and confounded by the dazzling eloquence of the right hon. gentleman, you sat still; you held your peace and were satisfied to see his pledge in favour of a whole archipelago reduced to a single island.'"

The speech was a success; but Buxton had need of all the severity of his determination to hold his own against the storm of opposition and invective he then encountered. We who live in an age the tendency of which is ultra-Liberalism, and those who now in the West Indian Archipelago enjoy the fruits of the labours of the abolitionist, can form but little idea of the bitter-

ness of the battle which happily ended in negro emancipation. The planters were a host in themselves; their numerous and influential friends in England were devoted to the preservation of slavery; the Government was intimidated, and the country generally apathetic on the subject. No slight obstacles these for Fowell Buxton and his handful of associates to contend against! But, God willing, they resolved to do all in their power to carry their undertaking through. Aided by their agents in the pulpit and the public press, the nation was made fully alive to the horrors resulting from the maintenance of the planters' so-called rights. Accounts were freely circulated of the brutal treatment negroes and negresses suffered at the hands of tyrannical overseers. The returns of the Crown colonies were examined, and it was found that the number of lashes inflicted in regular floggings by these four colonies amounted in two years to the ghastly total of 1,350,000: half a million of these lashes were sworn to as having been inflicted on *women*! If these sickening severities were exercised in the Crown Colonies, over which the Home Government had supreme control, and which compelled every planter to give in sworn returns of the punishment inflicted on his estate, what, men asked, must be the condition of those other colonies where the planter was almost a tyrannical despot? We shudder as we think of the answers to such a question.

Nor were the efforts of Buxton and his friends confined mainly to an examination of the hellish trade

of slavery from a merely humane point of view. The subject had its commercial side as well. On investigating official reports and statistics, it was found that slavery was the ruin of life; for in eleven islands the black population had decreased in twelve years from 558,194 to 497,975. In the words of Captain Marryat, "the slaves were dying like rotten sheep." Evidence also plainly proved that the institution of slavery was not beneficial to agricultural advancement. The land which the poor creatures were compelled to cultivate was the richest in the world; their masters had a tight monopoly; the last ounce of labour could be forced out of the slave by driving-whip, the prison, and the stocks; and yet the West Indian planters were continually memorialising Parliament and soliciting relief. Wholesale slaughter of the working classes, a steady decrease in production, the gradual ruin of proprietors,—such were the baneful results of slavery and monopoly. The curse of Heaven seemed to rest upon the planters' interests.

Slowly, but gradually, as it saw official returns and reports lay bare the results and the system of negro servitude, the country began to realise the stern truth that slavery was a mistake as well as an institution of abominable inhumanity. As year after year rolled on, though in some quarters a spirit of rancorous opposition still prevailed, the energy and revelations of the anti-slavery party were beginning steadily to make way. Much of this reaction in public feeling

was due to the conduct of the planters, who had chilled the sympathy of many by their invincible obstinacy. Every suggestion of the Government, all resolutions and recommendations, were contemptuously hurled back by the irate West Indians. The colonists were doing all in their power to excite animosity. By their cruel punishments inflicted upon all rebel negroes humanity was shocked; by their treatment of the missionaries Smith and Shrewsbury, and by their razing to the ground the Baptist chapels, the whole dissenting world was against them; and by their vehement abuse of all who attacked their interests the planters were exasperating one class after another. When Buxton brought the matter again before the House of Commons in 1831, the country was considerably riper for the movement than it had been in 1825. In a vigorous speech our abolitionist showed that in the fourteen sugar-growing countries the slave population had within the last ten years decreased by nearly 46,000; whilst in Demerara and Hayti, where the blacks had obtained their freedom, their numbers had during the same time been doubled. He then proceeded to state, and to prove by the statistics in his hand, that this decrease of population in the sugar colonies was entirely owing to forced labour, and not, as the pro-slavery party asserted, to a deficiency in the number of females. The speech of Buxton was followed up by Lord Althorp, who said he "thought it was time to adopt other measures with the colonists

than those of mere recommendations." It was at the end of this debate that O'Connell, who throughout had strenuously supported the anti-slavery cause, crossed the House, and said, "Buxton, I see land!" Nor was the assertion far from the truth. The debate was adjourned; but the argument founded upon the decrease of population was a blow difficult to parry, and spoke for itself to a critical Parliament. "The appalling fact," writes Sir Charles Buxton, "was never denied, that at the time of the abolition of the Slave-Trade in 1807, the number of slaves in the West Indies was 800,000; in 1830 it was 700,000, that is to say, in twenty-three years it had diminished by 100,000." [1]

For a moment the Emancipation question was dropped. The dissolution of Parliament, and the agitation consequent upon the first Reform Bill, absorbed all other topics. But the subject was again forced upon the attention of the public sooner than its friends had anticipated. When the news arrived in the West Indies that the Government "would insist on the enforcement" of milder measures, the indignation of the planters was again lashed into a storm of fury. The former rebellion repeated itself. The slaves again, under the impression that "free paper

[1] In 1834 the slaves were emancipated, and during the next twelve years the black population in the fourteen islands which sent their Population Returns to Parliament *increased* by 54,000.—*Vide* "Inquiry into the Results of Emancipation." By Charles Buxton, M.P., *Edinburgh Review*, April 1859, for further particulars.

had come," which had been suppressed by their masters, burst out into an alarming insurrection. The usual result followed,—hatred of the planters towards the "reckless enthusiasts" who advocated abolition and were the cause of all the strife, death by the lash and the sword to the negroes, and bitter oppression of the missionaries. Buxton and his supporters determined now to press the question to an issue. The late general election had given a considerable accession of Parliamentary strength to the anti-slavery party; the country was beginning earnestly to view slavery in its true light; and both friend and foe were alienated by the savage obstinacy of the colonists. Still between the Ministry and Fowell Buxton there was considerable difference of opinion respecting the plan to be adopted. The Government wished to propose the same remedial measure as had been suggested in 1823. Buxton, on the contrary, was resolved to insist upon the immediate abolition of slavery. In his eyes a system that was killing off the colonial labourers at such a fearful rate could benefit nobody, and should be swept away, no matter the cost, at once. The Ministers still, however, adhered to their theory of "mitigating measures." Fowell Buxton warmly opposed them, and determined, in spite of all friendly entreaties, to force the House to divide, and to compel the Government to declare in the face of the nation what it really meant to do on this great question.

Accordingly, on May 24, 1832, Buxton moved a

resolution for a Committee "to consider a report upon the best means of abolishing the state of slavery throughout the British dominions, with a due regard to the safety of all parties concerned." Lord Althorp prepared the amendment "conformably to the resolutions of 1823." Buxton, though implored by his friends not to alienate the Government, pressed the House to divide, when his motion was lost by a majority of forty-six. Though defeated on this point, the majority he had obtained was, however, far larger than he had expected. Lord Althorp said a few days afterwards to Mr. Macaulay, the future historian, "That division of Buxton's has settled the Slavery question. If he can get ninety to vote with him when he is wrong, and when most of those really interested in the subject vote against him, he can command a majority when he is right. The question is settled."

And at last the question, thank God, was settled! The Ministers felt they could no longer resist the pressure of public opinion. The country was now surging with excitement on the question; crowded meetings were everywhere held; the clergy of all denominations were exhorting their flocks to join heart and soul in the overthrow of slavery; the press caught the enthusiasm; petitions poured in by thousands, there could be no mistake that the nation this time was in downright earnest, and that it would be dangerous to ignore such earnestness. On the 14th May 1833 the debate was opened by Mr. Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby, then Secretary for the Colonies, in an able and exhaustive

speech, showing the depth of public feeling on the matter, entering into the history of the case and pointing out how Parliament had been disappointed at the non-co-operation of the Colonial Legislatures, and then ending by laying down the propositions of the Government. The discussion upon these propositions lasted till August, and on the 28th day of that month the Bill for the Total Abolition of Slavery throughout the British Dominions received the Royal Assent, and the holy labours of the Abolitionists were at an end. "Would," wrote Miss Buxton to Miss Macaulay, "that Mr. Wilberforce had lived one fortnight longer, that my father might have taken back to him *fulfilled* the task he gave him ten years ago." The great leader of the cause had, however, passed away. On the 29th of July he expired, and almost his last words were, "Thank God that I should have lived to witness a day in which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery." [1]

[1] The chief points in the Bill were :—

(1) That slavery be abolished throughout the British dominions.

(2) That the present slaves be apprenticed to their owners for twelve years, and be bound to labour for three-fourths of the day, the masters in return supplying them with food and clothes. (This clause was abolished, August 1st, 1838.)

(3) Owners to be compensated by a gift from England of £20,000,000.

(4) All children under six years of age to be at once set free.

(5) Provisions to be made for the religious and moral training of the negro population.

(6) Negroes to be liable to corporal punishment on refusal to give due portion of labour. (Abolished August 1st, 1838.)

(7) Stipendiary magistrates to be appointed to carry out the above measures.

The Bill was to become law on the first of August 1834, and the advocates of freedom awaited anxiously in England for news from the West Indies. It was a moment of painful uncertainty. Grave fears were entertained that the landowners in the Archipelago, when they received the intelligence that slavery was now abolished by English law, would carry out the threats of resistance they had so often declared. It was well known how bitterly the planters were opposed to all the ideas of the Abolitionists, how united they were in the maintenance of their privileges, and how they deemed the emancipation of the native population the deathblow to the commercial prosperity of their islands. Open and armed resistance against England's authority would in the end be futile, but still it was in the power of the West Indians to organise an opposition which could alone be defeated by a sharp and bitter war. National anxiety was, however, soon put at rest. The planters had received the new law without irritation, and the negroes without excitement, or any of that bloodshed, rioting, and drunkenness, which had been so freely predicted. Accordingly the Colonial Legislatures began to make preparations to carry the new law into effect.

As the day dawned which was to restore 800,000 human beings to their proper sphere in the scale of creation, all the meeting-houses and chapels in the islands were thronged by an earnest jubilant multitude anxiously counting the hours that intervened between

slavery and freedom. What a subject for an artist were the faces and attitudes of those who formed that praying, expectant congregation! There, moaning to himself, as his lips moved in prayer, was an aged black, whose cup of woe had been so full to overflowing, that now, when its bitterness was for ever to be removed from him, his worn-out frame and aching heart felt that, though release had come, it had come too late for his enjoyment. He had known what it was to be packed, amid stench and disease, in the crowded hold of the slaver's ship; to be torn from wife and children to pay a planter's debt to a distant owner; to yield up the last effort of labour beneath the cruel lash, and to look upon the prison and the stocks as his home. Yes, in his abject, craven features, in his crippled, mutilated form, you read that his truest friend would not be emancipation, but death. There, too, sobbing out her hallelujahs, was the matronly negress, who had known but some few months before what it was to be brutally scourged beneath the driver's cartwhip to satisfy the spite of a fiendish overseer. There, singing Heber's well-known hymn, was the fair young quadroon, the child of dishonour, whose only chance of escaping labour in the field and the ganger's cruelty was by following the example of the mother who bore her, and becoming in her turn an inmate in the harem of her master. There, crouching by his mother's side, was the little negro boy, whose face overspread with joy as his mother bent over him and whispered that in a few brief hours he need

dread no longer the overseer's savage kick or the whipper's lash, for he would be a freeman. There they were—negroes, to whom manhood had been a phrase; negresses, whose portion had been brutal familiarity,—praying, singing, sobbing, and longing for the leaden moments to fly past. The Baptist missionary, the Independent preacher, had scant need that night to arouse by oratory or rhetoric the gratitude of his hearers. The hearts of all were full, and beat but with one emotion—praise and thanksgiving. And as the strokes of the clock rung out the final knell of slavery, and ushered in the morn of freedom, the whole congregation sprang to their feet, and every island re-echoed with the glad sounds of rejoicing rapturously raised by those who but a few minutes before had been in the eyes of the law chattels and things.

With the attainment of the great object of his life, this sketch of Fowell Buxton may fittingly end. The last ten years of anxiety and laborious industry had told considerably on his health, and he had occasionally been obliged to quit the duties of the session, and to recruit himself in the quiet and seclusion of the country. Not only had the last decade been spent in toiling for the freedom of the West Indian slaves, but Buxton had also found time and opportunity to inquire into and to abolish the nefarious slave-trade that had been allowed to exist between Mauritius and the coast of Africa, and also to interest himself in the condition of the Hottentots. Such an amount of hard

work and harassing excitement was enough to tax the constitution of a more vigorous man than Buxton, and on his defeat in 1837, at Weymouth, owing to the increased local influence of the Tories, he resolved to embrace the opportunity offered him of enjoying a period of perfect leisure. Twenty-seven different places in the kingdom invited him to stand as a candidate, but he declined them all. "My own impression is," he writes to his brother-in-law, "that I could not have stood the fatigues of Parliament many sessions more. . . . As I leave Parliament for health, I do not by any means intend to defeat that end by dedicating myself to any other objects. I mean, for conscience' sake, to ride, shoot, amuse myself, and grow fat and flourishing."

But Fowell Buxton, like many active, energetic natures, loved more to anticipate idleness than to enjoy its realisation. A brief period of repose, amid the excitement of field sports which his thoroughly English tastes made him love so well, was delicious; but with the feeling of returning health came also that "gluttony for work" which was one of his chief characteristics. He resolved, now that he was free from all Parliamentary duties, to devote his time to the execution of an idea he had long contemplated. This idea was the deliverance of Africa from the white man's accursed traffic by the development of her internal resources. "Make Africa," he wrote and said, "peaceful, flourishing, and productive, and you abolish slave-trade by the institution of lawful commerce." The Government after some little inquiry

cordially approved of his proposition, and sent a frigate and two steamers to explore the Niger, and if possible to set on foot commercial relations with the tribes on its banks. Private enterprise followed the example of the State, and two associations were formed perfectly distinct from each other, but having one common object in view—the extinction of slavery and of the slave-trade. One of these associations was to be of an exclusively philanthropic character, and designed mainly to diffuse among the African tribes the light of Christianity and the blessings of civilisation. The other association was to be purely of a commercial character, and was to send out qualified agents to form settlements in favourable situations; to set up factories, to establish model farms, and in short to adopt those means which have been elsewhere effectual in promoting trade, and the cultivation of the soil with a view to ultimate profit. Whilst Buxton was agitating this question, the Government, as a spontaneous mark of its approbation of his conduct, offered him a Baronetcy, which he accepted with gratification.

The sunset of his life however was to be closed in disappointment. The African Society resulted in failure. The Niger Expedition, owing to the effects of the climate and the severe mortality among the crew, was prevented from carrying out its intentions, and had to return home again. The blow was felt keenly by Sir Fowell. His health, which had been undermined before, became gradually more feeble; and he could no

longer bear any sustained mental exertion. It was felt by all that his race would soon be run, and mortality be exchanged for immortality. A year of waning health intervened, and then, on the evening of the 19th of February 1845, his spirit peacefully departed. "Never was death," says his brother-in-law, "more still and solemn and gentle than on this occasion; . . . such an expression of intellectual power and refinement, of love to God and man, I think I have never seen before in any human countenance." He was buried in the little church at Overstrand; and a full length statue commemorates his memory in the north transept of Westminster Abbey.

Thus passed to his rest a great and good man. In the story of his life we read how a man, though eminently religious and consistent, can yet at the same time make fervent piety adorn with an ineffable charm every act that he performs. There was nothing bitter or sectarian in the nature of Sir Fowell Buxton. His graceful culture and social geniality never allowed his opposition to measures he disapproved of to degenerate into sarcasm or obstinate narrow-mindedness. A Liberal in politics, he was also liberal in thought and action. No man interpreted in a more Catholic sense the text, "He that is not with Me is against Me." It needed him only to believe that a measure was based upon truth and justice, and that the results accruing from it would benefit humanity, to obtain his cordial co-operation. He loved the stream of life to run full

and free from fountainhead to mouth, and not to increase its rush by narrowing its bed. Though a member of the Church of England, and a most sincere admirer of her sublime and solemn ritual, he went hand in hand with Dissenters of all shades of opinion in any work of mercy. When accused of bearing little affection to the Church of his country, he said, "I look up to the Established Church with grateful affection; I hail her as the great bulwark of religious truth; and I can conceive no calamity greater than any inroad made on her security. But I must avow that I am an enemy to every species of intolerance: justice to every man, charity to every man, are parts of the religion I profess." And he not only professed this religion, but his life must have been ill studied if it does not prove how earnestly he practised it. Wherever he could mitigate the sum of human misery, or add to the enjoyment of others, he was in his element. Whether it was visiting the fever-stricken haunts of Spitalfields, or interesting himself in the welfare of the slave, or dispensing genial hospitality to his friends, Sir Fowell Buxton was always the same, kind, amiable, and tender—in the highest sense of the word, a thorough gentleman.

And it was to these social charms that he was more indebted for the successful issue of his undertakings than he imagined. Those who differed from his views and religious opinions were fond of the man. They respected his singleness of purpose, his true, cantless piety, the warmth and sincerity of his heart. Though

they often scoffed and ridiculed such pretensions in others, "they believed in Buxton." It needed no great penetration of character to see in the advocate for abolition a man very different from those who, then as now, essayed to make social and pecuniary capital out of their religious or philanthropic professions. Another point which had its weight among his opponents was the fact that Sir Fowell Buxton was a thorough Englishman. His manliness of character, his pluck, his honest frankness of purpose, his fondness for sport of every kind, all had their due influence with a nation which, more than any other, likes to see a man avow his opinions and consistently adhere to them.

NIHILISM.

THERE are few spectacles more painful in the study of history than the fierce licence which so frequently animates a nation when seeking to set itself free from the fetters of a severe and harassing despotism. In the struggle upwards towards the light of liberty, so long as men are restrained by the control of loyal and disinterested leaders, the terrors of revolt are avoided, whilst the evils complained of are often redressed. It is that dark hour which inevitably wraps resistance in its gloomy folds, when men, maddened by the servitude of the past, escape from the government of those whose wisdom and foresight have successfully fought their battles, and, letting the reins lie loose upon their passions, give themselves up to every evil influence that possesses them. Accustomed to be controlled, they are ignorant in the wild moment of victory where to stop, what limits to set up, and what course to pursue. Hence, as the shade is but the proof of the light, almost every revolution which has sought the removal of legitimate sufferings has been attended by an after-revolution, which has made revolt synonymous with destruction, wholesale spoliation, and moral anarchy.

It was so in England when the oppression and

injustice complained of by Pym and Eliot and Hampden led to the terrors of civil war, regicide, and a military tyranny more hard and cruel than the most kingly despotism. It was so in France when the righteous reforms advocated by just and tolerant men like Clermont Tonnère, Lally Tollendal, and Montesquieu led to the revolutionary tribunal, the Reign of Terror, and the inauguration of the Goddess of Reason. The laudable desire of Germany to obtain for herself the advantages of constitutional government gave a stimulus to the predatory schemes and murderous designs of the Teutonic Socialists. The ambition which was the lifelong work of Cavour, to create a united Italy, had to recognise as one of its results the daggers and firebrands of the Carbonari. France herself, with all her activity of intellect and fertility of resource, had to crush beneath her tread the flames of the Communists ere she succeeded in freeing herself from the thraldom of the Third Empire. And now we see Russia, the last of the family of nations which has declined to abjure absolutism, torn between two rival sections—the one, seeking with philosophical prudence to dissolve an autocracy into a constitutional monarchy; the other, to raze the edifice to the ground, and on its site to erect an entirely new building, based on a foundation as immoral as it is impracticable. What the Mountain was to the Girondists in France, so the Nihilists in Russia are to the Constitutionalists of Moscow, Kiev, and St. Petersburg.

It was not to be expected that a country so vast, and with such inherent signs of weakness so useful to the agitator, as Russia, should escape the popular cry for liberal institutions which since 1848 has so earnestly made its voice heard. Her statesmen, her politicians, her lawyers, her novelists, have been loud in their moans that at the present day, with its levelling tendencies and spread of culture, such a despotism as that of the Czar should be permitted to exist. Can Russia, it was asked, with Liberalism outside her frontiers, long expect to obey the sway of one man, to have no appeal to parliamentary institutions, to read in the daily Press only what is sanctioned, to be subject to partial judicial decisions, degrading restrictions, and a humiliating *espionage*, and to meet with on every side, whenever opposition is raised, the chains of the dungeon or a living tomb within the mines of Siberia? These questions have, to a certain extent, been answered by the late Czar in the various reforms he saw the necessity of instituting, and which have made his reign ever memorable in the history of his country. Within the last twenty years the serfs have been emancipated, the current of justice has been purified, several of the restrictions which hampered promotion to the people in the ranks of the army and the civil service have been removed, and punishment by torture has been abolished. Thus Russia has gone a certain length, yet obstinately refuses to go further. A sip from the cup of liberty has been granted instead of a generous draught. The

Constitutionalists demand—and with their demands, temperately advanced, all friends of true freedom must cordially sympathise—that the monarchy be established on a parliamentary basis; that the Czar be a constitutional sovereign, not controlled but guided by the advice of his parliament, which is to be the representative of the nation; that the Press be almost free; that the regulations as to conscription be modified; that the question as to the right of the soil be settled on a more liberal basis; that exile be no longer the rule, but the exception; and that religious toleration be the law of the State. These requests—as just and equitable as any to be found in the provisions of our Magna Charta or Bill of Rights—oncegranted, the political and commercial prosperity of Russia is assured. But it is not from the Constitutionalists—the moderate party which heads a revolution—that there is any cause for fear; it is from savage and relentless agitators, many of them rendered fiendishly discontented by their past miseries and oppressions, who are careless of consequences, provided all in high places be overthrown and a radical change be effected. To this class belong the Nihilists, whose name and doings have now so evil a sound in the ears of Europe.

Of the various forms which Socialism or Communism is made to assume it would be impossible to find one more cynically destructive, more hopelessly immoral or mischievously pernicious than Nihilism. It is not so much the enemy of a despotism as it is the enemy

of the whole system of social organisation. It is the very creed of negation, as its name implies, "Seize hold of the earth and heaven," cried a Nihilist when asked to explain his faith, "seize hold of the State and the Church, seize hold of all kings and of God, and spit upon them—that is our doctrine." If such be the faith —so awful in its blasphemy and sweeping in its destructiveness—can we be surprised at any act, however Satanic, of its disciples! In its grossness and intolerance Nihilism tramples under foot all that humanity honours and respects; it is Radicalism bereft of its senses surging to and fro amidst the multitude of men seeking whom and what it may devour. It does not create, it does not improve, it has but one aim, to destroy. All the old and holy associations in connection with religion, government, the family relations, good and evil, it effaces with the hand of a brutish intolerance. It rejects the ideas of the existence of a God, and of the immortality of the soul; it desires the abolition of all forms of worship and the substitution of science for faith. "There can be no real liberty," it says, "where there is a belief in the supernatural." The sacred tie of marriage has no place in its creed; both sexes are to be on a perfect footing of equality; to each is to be allowed the same advantages and the same freedom of action; the relationship of marriage is only to exist so long as it is desired by both parties; whilst to add to the population is to fly in the face of one of the chief articles of Nihilism, which seeks to blot out

from off the earth all the race of mankind. Man was made out of nothing; let him, it says, return to his original nothingness.

The only study in the eyes of a Nihilist worth pursuing is natural science; such a one has all the hate of the boor for art, poetry, and the refinements of culture; "a good chemist," he sneers, "is worth all the poets and artists in the world." Like the Communist, the disciple of Nihilism is an advocate of perfect equality; he will have no privileged classes, for they are to be absorbed in the people; if they object to absorption they are to be put out of the way; all goods are to be in common—what an excellent doctrine for men like the Nihilists, drawn mainly from the lower classes, who have nothing!—and hereditary rights are to be abolished; there is to be no antagonism in the future between labour and capital, as the interests of the two will be identical; or, in plain English, their positions will be reversed, the wealthy capitalist will find himself a labourer, and a penniless labourer, thanks to spoliation under a new name, will find himself a capitalist. Russia is to be the property of the Russian people, not the country for an Imperial clique or for a favoured coterie. The revenues of the State are to be handed over to the nation; the appointments now in the gift of the Crown are to be in the gift of the people; the days of patronage are dead, or, in other words, the patronage which was formerly exercised by the aristocracy is to be dispensed by the democracy. These are the leading principles

of the Nihilists, women and men; and they are resolved upon asserting and carrying them out, no matter at what cost to themselves or at what hazard to the community at large. That the Nihilists have a courage which refuses to be intimidated, an organisation complete in its system and in its secrecy, and a vigour of purpose which makes them most dangerous, cannot be denied. Their faith is a pessimism of the most heinous kind. Seeing themselves surrounded by all that they deem evil, they aim at upsetting everything, government, religion, society, the family relationships, and in their stead to erect a new order of things. Their principles are those of the Socialist of the most advanced type, their agents may be with every class, and their weapons are those of the hidden assassin, incendiary, and miner.

To the members of a society of this kind the peculiar organisation of Russia is favourable. The system of castes into which the empire of the Czar is divided renders many of the tenets of the Nihilists most favourable to the ambitious middle classes. It has been ascertained that at the universities "young Russia" is specially favourable to the teaching of Nihilism. As the government of the vast dominions of the Czar is different to any other form of government, so is its aristocracy different from that of any other aristocracy. A prince may be a powerful general or an important statesman, or he may take your fare as he drives his droski along the Nevski Prospect.

In Russia there is no purely privileged class holding its lands and exercising its authority by virtue alone of its hereditary rights. The Russian authority is one composed more of office than of birth—it is more of a bureaucracy than an aristocracy. To be enrolled within the ranks of the *tchinovniki*, or civil functionaries of the State, is the ambition of every Russian gentleman. This order is divided into fourteen classes, and unless an aristocrat is a *tchin* he is comparatively a nobody. The superior classes of the *tchinovniki* are almost entirely composed of the *élite* of Russian society, and the middle classes consider themselves fortunate if they can be included even in its lowest ranks. To be a *tchin* of the first class is to be raised to so elevated a position as to be something more than merely human in the eyes of the Russian people. The exclusiveness of the *tchinovniki* is one of the grievances complained of by both the Constitutionalists and Nihilists.

In addition to this order there are various other castes, all established and systematised by the late Emperor Nicholas, and transmitted by him to his son Alexander. The nobles are divided into *la grande noblesse*, who are of ancient race, and have been peers for centuries, and *la petite noblesse*, who are of a recent creation. The citizens consist of the inhabitants of the towns and the inhabitants of the country. The merchants are separated into three distinct classes. The clergy are of two sections, the black clergy or the monastic, and the white clergy or secular. The army is divided into

the Guard and the Line. The rights of each caste are clearly defined, but the very head and front of this social edifice is *la grande noblesse.* It fills the superior classes of the *tchin,* whilst its sons are attached to embassies, officer the Guards, and accept lucrative sinecures salaried by a heavy and partial taxation. The people at large have to be satisfied with any of the crumbs that fall from the table of the *grande noblesse,* and to consider themselves fortunate if their hunger is in any measure appeased. Thus, we can easily see in the organisation of Russian life how numerous are the elements to promote discontent and irritation amongst an ambitious but impoverished nation. When once reform has set in it cannot be arbitrarily discontinued; liberty is general, not partial in its operations. The serfs have been emancipated, but it is impossible that emancipation can be made to halt there; other classes have to be released from their disabilities as important to the State as its peasantry. "Why," cry the middle classes, anxious to obtain office in the *tchinovniki* and to hold commands in crack regiments,— "Why show such kindness for the slaves of the soil, who are the most ignorant and the least deserving of the nation? Grant to the other classes similar benefits." Under a Constitutional Government reform must be progressive; it may march slowly, but it must still be moving on. We have seen this fact exemplified in our own country. When we removed the political disabilities under which Dissenters laboured, the next

step was to emancipate the Roman Catholics, and the logical consequence of those two acts led to the passing of the Jewish Disabilities Bill. When we opened the ranks of the Engineers and Artillery to the test of competitive examinations, it was but the prelude to the general abolition of patronage which now prevails. It is impossible for a Constitutional Power to resist the legitimate demands of its subjects: a Despotic Power can resist, but, as we now see in Russia, at the hazard of its safety and stability.

Another source of Muscovite discontent should not be overlooked. Between the Russians and the Germans there is but little cordiality, yet the Teutonic element is largely distributed over the *tchin* and the army. Men, either Germans or the sons of Germans, hold the seals as Ministers, or wear the uniform of generals of division. The Germans, by their superior intellectual capacity, their immense patience, and their intense industry, easily outrival the Russians in their race for office. If the Muscovite list be examined, it will be seen that the men who form the *entourage* of the Czar—who are his Ministers and Commanders-in-Chief—have names which end far oftener in *mann* and *heim* than in *koff* and *iski*. Hence the Germans are now as much hated in Russia as were the Scotch in England in the days of the Marquis of Bute. Nor can we forget that the controlling force of religion is painfully wanting in the Russian character. The Russian is superstitious, but he is not religious, and for this deficiency he is in-

debted to the creed of his country. It may suit the pretensions of a certain section of the English Church, anxious to consolidate its newly-created position—like some *parvenu* who seeks a brilliant alliance—by a union with an old established branch of the Catholic Church, to speak in terms of eulogy of the Greek Communion. As a matter of fact, however, the Greek Church exhibits the most debased form of Christianity that is, perhaps, in existence. Holding many of the errors of Rome, she has nothing of the discipline and intellectual culture which is conspicuous in the creed of the Vatican. Her religion is practically a degrading superstition; whilst her priests by their lives often plainly prove how feeble is the influence exercised by their faith over themselves.

Among the higher classes in Russia the Greek Church is treated with silent contempt; her faith does not tend to elevate the mind to nobler things, nor does it deter men from following the course inclination prescribes. Where the national religion is lightly considered, a people are always more prone to run into excesses than where their passions are curbed by the restraining influences of a faith which inspires them with respect, and in most instances with attachment. Thus, the young men of Russia, busy with their studies in the universities, or with their hampered industries in the workshops, are ready at the outset to join in the cry of the Nihilists of "Down with all religion!" Hot youth, which is ambitious and yet observant, can see no grounds for the preservation of a

creed based on silly and puerile miracles, and whose popes are openly given to scandalous habits. Having enlisted *la jeunesse orageuse* in the cause of dethroning religion, the Nihilists proceed to cast a deeper glamour over their victims. One of the most powerful fascinations of Nihilism is, that in many instances its ends seem so plausible that it is not until the whole of its doctrines are comprehended that its diabolical harmony becomes visible. Hence the reason why men far above the station of the middle classes have been accused as Nihilists, and have suffered for their temerity by exile or death. The articles of Nihilism are most comprehensive; they include the vicious as well as the virtuous. On the one hand they breathe out threatenings and slaughter, slaying monarchs, insulting decency, and casting down religion; while, on the other hand, they preach civil equality, reform of taxation, liberty of the Press, the suppression of the *tchin*, and the more moderate proposals of the Constitutionalists. There have been many who have thrown in their lot with the Nihilists, tempted by the plausible portion of their programme, and yet have had no intention of carrying out their schemes by the aid of the sanguinary clauses. But Nihilism, once embraced, forces its followers to accept the whole of its teaching, and to him who resists it deals out secret but certain death.

Two courses, and only two, are open to Russia. She must accede to the demands of the Constitutional party, and thus introduce peace and prosperity into her king-

doms; or she must maintain a rigid despotism, and convert the Russia of Alexander into the Russia of Nicholas. She may reform her constitution altogether, or she may leave it alone; she cannot patch it. Constitutionalism or absolutism lies before her,—which will she choose? Holding an important position in the Councils of Europe, Russia must act as a Western, not as an Eastern Power. At the present moment she is an anachronism. Environed by nations who have had to yield to the pressure put upon them by their subjects and to grant a constitution, the mighty Muscovite Power has turned a deaf ear to the requests of her people, and rules with the tyranny of the sixteenth century in the middle of the enlightened nineteenth. Not one demand has been placed before her which Prussia, Austria, Italy, France, and Spain have not acceded to. Let her then grant these requests, and she will sound the knell of Nihilism and of social revolution.

We are not amongst those who place much faith in the capacity of the Nihilists to overthrow an Empire. A few thousands of young men, without experience, without practical ideas, whose resources are pamphlets and tracts circulated amongst an illiterate people, and whose arms are the weapons of the murderer and the incendiary, cannot prove themselves victorious when pitted against a population of some eighty millions of souls. The danger lies in the possibility of the moderate party, irritated at the shortsighted and persistent refusals to its prayers, forming in despair a

union with the Nihilists, and thus giving its sanction to excesses of which it disapproves. History teaches us how often and by what almost imperceptible gradations the Left has found itself acting in conjunction with the Extreme Left; and history, both ancient and modern, is surely full of solemn warnings against the rashness of those placed in supreme power running counter to the wishes of a nation. We do not say that the Czar cannot succeed in restoring the most iron despotism that Government ever saw established, but we do say that his evil end can only be attained at the expense of alienating the hearts of his people, crushing the prosperity of his kingdom, and increasing tenfold the influence and mischief of those secret societies now plotting against his State. Nihilism is one of those parasites which battens only upon the miseries and sufferings of mankind. It cannot be stamped out by death or punishment; martial law and the rigours of a severe discipline fail to suppress it; it pays no heed to police supervision, the sentence of judicial tribunals, or the power of the sword. But its pestilential breath loses all its poison when once it has to contend against the fresh air of political liberty.

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